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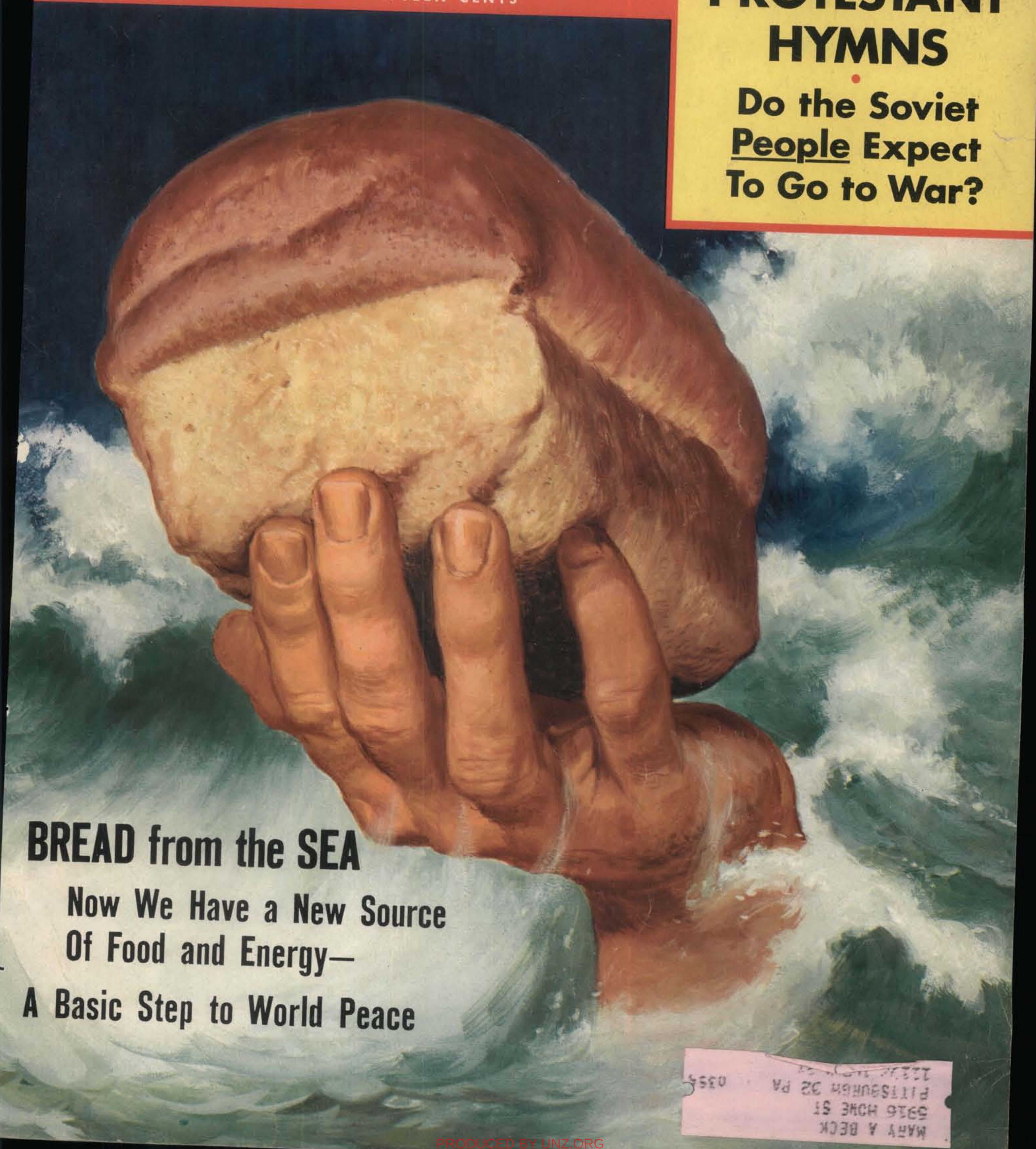

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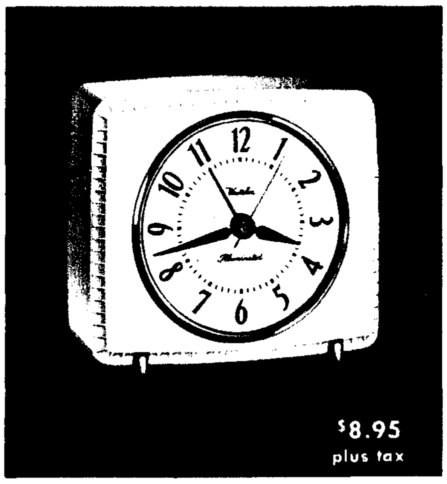

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APRIL 16, 1954

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The painting symbolizes the discovery of a new and inexhaustible source of food and fuel—tiny green algae cells that live and multiply in the world's seas, lakes, ponds and streams. For the full story about algae and what they mean to the future of mankind, turn to page 62 of this issue

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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THE CONQUEST OF TUBERCULOSIS

THE STORY of our fight against this disease is one of the most heartening in the annals of health progress. Among other things, it shows what people can do through organized efforts to attack a disease.

Fifty years ago, tuberculosis was the leading cause of death in our country. If it had continued to kill at the same rate as in the early 1900's, more than 300,000 Americans would die of the disease this year.

Our fight to control tuberculosis, however, has been so successful that its annual toll in the United States has dropped to about 20,000 lives.

Despite the dramatic decline in the *death rate,* the number of tuberculosis cases remains high. Today more than a million Americans are affected by the disease . . . and over 400,000 of them have tuberculosis in an infectious form so that it can be spread to others.

Worse still, at least 250,000 of these potential spreaders of tuberculosis *are not under medical supervision.* These cases account for many, if not most, of the new victims discovered each year in our country. The number of cases with active, or probably active, tuberculosis found in 1952 was over 85,000.

How can we reduce the tuberculosis death rate still further and prevent the development of new cases? Here are some of the ways which authorities recommend:

1. See your doctor for regular health examinations and follow his advice about how to keep in the best possible physical condition. *The higher your level of health, the better your resistance will be to tuberculosis.*

2. If you notice any of the possible symptoms of tuberculosis—persistent cough, constant fatigue, loss of weight, pain in the chest—consult your doctor promptly. Through an X-ray of your chest, he can usually tell whether tuberculosis of the lungs is present. *Early discovery is the best road to early recovery.*

3. If tuberculosis occurs, your doctor will recommend treatment . . . probably in a hospital . . . where the most modern care can be given. While rest in bed is still an important method of treatment, doctors now have many new weapons to combat tuberculosis. Among these are surgical operations which give diseased lung areas extra rest and often hasten recovery.

There are also new anti-tuberculosis drugs which doctors sometimes prescribe singly or in combination with other forms of treatment. In many cases, these bring rapid improvement.

Once the disease is brought under control, you can usually resume your normal way of living, with periodic check-ups to make sure the disease does not become active again.

If everyone observes these and other safeguards and precautions recommended by health officials, the number of tuberculosis cases could be even further reduced.

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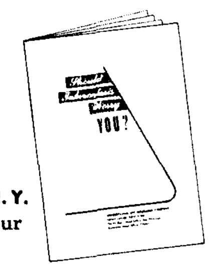

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

ALLOW ME to take you to a celebrity cocktail party, for a mercifully brief visit.

Across the years I must have gone to a thousand cocktail parties. I have no way of making a check so let's agree on a thousand, although it's probably a lot more. In any event my experience of them is vast, and I have been there as host, guest, guest of honor, crasher and by mistake. As a movie press agent, and therefore acting host, I once took a pretty girl to a cocktail party and nearly lost my job. Not because the girl misbehaved. Oh, no. She was a perfect lady. But all the male first-string movie critics flocked about *her* and *not* about the movie star in whose honor the party was being given. I have been to cocktail parties to meet distinguished diplomats, and also to at least one to meet a skinless frankfurter. I say at least one because I have been to many 5-to-7s that I didn't know what they were for.

The latest one I went to was not for a frankfurter or for a diplomat, distinguished, skinless or otherwise. It was for—oh, let's be gracious and say it was for two stars of screen and TV.

Now, oddly enough, every party has distinguishing features. No two are entirely alike, no matter what the blasé try to tell you. This one was given by a movie company in the Perroquet Suite of Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria. Upon entering, I quickly cased the joint and saw two old friends, press agents. I sat with one of them and challenged him to tell me who all the other people were. He's an old hand, knows a great many people, but that one baffled him. He met the challenge bravely, but he could identify not more than a dozen of the 300 persons present. Even then he had to include two ladies I already knew, who were free-loading back in my own press-agent days and who will have some obscure credentials to flash at Saint Peter when they go to That Last Great Cocktail Party on High.

I said to my friend: "Come on, now, you gotta do better than that. If you don't know *who* these people are, *what* are they?"

"Well," he said, "today's party is being given by Supernatural-Goldwyn-Excellent Pictures, but next week there's a party being given by the advertising agency, and another one by the sponsor and another one by the personal press agent."

"So these people—"

"Are from the advertising agency, the sponsor's office and from the personal press agent's personal list," said my friend.

"Some list," said I. "What about that girl over there, the one in the slinky black dress, very open at the top? Who dat?"

"Word of honor, I don't know."

"Wait till the star gets a hinge at her, *both* stars. By the way, where are the other TV big wheels and movie stars?"

"There's nobody in town just now," said my friend.

"Nobody in town?"

"No other movie stars."

"Well," I said, "how about Katharine Cornell? Helen Hayes? Tallulah Bankhead—"

"Stage people," said my friend.

"Jackie Gleason? Betty Furness? Milton Berle? Ed Sullivan? Kukla, Fran and Ollie?"

"Probably rehearsing," said my friend.

"Who is that little girl they're trying to put out?"

"She comes to all parties. She likes to have her picture taken with stars."

I watched the little girl, a sturdy type about fourteen years old. She mugged into several publicity photographs and allowed herself to be eased out. I eased out, too, and, waiting for the elevator to descend, the little girl pushed both the Up and Down buttons. The elevator stopped. "Up, or down?" said the little girl.

"Up," said the operator.

"You'll be coming down, too."

"Sorry, miss, but—"

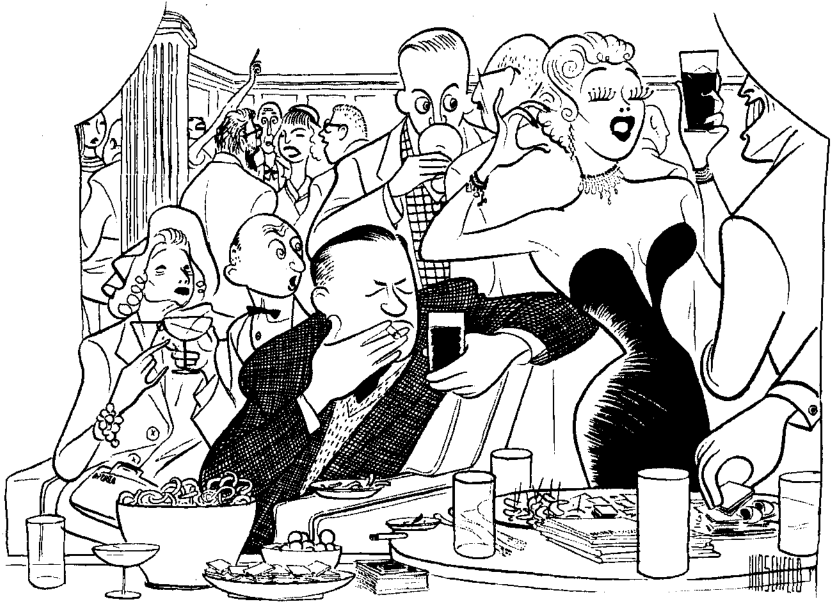
"Sorry nothin', let me in." She got in, leaving me to my thoughts, which somehow got around to that mystery girl in the slinky black dress. And having written this, I shall always somehow think of her as the skintight frankfurter. You can't help those things.

★ ★ ★

I AM INFORMED Robert E. Sherwood's second television play will be produced around Easter time. Most of the returns are in for his first one, Backbone of America, and the word for it seems to have been disappointment. I saw Backbone in the most favorable circumstances—surrounded by relatives of the author—and we were all pulling for it. But no cigar. I thought the writing was commonplace. It was, you may recall, a story of an American family's resistance to efforts to designate them as The Average. The Tupple family voted to reject the free house, free household appliances and so forth that went with the designation. And therein perhaps lies an ironic point: should Mr. Sherwood himself have rejected the blandishments of NBC-TV?

The talk among us intellectuals is that NBC-TV is paying Mr. Sherwood $225,000 for nine television originals, with practically no interference on script. I have the distinct impression that Mr. Sherwood doesn't need the money and, as a former movie critic and an intelligent one, he must have known that Backbone of America had slipped a disk. An author of his

AL HIRSCHFELD



What's it like at a celebrity cocktail party? The latest one I went to included a girl I remember as "the skintight frankfurter"

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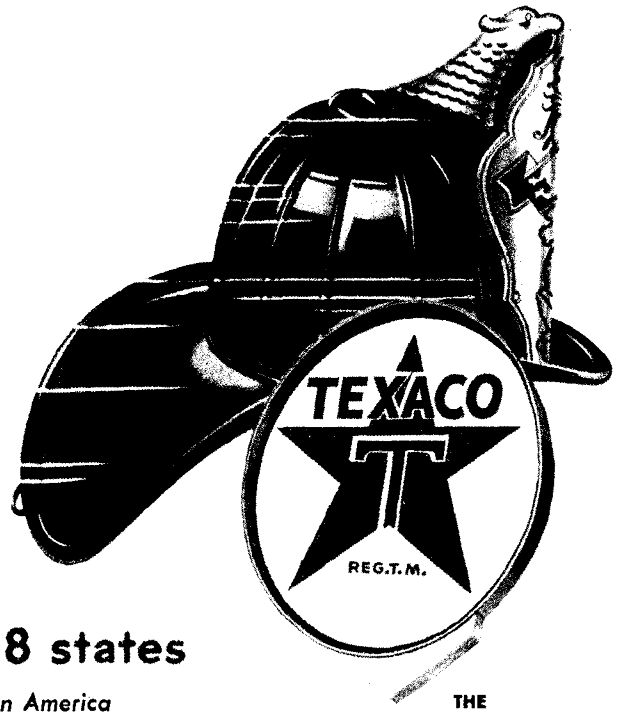

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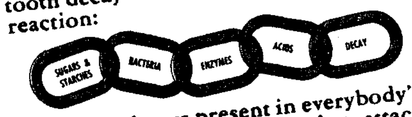
No other type of tooth paste—regular, ammoniated or chlorophyll—can protect your teeth for more than a few minutes

Reducing Bacteria Is Not the Answer

Dentists have known for years that most tooth decay is started by a kind of chain reaction:



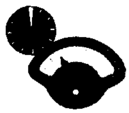
Bacteria (always present in everybody's mouth) produce enzymes that attack sugars and can form the decay acids that cause cavities.

No tooth paste can get rid of bacteria in your mouth for more than a few minutes at a time.

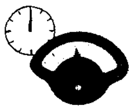
SUGARS & STARCHES
BACTERIA
ANTIZYME
NO DECAY ACIDS
PROTECTION AGAINST DECAY

Only at the "enzyme" stage has it been proven that you can stop this chain reaction that so often leads to tooth decay.

THE ACIDOMETER TELLS THE STORY



OTHER TYPES OF TOOTH PASTE—DANGEROUS DECAY ACIDS IN ½ HOUR—The Acidometer (an instrument which electronically measures decay acids on teeth), proved that other types of tooth paste give only temporary protection, ½ hour or less!



ANTIZYME TOOTH PASTE—12 TO 24 HOUR PROTECTION—Exactly the same kinds of tests were made on people using Antizyme Tooth Paste. 9 times out of 10, the Acidometer proved teeth safe . . . *no harmful decay acids* . . . even 12 to 24 hours after brushing.

Listerine **ANTIZYME TOOTH PASTE**

stops the major cause of tooth decay every minute of every day

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

standing—four Pulitzer prizes, a Gold Medal Award from the National Institute of Arts & Letters, a movie Oscar, honorary degrees from Dartmouth and Yale, big wheel in the Dramatists Guild—really does owe something to his fellow craftsmen. Instead he has done the profession a disservice. Why? Because it now will be all too easy for TV producers to say: "If that's the best the major writers can do, they're overpaid. Why spend the big dough for the big names when we get better scripts from the $1,200-a-script men?" I'm not arguing for higher rates, but something like this Sherwood experience could louse up TV's laudable attempts at self-improvement.

It is now second down and eight to go for Mr. Sherwood. In there, Bob. The Crimson in triumph flashing. Spirit of Robert Emmet. Nothing to fear but fear itself.

* * *

AS YOU may have noticed, it is not the policy of this department to write reviews, as such, of plays and movies and other concentrated frivolities. The policy relieves me of the necessity of telling you the plot, and frees me from the traditional practice of paying routine compliments to actors, directors, set designers and cousins of the backers. The policy comes in awfully handy when I come to comment on a movie like Executive Suite, which I am assured has the most star-studded cast since Grand Hotel. (Isn't it remarkable that both Executive Suite and Grand Hotel were produced by Metro, and that I was reminded of that fact by a Metro publicity attaché?)

Right now I thank Heaven that I don't have to tell you the plot of Executive Suite, which I saw only last night. All you need to know, or all you'll get out of me, is that the big dramatic climax takes place at a directors' meeting, when there is a fight for control of the third largest furniture factory in the business. I assume that the people who run Metro know enough of business procedure and jargon to allow us to take for granted that all such details are correct. Even so, or maybe for that very reason, I found myself more interested in the performers' dentures than in the story's debentures. But when it came to the climactic meeting of the furniture tycoons, I followed every move, and if I can follow it, you can.

I don't say this picture will be remembered as long as Grand Hotel was, but it's a nice change from musicals and Westerns, and I can in conscience pay the routine compliments to some of the actors: Fredric March, as an example of the kind of businessman this country doesn't need, gives another of his always-improving performances; Louis Calhern, who I gather spends all his nonworking hours in the Stork Club, is amusing as a monkey-business man who spends all his nonworking hours in the Stork Club; and Paul Douglas, whose physiognomy must be an interesting study for licensed diagnosticians in the audience, plays That Slob again. William Holden, a good actor, is a mite too holy and heroic, in the same degree that Nina Foch is too loyal and frowny for my cynical taste. And of course when you say "frown," you automatically think of Barbara Stanwyck, one of the stars who studs, or spangles, this picture. I guess the country is full of homemakers like June Allyson, fiercely ever-loving, and also liable to louse things up a little. Finally there is Shelley Winters, whose message I don't get. I do not read her. For simple physical reasons I have admired actresses from Barbara LaMarr to Joanne Dru, so I am probably All Boy; but Miss Winters, if I may be obvious, leaves me cold.

I came away from the picture not exhilarated or uplifted, but rather cynical. So cynical, in fact, that I could not still the wild notion that the proxy fight between Robert R. Young and the House of Morgan for control of the New York Central may be a publicity stunt for Executive Suite. What if I'm right? Wouldn't that be a big scoop?

* * *

I AM ON a first-name basis with two authentic Vanderbilts, two genuine Whitneys and one former Astor, which is darn' good for a boy from Pottsville, Pennsylvania. By and large, I think the experience has been good for all of us: the snobbish poor, the democratic rich.

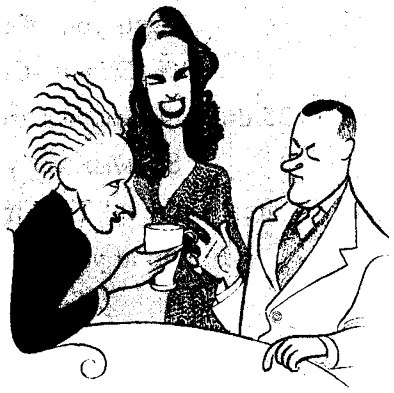
One of "my" Vanderbilts happens to be a Stokowska; she is the wife of Leopold Stokowski, a beautiful woman, a talented and hard-working painter, and a considerate hostess. When I went to their house for dinner six or seven years ago I was not at all sure what to expect of the great Stokowski, for it was to be my first meeting with him, and I was a bit afraid that he might bawl me out for being late, or stop the conversation and tell me to start over again in the key of E-flat.

"Mr. O'Hara, since you are a Celt, I think I will give you a cup of mead. Do you know mead?" said Stokowski. Well, I'd heard of it, a powerful drink distilled from honey. I thought: Here goes Gloria's dinner party, but I said I would love a cup of mead.

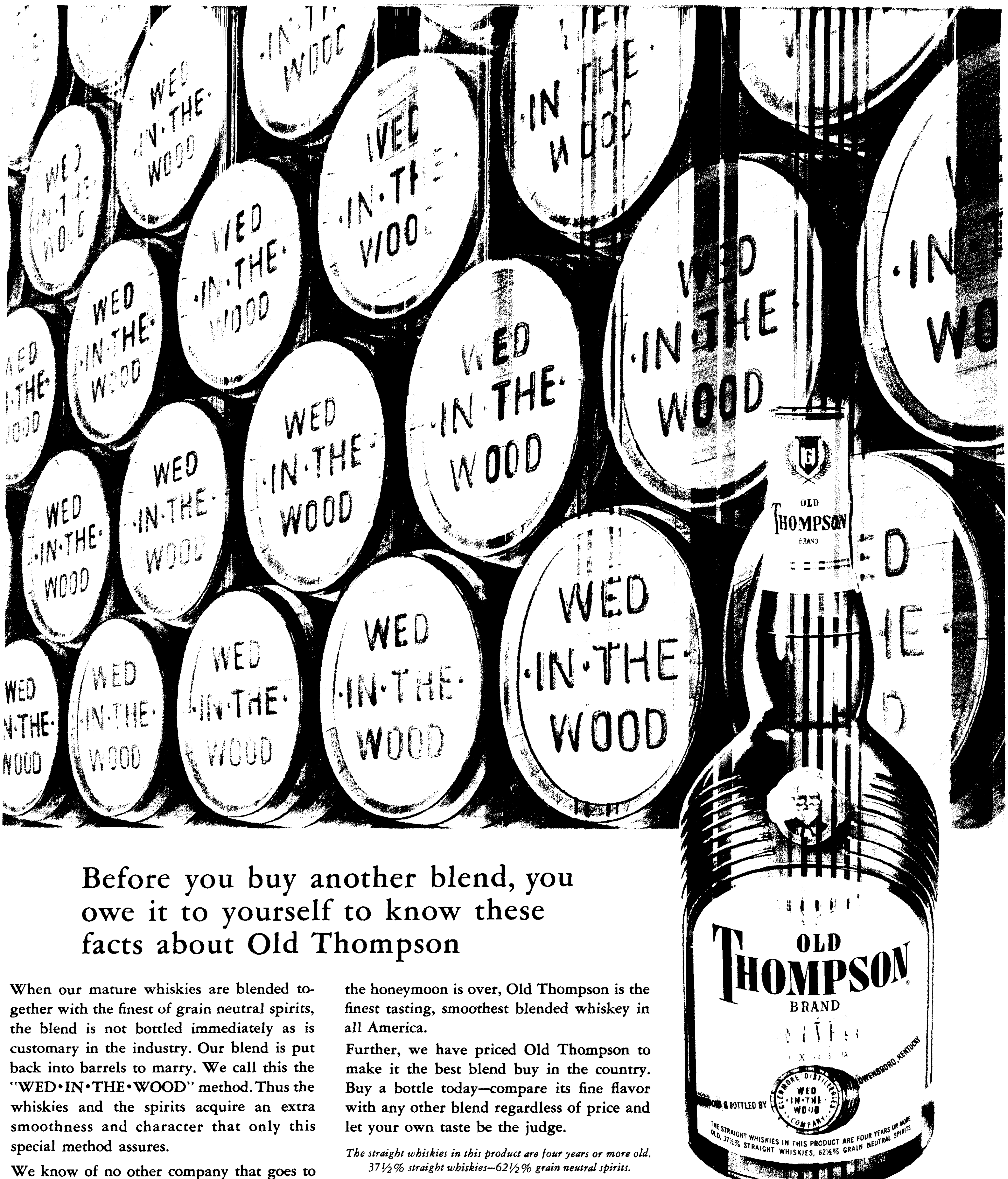
Stokowski disappeared, returning in a couple of minutes with a silver goblet, the kind that mead ought to be served in. He handed it to me; I took a long sip. . . .

Best Daiquiri I ever drank, and I've liked Stokowski ever since.

▲▲▲



Late for dinner, I didn't know what to expect from Stokowski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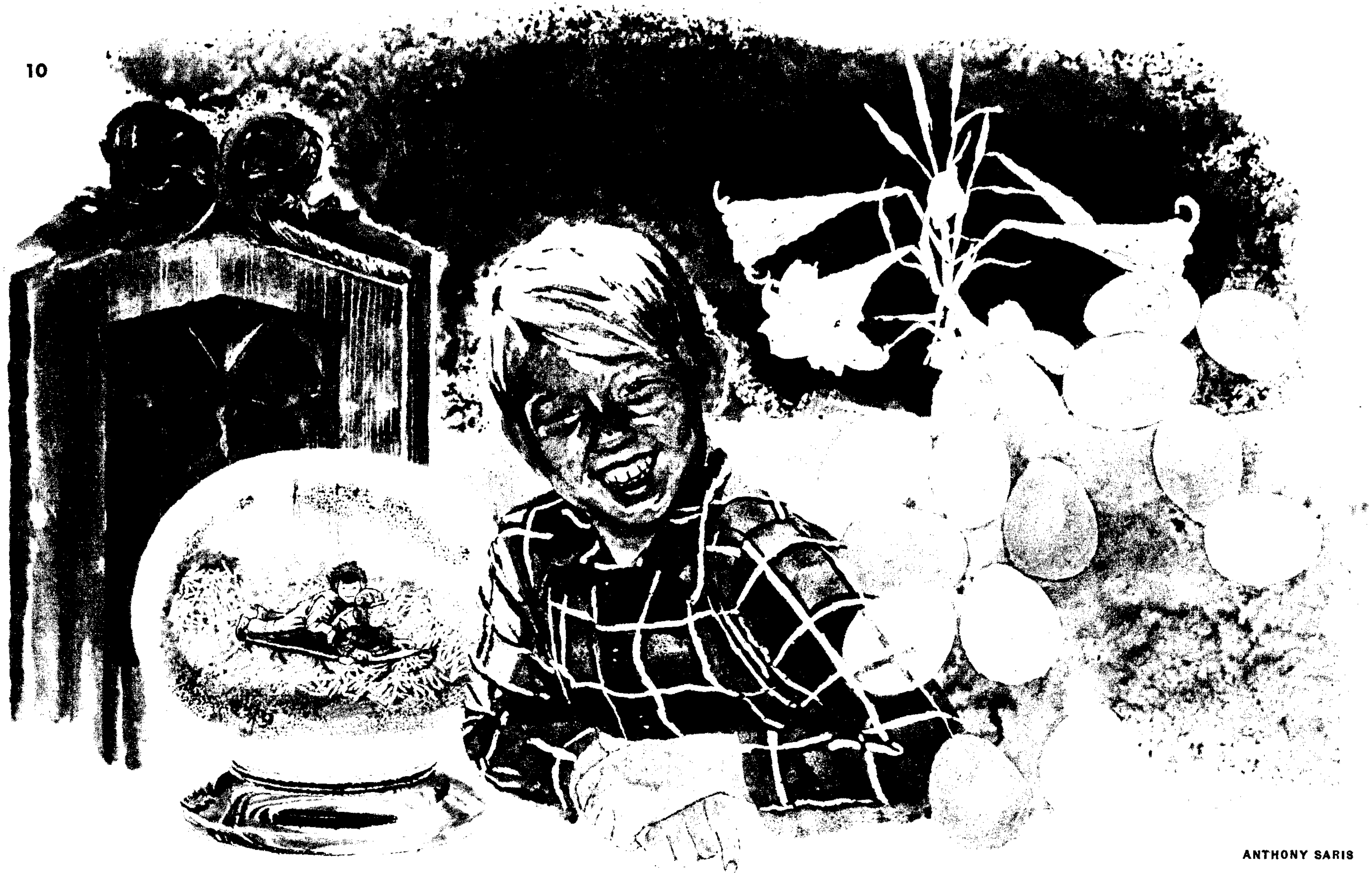
CHANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE



ANTHONY SARIS

THE EASTER GIFT

By HERBERT A. FRANCIS

HE TRIED not to listen for the sound of his son's voice. The last few years, when he had sat down to put the final touches on his Easter sermon, he had always heard his wife getting young John to bed, trying to get him quiet and asleep so she could begin hiding the chocolate rabbits and the decorated eggs in the colored straw basket. She would lower her voice, and he'd hear her say, "Your father's writing what he'll say in church tomorrow. Be quiet and go to sleep, and tomorrow it will be Easter!"

After a while he would hear her tiptoe down the hall toward his study. "Coffee, David?" she would say from the doorway.

He turned and saw her standing there now, but her face was not bright as it had been on those other Easter eves, and when she smiled, her blue eyes did not smile at all.

"Coffee?" she said, just as she always had, but he saw her glance toward the wadded sheets of paper on his desk, the futile attempts he'd made to write his Easter sermon.

She frowned a little, and he wondered if she knew, or even suspected, what had happened to him: that in the days since they had lost their son, he had lost something else—the very faith and hope he was trying to give to others.

"Margaret—" he began, and tried to smile.

"I'll get you some coffee," she said quickly. But she didn't go. She simply stood and looked at him for a long moment, and after a while she put her hand against his cheek and she said, "David, you haven't shaved."

He remembered, then, with a kind of shock: he had meant to shave when he came in from choir practice at six. He seemed to forget everything these days.

He looked up at her and saw their reflections in the mirror on the opposite wall. "What a handsome couple," his parishioners had said when he and Margaret had first come to Kerrville. They had warmed to his enthusiasm and Margaret's friendliness—and they had adored young John. "It makes the whole church look brighter just to see him there," one of the women had said.

He reached across his desk now, an almost involuntary gesture, to touch a familiar object. It seemed only yesterday that John had come running in from that birthday party, carrying the small glass paperweight with the snow scene inside it—two children on a sled.

"I got it for a favor at Charlie Garner's birthday party, and it's for you," he'd said excitedly. "It's for your desk. Here—watch!"

The boy had shaken it, staring enchanted at the snow falling silently inside the small glass sphere. And then, as if he could scarcely bear to give it up, he had set it soberly on his father's desk, alongside the Bible, the concordance, the reference books. He had lingered to look at it for one last moment, and his nose and mouth—about level with the desk—had made a moist spot on the glass of the paperweight.

"Thank you for the present. Now, run along, young man. Your father's got a lot of work to do." That was all he'd said to his son that day—because it had seemed there'd be so many other days. He'd given John a brief hug—though his smile had lingered long after the child had gone—and he'd turned back to writing next Sunday's sermon. How could he have known—how could Margaret have known—that in only a few weeks. . . .

"I think I'd like that coffee, Margaret," he said now. "Maybe it'll help me think."

Still she didn't go. She delayed a little, straightening his desk. "I—I was cleaning John's room," she said finally. "I thought—Billy might sleep there tomorrow night."

He looked at her blankly for a moment. He'd forgotten that her sister was coming tomorrow morning, with her small son.

THEN all the feeling he had tried to keep inside him seemed to rush out, overwhelming him. He was hearing another child's voice in his son's room, running footsteps, childish laughter. But it would not be John's laughter, ever again.

"I'm sorry," he said very quietly. "You'd better tell them not to come here after all. I—we're too busy right now, working on the plans for the new church. Alice and Billy can go on to Mother and Dad's. They'd love to have them."

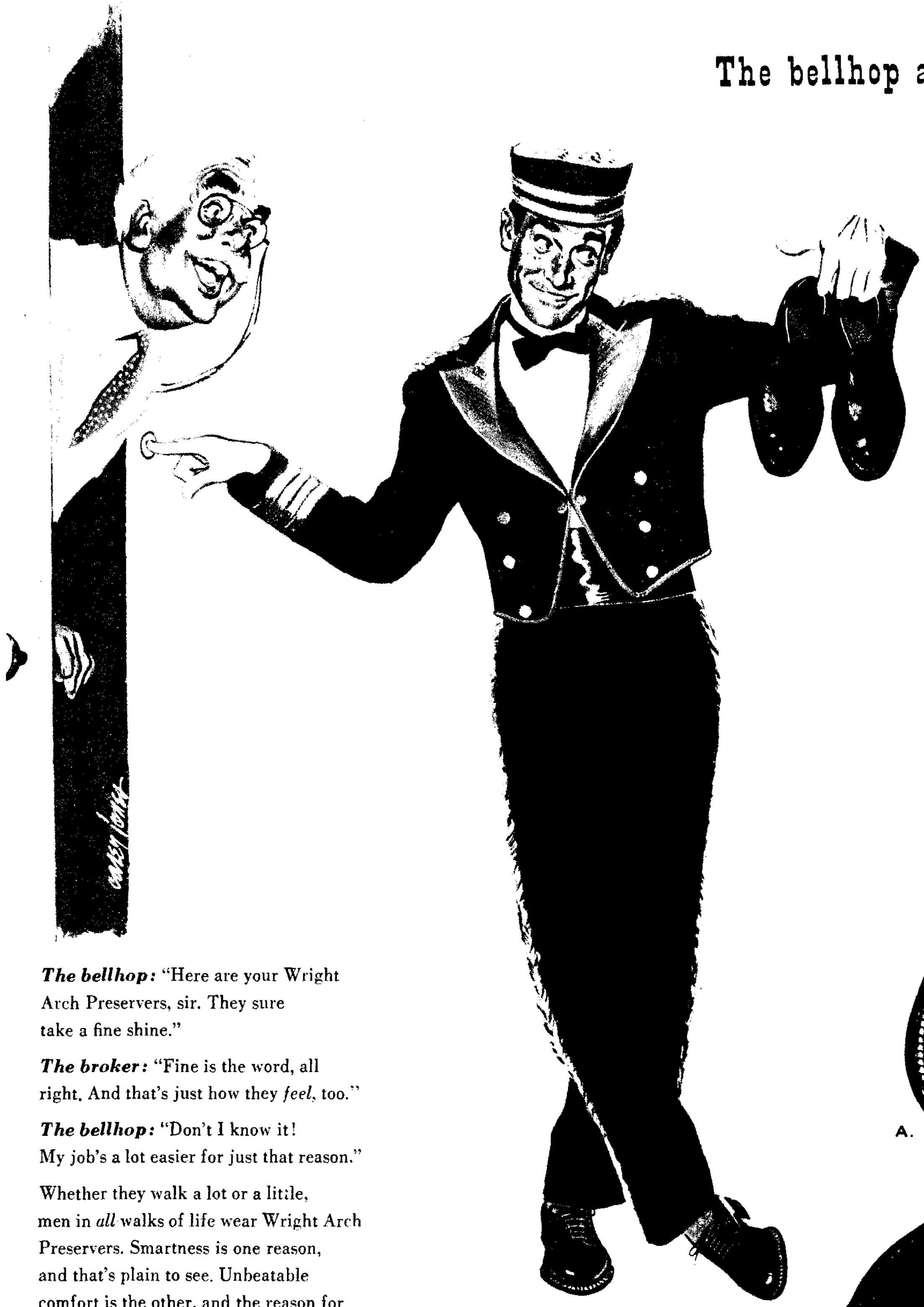
He saw the disappointment in her face, and he wanted to say: "Tell them to stay here. Billy can have John's room. It's all right, Margaret." But he couldn't. Billy was just John's age, John's size. His hair was even that same bright yellow.

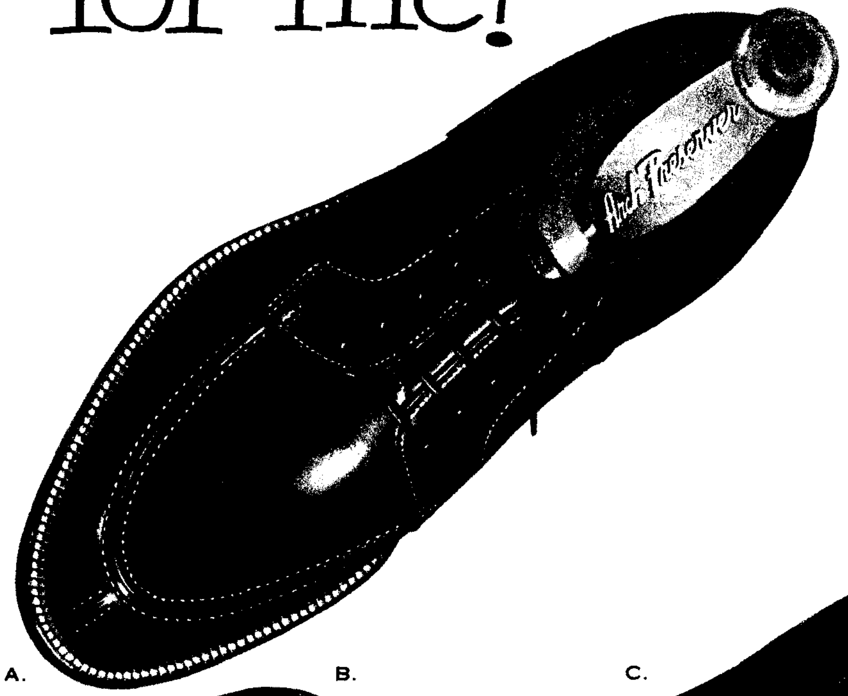
Margaret had turned away and started down the stairs. In a few moments he could hear her setting

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

The bellhop and the broker agree:

"it's wright for me!"





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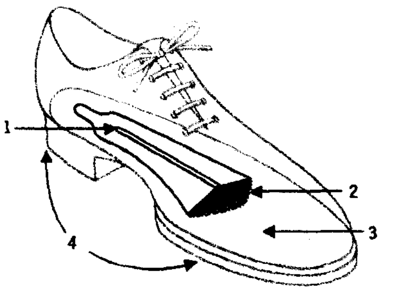
4 FEATURES FOR SOLID COMFORT



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Tender Leaf TEA
Tender Leaf TEA BAG
Tender Leaf BRAND TEA BAGS

the coffeepot on the stove, getting out cups and saucers.

He got up and started toward the bathroom to shave, passing the room that had been his son's. The door was open, and he paused for a moment to look at the big old-fashioned room that was bright with sun in the daytime.

It was a good room for a boy to grow up in; there had been plenty of space for John and his friends to romp. There was evidence of their playing everywhere; the taped windowpane where a baseball had gone through one rainy afternoon; the mended blanket that had served as a tepee during a brief Indian war between John and four friends; the carefully painted-over scars on the wall where John and his cousin Billy had set up a homemade dart game one afternoon when both their parents had been busy at the church. Several space-man pictures were still thumbtacked to the wall, and John's favorite books were still stacked on the bedside table, where he'd left them the day he was moved to the hospital.

Rheumatic fever—that was all the doctors could tell them. John had had the benefit of all the care and experience and scientific knowledge that a fine hospital had to offer, and all the prayers and hope and faith that his parents had to give. Yet it hadn't been enough.

He shut the door to John's room, and went on down the hall, trying to think what he would say in church tomorrow: Easter, a time of joy, of rebirth, of believing.

LAST Easter, he had looked down at his wife and son, kneeling side by side in the front pew. John had worn the green-and-black plaid coat that Margaret had made for him, and his blond head had been as bright as the sunlight streaming in the windows.

That was the day they had taken the special collection for Korean orphans, and he'd seen John hesitate and then reach slowly, almost regretfully into his pocket. He had got out the silver dollar his grandparents had given him for his birthday and dropped it into the plate. Seeing him, his father had thought in amazement: But that was the money he was saving to buy his new bike.

And then he'd remembered the conversation he'd had with the boy the night before. John had been lying on the living-room floor, gluing wings on a model airplane. "Is it cold there, Dad?" he'd asked. "In Korea, I mean?"

"In winter, yes. It's very cold. It goes down below zero."

"I guess those kids don't even have earmuffs, do they? Or gloves?"

"They don't have much of anything, John. They're war orphans. That's why we're trying to help them."

There'd been a long silence then, while John thought about it. And then he had gone upstairs. That must have been when he'd broken his bank to get out the silver dollar.

David had smiled that day in church. He had felt blessed. What had he said last Easter? He couldn't seem to remember. He knew only that the words had come from his heart—from a deep conviction and a simple untested faith.

Now his faith had been tested—and found wanting. . . .

It was dawn when he finally finished his sermon. He stood up, stretched stiffly and went to look out at the morning. It was a beautiful day, serene and still, with the white of a late frost showing here and there on the dark earth. It was the kind of day that, always before, had made him glad to be alive.

He turned from the window with a sigh. If only he could sleep! But he never seemed really to sleep any more; he would close his eyes and the doubts and the questions would begin.

He gathered up the final draft of his sermon, the words about life after death that had come to him so easily on other Easters. Before, they had sounded so sure and unshakable. Now he was unsure of them.

How can I lead others, he wondered, when I can't lead my own heart and thoughts?

AND yet later, when David stood in the pulpit, the congregation listened to him as they had always listened to him—rapt and silent, trusting and believing what he no longer was sure of, himself.

His voice was low and his heart felt burdened with a heavy weight that was almost like guilt. If he kept his head lowered, his eyes averted, he need not look at the front pew, at Margaret and the empty space beside her.

He opened the Bible and began to read the story of the Resurrection: *"In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene . . . And behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven . . . His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow . . ."*

His voice trembled, faltered. His gaze was drawn toward the front pew—toward a green-and-black plaid coat and a blond head bent in prayer. It seemed to him that his heart would stop—and then he remembered. It was Billy, of course—John's cousin.

He went on with the service, forcing his voice to steadiness. But the faces before him were blurred, and the lilies decorating the church seemed to be floating in front of his eyes.

Afterward, as he stood on the church steps greeting his congregation, he took young Billy's hand and held it a moment, fighting for self-control. "That coat," he said, trying to sound cheerful. "It's just like one John used to have. It—it gave me quite a start."

Billy looked up at him, grave and very clear-eyed.

"John gave it to me," he said in a quiet voice, "the day he went to the hospital. He said he wanted me to have it. Mother didn't want me to wear it today, but . . ."

He put his hand on the boy's shoulder, on the shoulder of the coat that once had been his son's, and suddenly he wanted to call back his congregation—call them back and tell them what he had been too blind to see before: that there *was* no death, because even a small child's acts could live after him.

John must have known, somehow, that he wasn't going to live, he thought.

But he said only, "I'm glad the coat fits, Billy. You and your mother are coming back home with us, you know. We want you to stay in John's room." He felt Margaret's touch on his arm, and even before he turned he knew that she was smiling.

—HERBERT A. FRANCIS

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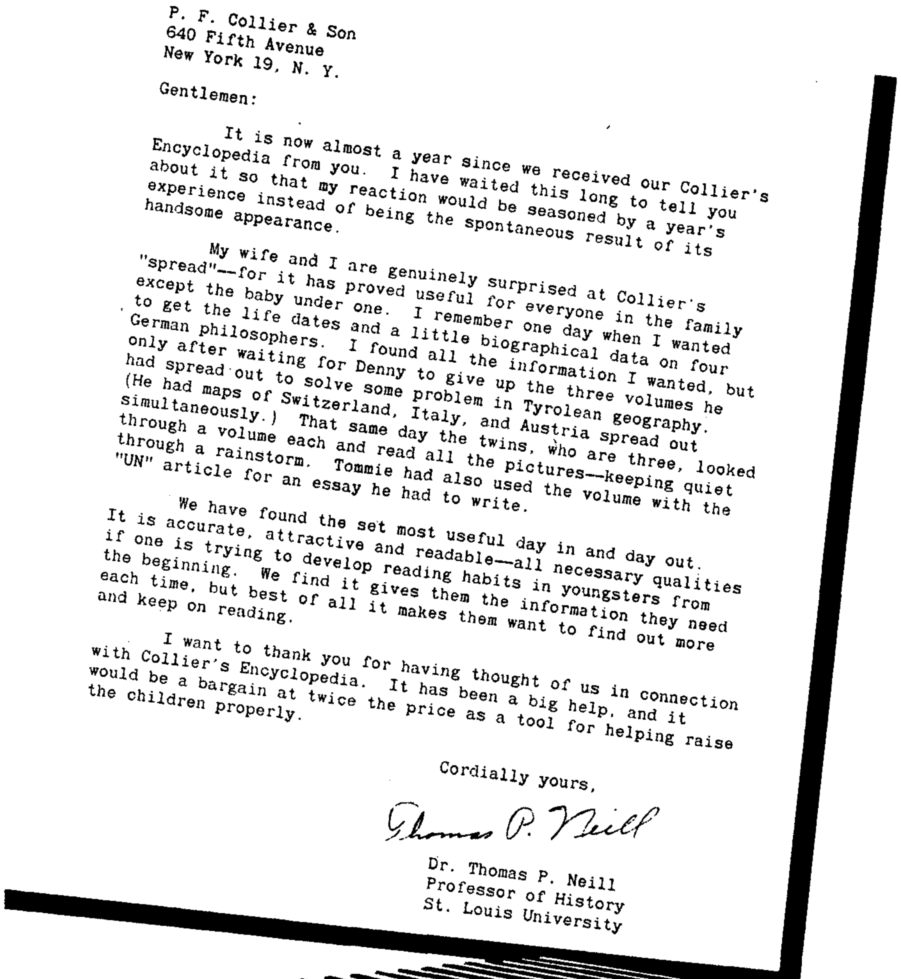
Collier's Encyclopedia

• We introduce Dr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Neill, their sons Dennis, 9, and James, 6 . . . their daughter Catherine, 8 . . . of St. Louis, Missouri. Not long ago Dr. Neill wrote us this unsolicited letter which tells you about Collier's Encyclopedia far better than we could.



P. F. Collier & Son
640 Fifth Avenue
New York 19, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

It is now almost a year since we received our Collier's Encyclopedia from you. I have waited this long to tell you about it so that my reaction would be seasoned by a year's experience instead of being the spontaneous result of its handsome appearance.

My wife and I are genuinely surprised at Collier's "spread"—for it has proved useful for everyone in the family except the baby under one. I remember one day when I wanted to get the life dates and a little biographical data on four German philosophers. I found all the information I wanted, but only after waiting for Denny to give up the three volumes he had spread out to solve some problem in Tyrolean geography. (He had maps of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria spread out simultaneously.) That same day the twins, who are three, looked through a volume each and read all the pictures—keeping quiet through a rainstorm. Tommie had also used the volume with the "UN" article for an essay he had to write.

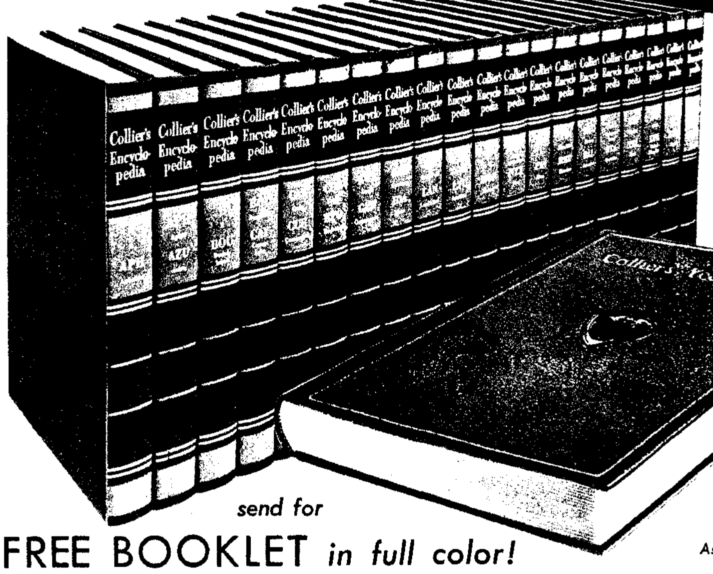
We have found the set most useful day in and day out. It is accurate, attractive and readable—all necessary qualities if one is trying to develop reading habits in youngsters from the beginning. We find it gives them the information they need each time, but best of all it makes them want to find out more and keep on reading.

I want to thank you for having thought of us in connection with Collier's Encyclopedia. It has been a big help, and it would be a bargain at twice the price as a tool for helping raise the children properly.

Cordially yours,

Thomas P. Neill

Dr. Thomas P. Neill
Professor of History
St. Louis University



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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Mr. I. Yolen finds to his amazement that he does not understand what is going on in Indochina. From Chicago he announces that "my Viet-Nams are all mixed up with my Viet Minhs. Please," he begs, "do not try to explain. I am already badly confused."

★ ★ ★

Eager to reduce nonsense to a minimum, the North Dakota legislature has passed a law forbidding dancing in the dark. Also, and under pressure of males who want to smell something cooking when they get home of an evening, a new law requires all beauty shops to close at quarter of six. If any lady objects to leaving before that time, the proprietor is entitled to throw her out "whether or not any beauty treatment then in progress may be completed."

★ ★ ★

Traffic violator was spoken to mildly but firmly by a Florida traffic cop. Violator very irate. Told the cop he was from New Jersey and that never, never, never again would he permit himself to be seen below Mason and Dixon's line. Traffic cop smiled pleasantly, snatched the fellow's hand, shook it heartily and said: "Permit me, sir, to thank you in behalf of the entire South."

★ ★ ★

Young lady of six or thereabouts, for whom we predict a diamond-studded future, accosted Mr. Elmer R. Stoll in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Said she wished she had a nickel. Told Mr. Stoll that if she had that nickel she'd put it in a bank. Eager to encourage thrift, Mr. Stoll gave her a nickel. "Thank you, sir," she said. "Now I wish I had a bank."

★ ★ ★

Behold Mr. Paul Tictho, farmer, in Givat Ada, Israel, trying to get action out of a mule newly arrived from Georgia, U.S.A. This mule, sent to Israel with the best wishes of our government, was paying strictly no attention to Mr. Tictho, ignoring every Tictho command to go to work. Mr. Tictho gave up and like many another sensible man began to solace himself with a copy of Collier's. And there in old 48's column (October 30, 1953) was the solution to his problem—what Israeli farmers should say to Georgia mules. (Instead of being told to whoa, giddap, gee and haw, the animals are urged to *amod, lech, jemina* and *smole.*) "I tried the American words on my mule," writes Mr. Tictho, "and the mere sound of them made him seem much better humored, less homesick and his appetite doubled. But unfortunately, try as I will, he does not quite seem to understand me. I am afraid my Georgia accent may not be quite right. Please send me one Georgia accent."

★ ★ ★

Making early preparations for the swiftly approaching tourist season, Bullbegger, Slut Kill, Mutton Hunk, Swan Gut Creek and Rough Bump, all in Virginia, are sprucing up expectantly. This from Mr. J. F. Jones, of Accomac. When you get there, you will be pleased to see that several prominent citizens of Rough Bump have had their spring overalls laundered.

★ ★ ★

The Honorable F. W. (Shorty) Bedenbaugh, Florida legislator, has introduced a bill to make it illegal for barbershops to post their price lists in a position where they may be read from outside the place. Incidentally, Mr. Bedenbaugh is a barber.

★ ★ ★

If you're alert, we're told by Mr. Theo Ekonomy, and drive south from San Diego, California, you will see a sign advising all gentlemen to buy their clothes in that store. The sign also says: "Three pair pants, including the ones you came in with."

★ ★ ★

From Webley Edwards in Honolulu comes warning. When Hawaii is admitted to statehood and her senators are seated in Washington, complications may arise. If the gentlemen from the islands should vote "No" on a bill they may be speaking Hawaiian, and in that language No means Yes. Or even Yes Indeed. In fact, says Mr. Edwards, "many Hawaiian words have two, three, maybe half a dozen different meanings." But saying so-and-so and meaning something else is an old senatorial custom even in English, Webley, which is still spoken now and then in Washington.

IRWIN CAPLAN

12 days out of the year she sees another man

Her husband is all for it. Other men wish their wives would do the same. And for mighty sound reasons.

The lady? Of course she adored her husband. He slaved for his family all week. He needed his weekends for rest and relaxation. So, come Saturday morning, he was in no mood to get the car lubricated—and he put it off.

His wife was sympathetic. But she knew that neglecting the car was sure to bring on costly repairs—and, heaven forbid, postpone that over-due new dress.

Suddenly, she had the answer. *"I'll see that the car is looked after on a weekday when Frank's at work!"*

So, now 12 days a year—a weekday every month—she drives the car to that important "other man"—the man she and her husband have selected to take care of their car. While she's doing errands the car is lubricated and inspected—and is ready when she returns. Because there's no rush, no waiting on weekdays.

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2. Pick a weekday every month, for your wife to take the car in for Alemite lubrication.

3. As it's lubricated your car is thoroughly inspected—*free*—for possible sources of trouble.

4. Upon delivery your wife receives the Alemite Report Card—an itemized report on work performed, plus *free* extra services; a *free* analysis of your car's condition; suggestions where prompt attention may *save* you many dollars!

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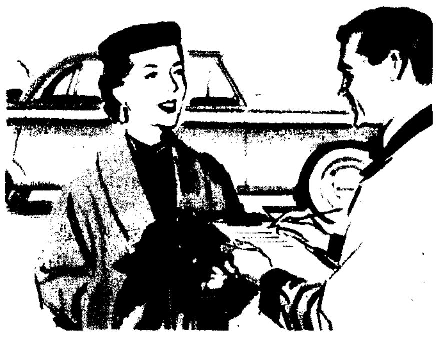
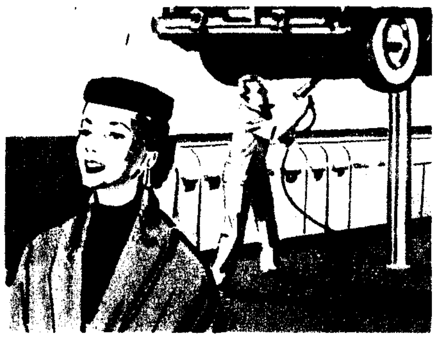
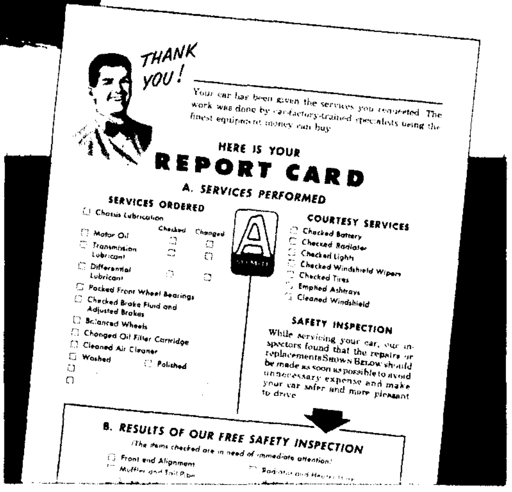


He'll lubricate and check your car while you're shopping. His Alemite equipment is designed to scientifically lubricate the Alemite system that comes on your car.



As he lubricates every friction point on your car he can spot trouble that, if neglected, can affect your pocketbook and your safety. This valuable extra care is free.



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☐ Transmission Lubricant	☐	☐
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☐ Packed Front Wheel Bearings
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☐ Balanced Wheels
☐ Changed Oil Filter Cartridge
☐ Cleaned Air Cleaner
☐ Washed ☐ Polished
☐
☐

COURTESY SERVICES

☐ Checked Battery
☐ Checked Radiator
☐ Checked Lights
☐ Checked Windshield Wipers
☐ Checked Tires
☐ Emptied Ashtrays
☐ Cleaned Windshield

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

GEORGE HEYER

Ducey . . . Grant . . . Maness

WHEN a couple of Crowell-Collier ex-ballplayers and fanatic followers of the National Pastime sniff out a potential pro in our midst, they don't let things slide; they get in there and pitch. To state the case concretely, twenty-two-year-old Tom Grant, junior clerk in our Personnel Department, has just been signed as a catcher and sent to spring training in Clearwater, Florida, by the Philadelphia Phillies organization. The men referred to in the first sentence are our auditor John Ducey and assistant managing editor David Maness.

Tom Grant temporarily left our Manhattan premises in 1952 when the Marines requested his services at Parris Island, Camp LeJeune and other strategic points; and while absorbing leatherneck training he spent his spare time as a catcher on a Marine nine, reasonably because he had played semipro ball with Bronx and Westchester teams. In service he was followed by scouts of various clubs like the Yanks, Giants and Phils, and when he came back to us last year Messrs. Ducey and Maness steered him into negotiations which a few weeks ago culminated in a contract produced by Phillies scout Fred Mathews, who had been most persistent. Tom received a nice piece of lettuce, plus bonus, and has been assigned to Terre Haute with the Class B Three-Eye League (Indiana, Illinois and Iowa) for seasoning.

While the above photograph was being composed in our conference room, an unidentified bystander whispered that Virginia should be incorporated with the Three-Eye so it could be called the Eye-V League. He was hustled out of the building—along with a crony who made the manifestly ridiculous remark: "This is how to get your pitcher in the paper." Tom Grant is a catcher. He is also handsome and is saving up his dough.

* * *

ASSOCIATE editor Alfred Lansing's red hair almost turned gray before he finally assembled the elements comprising the fishing folio, opening on page 32. Two photographers also wound up in coarse (as opposed to fine) fettle. Mason Weymouth and his assistant, Bill Kajiyama, finally managed to shoot eight top fresh-water fish—five in California, the rest in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Not quite that easily, though. Herewith some Weymouth notes to that effect:

"After taking pictures of two of the fish in a California State Fish and Game breeding pond, I decided I needed a more controlled area. The solution proved to be a beat-up bathtub ($9) which I set up in my garage. It seemed best to put the rainbow in front of a background of a talus slope such as would be found in the High Sierra, at six- to ten-thousand feet. I had just about given up finding natural weathered cuts of granite when I thought of a tombstone maker from whom I picked up some outside chips. The steelhead was a problem in that it changes color after a few hours of captivity. It also resents the latter and kept dousing me and short-circuiting my flash gear. At one point the musky managed to bite me. At another, one of the brown trout threw itself out of the 'aquarium' onto the garage floor. But I win, Ma."

In accordance with Mr. Weymouth's request, we gladly bestow Credits to the conservation people in California, Wisconsin and Minnesota who provided crews for days on end while the assignment was worked out.

And before we leave the sporting world we must (plug, plug) advise you that The Collier's Book of Hunting and Fishing, by Raymond R. Camp, has been published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

* * *

AS THE series on Russia Uncensored draws to a finale on page 58, writer Marshall MacDuffie fills us in on some items of especial interest to those who wonder about godless Russia.

Item. A British minister paid a call on the patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church and was given a gift copy of the Bible, which he later found had been printed in Indianapolis.

Item. A religious manuscript and a copy of an early Russian Bible are among the most treasured possessions in Moscow's Lenin Library.

Item. Father Georges Bissonette, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, the only American Roman Catholic priest in Moscow, constantly causes confusion among the local citizenry. The crazy, mixed-up Reds think his clerical garb is some kind of military uniform.

* * *

JUST room left to give Credits to the Crowell-Collier telephone girls for their ability to sort out incoming calls for staffers Chassler, Thatcher and Thrasher, who sound like a law firm and would, as such, drive their own switchboard operator off her rocker.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

BILL KAJIYAMA

Weymouth and $9 aquarium

Great Evening!
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
Distilled and Bottled by
BROWN FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

OLD FORESTER

"There is nothing better in the market"

© 1954—B. F. DIST. CORP.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

REXALL 1¢

Twice as Much for a Penny More

REXALL ASPIRIN

No finer, faster-acting aspirin made. 100 5-grain tablets.

Reg. 54¢ 2 for 55¢

REXALL Mi-31

Amber-color mouthwash, gargle, breath-deodorant and multi-purpose antiseptic.

Reg. 79¢ Pint 2 for 80¢

REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA

Pure, mild, creamy-smooth. Less unpleasant "earthy" taste.

Reg. 43¢ pint 2 for 44¢

REXALL AEROSOL READY-SHAVE

Just press valve for billows of whisker-wilting lather.

10 oz. Reg. $1.00 2 for $1.01

REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL COMPOUND

Our very finest quality.

Reg. 69¢ Pint 2 for 70¢

ELITE LINEN POUND PAPER

Reg. 85¢ 50-sheet box 2 for 86¢

Matching Envelopes

Reg. 85¢ pack of 50 2 for 86¢

REXALL PRO-CAP ADHESIVE TAPE

Sticks better – stays put longer.

1" x 5 Yds. Reg. 39¢ 2 for 40¢

REXALL STORK NURSER

8-oz. bottle, nipple and protecting cap. The complete feeding unit . . . easiest to use.

Reg. 35¢ 2 for 36¢

REXALL ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN

50 orange-flavored, 1-grain tablets.

Reg. 35¢ 2 for 36¢

KLENZO NYLON TOOTH BRUSHES

3 medically approved styles in medium or hard bristles plus 1 style in fine texture only.

Reg. 39¢ 2 for 40¢

LAVENDER MENTHOLATED SHAVE CREAM

Leaves face cooled, smoothed. 3¼ oz. Brushless or 3½ oz. Lather.

Reg. 59¢ tube 2 for 60¢

DEFENDER HOUSEHOLD GLOVES

Natural latex rubber . . . non-slip finish.

Reg. 79¢ pair 2 for 80¢

REXALL QUIK-SWABS

Cotton-tipped applicators ideal for nursery and general household use.

100's Reg. 29¢ 2 for 30¢

LAVENDER or ADRIENNE BATH POWDER

Fine-textured, long-clinging.

Reg. $1.25 box 2 for $1.26

MONACET APC TABLETS

Time-tested formula of Aspirin, Phenacetin and Caffeine. Helps relieve headaches, muscular pain and discomforts of colds.

25's, Regular 33¢.........2 for 34¢

100's, Reg. 79¢ 2 for 80¢

You can depend on any drug

SALE

SALE DAYS

Wednesday	**April**	**7th**
Thursday	**April**	**8th**
Friday	**April**	**9th**
Saturday	**April**	**10th**

Use this ad as your shopping list and order in advance. Your Rexall Family Druggist will gladly lay away your order, to be picked up any time during the sale.

...at Rexall Drug Stores Everywhere

Rexall
PURETEST
GLYCERIN
SUPPOSITORIES

REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES

Firm texture yet pliable.

12's, Adult or Infant Reg. 43¢ 2 for 44¢

Dainty
DEODORANT CREAM

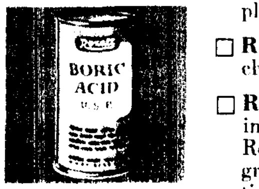
DAINTY DEODORANT CREAM

Effective anti-perspirant. Won't harm clothing.

1⅛ Oz. Reg. 49¢ 2 for 50¢

☐ **Rexall Antihistamine.** Quick, effective relief from cold symptoms. 15's..2 for **50¢**

☐ **Rexall Boric Acid.** Powder or crystals. Used in solution, makes a soothing, cleansing lotion for application to eyes, nose, throat and skin surfaces. 4 oz. Reg. 37¢....2 for **38¢**



☐ **Rexall Spirit of Camphor.** Helps relieve discomfort of cold sores: 33¢....2 for **34¢**

☐ **Alco-Rex Rubbing Alcohol Compound.** A cooling, invigorating body rub. Helps reduce body temperature. Pt.. 49¢, 2 for **50¢**

☐ **Rexall Hygienic Powder.** Makes an ideal cleansing solution for use in spray, gargle or syringe when dissolved as directed. Also excellent for soothing minor skin irritations. 6 ounces, regularly 75¢....2 for **76¢**

☐ **Rexall Eyelo.** A soothing, cooling and cleansing eye lotion. Reduces irritations caused by exposure to dust, wind, smog, sunlight or strong light. Half-pint with handy, easy-to-use eye-cup. Reg. 69¢....2 for **70¢**

Rexall
EYELO

☐ **Indelo Lipsticks** by Adrienne. Long-clinging, clear-edging; stay moist and alluring for hours. Choice of 6 glamorous shades in smart container. Reg. $1.00...2 for **$1.01**

☐ **Rexillana Cough Syrup.** For coughs due to colds. Soothes dryness and tickling. Safe, pleasant, effective. 4 oz., 59¢....2 for **60¢**

☐ **Rexall Glycerin.** Soothes and softens chapped or roughened skin. 3 oz., **2 for 76¢**

☐ **Rex-Salvine.** An antiseptic salve for soothing minor burns, scalds, cuts and scratches. Relieves surface pain, and inhibits germ growth. Excellent for simple skin irritations, 1½-oz. tube, regularly 57¢, **2 for 58¢**

☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tablets.** No after-taste.
¼ grain, 100's, reg. 35¢.........2 for **36¢**
¼ grain, 1000's, reg. $1.08....2 for **$1.09**
½ grain, 100's, reg. 45¢.........2 for **46¢**
½ grain, 1000's, reg. $1.26....2 for **$1.27**
1 grain, 1000's, reg. $1.49.....2 for **$1.50**

☐ **Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup.** Contains no alcohol or narcotics. Loosens phlegm, thins secretions, soothes minor irritations of the bronchial membranes. Pleasant tasting. Family favorite for many years. 8 oz., 89¢......2 for **90¢**

Rexall
Cherry Bark
Cough Syrup

☐ **Rexall Pabizol.** Pleasant-tasting liquid for relief of simple diarrhea and upset stomach due to dietary indiscretion. 4 oz.. .2 for **56¢**

☐ **Rexall Calamine Lotion,** relieves heat rash, skin irritations. Latest formula; U.S.P. purity and strength, 4 oz., 35¢, **2 for 36¢**

☐ **Klenzo Antiseptic.** The only ruby-red *antiseptic* mouthwash and gargle. Kills contacted germs quickly when used full strength. Cinnamon-flavored. Reg. 79¢ pt., **2 for 80¢**

ANTISEPTIC

☐ **Garden Spice Stick Cologne.** Refreshing, convenient, spill-proof. $1.00..2 for **$1.01**

☐ **Adrienne Cleansing Cream, Cold Cream or Hand Cream.** Exceptionally high quality beauty aids. Reg. 85¢........2 for **86¢**

☐ **Helen Cornell Bobby Pins.** 24 regular style or 18 rubber-tipped. Choice of black or bronze. Reg. 10¢ card........2 for **11¢**

☐ **Theatrical Cold or Cleansing Cream.** Deep penetrating, rich lubricating; ideal for removing make-up and for general skin care. Long-time favorite of the theatrical profession. Reg. $1.00 jar.....2 for **$1.01**

☐ **Elite Linen-Finish Ink Tablets.** Note or letter sizes, ruled or plain: full-size blotter. Regularly 25¢................2 for **26¢**

☐ **Elite Linen Envelopes.** Match above tablet, social size. 27 to pack........2 for **26¢**

☐ **Plastic Scuffs.** Ladies' assorted sizes in attractive designs. Reg. 49¢......2 for **50¢**

☐ **Metal Frame Sunglasses.** Men's and Ladies' styles. Gold-plated. Eye-protecting green lenses manufactured to meet U.S. Bureau of Standards CS 97-40. Attractive, practical. $1.00.............2 for **$1.01**

☐ **Rexall Quik-Bands.** Elastic adhesive bandages; ready to use. Free-flex action. Flesh color. 16's, reg. 33¢.......2 for **34¢**

☐ **Lavender After-Shave Lotion.** Masculine scent. Stimulates and refreshes skin. Leaves face smooth. 4 oz., 85¢....2 for **86¢**

☐ **Rexall Mucilloid Bulk Laxative.** Gentle, effective, non-irritating. Provides both bulk and lubrication for relief of temporary constipation. Contains Nature's hemicellulose. Does not affect digestion. Easy to take; mix with water, milk or fruit juices as directed. Pound. regularly $2.79.......2 for **$2.80**

☐ **Fungi-Rex, Greaseless.** Gives fast and effective relief from discomforts of Athlete's Foot. Allays itching, soothes burning; helps prevent re-infection. 1½ oz., 75¢, **2 for 76¢**

Don't Miss These Money-Savers

TAFFY
Salt Water TAFFY

GENUINE SALT WATER TAFFY

Has that old-fashioned goodness. Nine assorted flavors.

14-oz. box 49¢

EVERYDAY GREETING CARDS

16 all-occasion cards and matching envelopes.

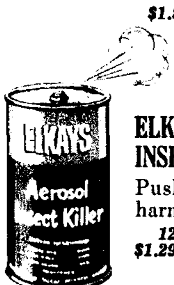
$1.80 Value 59¢

Rexall
PLASTIC
QUIK-BANDS

REXALL PLASTIC QUIK-BANDS

Flexible adhesive bandages. Waterproof. Plain or Mercurochrome.

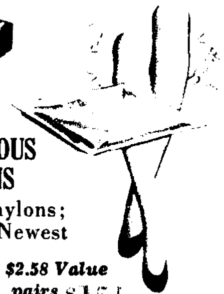
33's Reg. 39¢ 27¢



ELKAYS AEROSOL INSECT KILLER

Push-button spray; harmless to humans.

12 Oz. $1.29 Value 79¢



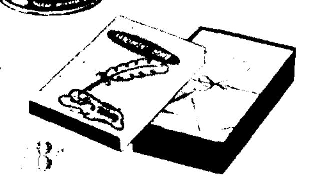
NATIONALLY FAMOUS SPUNTEX NYLONS

First quality DuPont nylons; 51 gauge, 15 denier. Newest Spring shades.

$2.58 Value 2 ***pairs for*** $1.51

PARCHMENT BOND STATIONERY

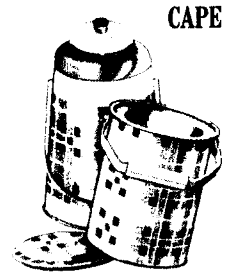
120 large flat sheets of an attractive white, ripple-finished bond; 75 matching envelopes. ***$2.50 Value*** [illegible]



EASTER CUDDLE BUNNY

Be-ribboned and lovable. Made of super-soft plush, 17" tall. Choice of pink and white, blue and pink, orchid and yellow.

$2.79 Value $1.69



CAPE COD COOLER

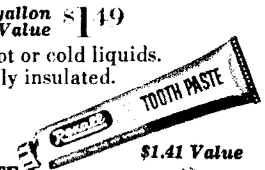
1 gallon $3.95 Value $2.79

Keeps foods hot or cold; aluminum liner. Ideal ice bucket.

CAPE COD PICNIC JUG

½ gallon $1.98 Value $1.49

For hot or cold liquids. Heavily insulated.



pH-7 TOOTH PASTE

Neutral formula — neither acid nor alkaline. With anti-enzyme factor.

$1.41 Value 3 ***tubes for*** 89¢

Rexall
MINERAL OIL

REXALL PURETEST MINERAL OIL

Extra-heavy body...colorless, odorless, tasteless...non-fattening and non-habit forming.

Pint, 2 ***for*** 86¢ ***Quart,*** 2 ***for*** $1.26

☐ **Aga-Rex,** Plain or with Phenolphthalein, gentle laxative, pint..........2 for **$1.11**

☐ **Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets,** in handy pocket-size tin, 36's......2 for **29¢**

☐ **Elkays Moth Fume Crystals**...2 for **80¢**

☐ **Rexall Epsom Salts,** pound....2 for **46¢**

☐ **Eudicaine Suppositories,** cocoa butter base; firm but pliable; 12's....2 for **$1.20**

☐ **Rexall Zinc Oxide Ointment,** 1-oz. tube, **2** for **30¢,** 2-oz. tube............2 for **46¢**

☐ **"8480" Nail Polish Remover,** non-smear — oily type..............2 for **40¢**

☐ **Medford Facial Tissues.** 300 sheets. Extra-absorbent. Reg. 38¢.......2 for **39¢**

☐ **Rexall B-Complex Capsules.** Vitamin B factors. 100's................2 for **$2.60**

☐ **Tiny Tot Baby Cream, Antiseptic Lotion or Oil.** Choice.........2 for **58¢**

☐ **Tiny Tot Baby Powder,** 4 oz. ..2 for **30¢**

☐ **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Paste.** Used after eating, helps reduce decay..2 for **61¢**

☐ **Glenbrook Chocolate-Covered Patties,** peppermint or coffee, 8 oz.......2 for **59¢**

☐ **Rum and Butter Toffee,** 7 oz...2 for **50¢**

☐ **Peanut Butter Cups,** 12's......2 for **39¢**

☐ **Rex-Seltzer,** effervescent alkalizer for acid-indigestion, 25's...........2 for **59¢**

☐ **$50,000 Chocolate Bar**.......2 for **37¢**

☐ **$50,000 Chocolate Syrup**....2 for **23¢**

☐ **Cannon Dish Cloth,** 17" x 17"..2 for **26¢**

☐ **Cannon "Dry-Fast" DishTowel,** 2 for **49¢**

☐ **Cannon Turkish Towel**.......2 for **75¢**

☐ **Cannon "Dry-Fast" Wash Cloth,** 2 for **28¢**

☐ **Libbey Glass Tumbler,** 2-color, red rooster design. 11 oz., 17¢............2 for **18¢**

☐ **Swim Kap,** molded aviator style, finest rubber, choice of colors. 98¢.....2 for **99¢**

More 1¢ Sale bargains on next page →

product that bears the name– ***Rexall***

Two-for-One... Plus a penny
REXALL 1¢ SALE
At Rexall Drug Stores Everywhere

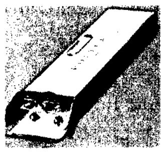
SALE DAYS
WEDNESDAY April 7th
THURSDAY April 8th
FRIDAY April 9th
SATURDAY April 10th

Important Note:

The items listed in this advertisement are regular, guaranteed Rexall products — freshly stocked by Rexall Family Druggists for this great money-saving event. Only the increased volume resulting from the 1¢ Sale enables them to offer you such quality at such tremendous savings.

BUYS FOR BABIES

☐ **Rexall Cod Liver Oil, High Potency.** Each teaspoonful contains 1⅘ times minimum daily adult requirement of Vitamins A and D. Regular $1.49 pint...**2** for **$1.50**



☐ **Rexall Polycaps** supply minimum daily requirement of all vitamins ordinarily essential for children up to 12 years of age. 72's, $1.98.....**2** for **$1.99**

☐ **Rexall Polymulsion,** a pleasantly flavored liquid containing Vitamins A, C, D, B_1 and B_2; mixes readily with baby's formula, fruit juice, etc. Pint, $3.59........**2** for **$3.60**

☐ **Rexall Percocod Tablets ("Vitamin Candy").** Tasty tablets designed for children who prefer an easy-to-chew tablet. Two tablets supply 1¼ times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamins A and D, derived from natural sources. 110's, 98¢, **2** for **99¢**

☐ **Hall's Talcum Powder.** A careful blend of finest talc. Cools and soothes baby's skin; helps prevent and relieve chafing, heat and body rash, 1 lb., 59¢...........**2** for **60¢**

☐ **Rexall A & D Tablets.** Each tablet contains 1¼ times minimum daily requirement of Vitamins A and D. An easy and pleasant way to give these valuable vitamins to youngsters who are graduating from liquid vitamins. 100's, $1.19........**2** for **$1.20**

☐ **Nursery Castile Soap.** Pure, mild, non-irritating; 3-oz. bar, 19¢........**2** for **20¢**

☐ **Nylon Bottle Brush.** Right length for easy cleaning; long lasting, 25¢......**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Baby Rattles.** Hand-painted plastic rattles in a wonderful assortment of styles, characters, and handles, 25¢..........**2** for **26¢**

REXALL REMEDIES

☐ **1. Rexall Analgesic Balm.** A soothing ointment for quick relief from minor muscular soreness due to over-exertion or for minor bronchial irritations due to colds. 1 oz., regularly 65¢.............**2** for **66¢**

☐ **2. Rexall Gypsy Cream.** Gives protective, soothing relief from discomfort of sunburn and minor skin irritations, chafing, poison ivy and oak, heat rash, hives and the bites of non-poisonous insects. Greaseless, stainless. Available in either lotion or ointment form. Regular 69¢..............**2** for **70¢**

☐ **3. Rexall Aqueous Nose Drops.** Give effective relief from minor congestion and irritation of mucous membranes of the nose accompanying a cold. 1 oz., 49¢..**2** for **50¢**

☐ **4. Rexall Petrofol Mineral Oil.** A gentle, highly refined mineral oil that is tasteless, odorless, colorless, non-habit-forming and non-fattening. Pint, regular 59¢, **2** for **60¢**

☐ **5. Rexall Mentholated White Pine and Tar Compound.** Time-tested for relief of coughs due to colds. Soothes minor bronchial irritation. 8 oz., 79¢........**2** for **80¢**

☐ **Rexall Analgesic Liquid.** A quick-acting liniment for relief of muscular aches and pains due to fatigue or exposure, neuralgia, slight sprains. 1½ oz., reg. 69¢..**2** for **70¢**

☐ **Rexall Antacid Gas Tablets.** Neutralize excess stomach acidity, ease gastric distress, flatulence. 40's, 39¢............**2** for **40¢**

☐ **Rexall Cold Sore Lotion.** Relieves and helps dry out cold sores. Soothing and protective. ¼ ounce, 29¢..........**2** for **30¢**

☐ **Rexall Beef, Wine & Iron Tonic.** Tasty appetite stimulant for simple or nutritional anemia due to lack of iron in the diet. Full pint, regular $1.50...........**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Rexall Cold Tablets.** Relieve discomforts of headaches and minor muscular soreness due to colds. 30's, 39¢...........**2** for **40¢**

☐ **Rexall Diuretic Pills.** Effective stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. 60's, 69¢, **2** for **70¢**

☐ **Rexall Headache Tablets.** Quick relief from the discomfort of simple headache and neuralgia. 24's. Regular 33¢.....**2** for **34¢**

☐ **Rexall Iron, Liver & Bone Marrow Compound.** An excellent tonic valuable in convalescence and in treatment of simple nutritional anemia. ½-pt., $1.39, **2** for **$1.40**

☐ **Rexall Orderlies.** Original chocolate-flavored laxative. Effective yet gentle. Children's favorite. 60's, 60¢.....**2** for **61¢**

☐ **Rexall Pile Ointment.** Relieves irritation and discomfort of simple piles . . . promotes healing. 1 oz. Regular 75¢......**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Rexall Prickly Heat Powder.** A cooling, soothing powder for the relief of the discomfort of prickly heat. 4 oz., 35¢, **2** for **36¢**

☐ **Rex-Rub.** A stimulating rubbing solution that helps relieve muscular aches and pains. Greaseless. 6 oz. bottle, 89¢.....**2** for **90¢**

☐ **Rexall Little Pills.** Gentle action for relief of temporary or occasional constipation and headache or biliousness when due to constipation. 100's, 45¢.........**2** for **46¢**

VITAMIN VALUES More Vitamin Protection For Your Money

☐ **1. Rexall Panovite.** One capsule per day supplies all vitamins with known minimum daily requirements:
Vitamin A............5,000 U.S.P. units
Vitamin D............1,000 U.S.P. units
Vitamin B_1...............2.5 milligrams
Vitamin B_2...............2.5 milligrams
Vitamin C................50 milligrams
Niacinamide..............20 milligrams
Vitamin B_6..............200 micrograms
100 capsules, reg. $3.10......**2** for **$3.11**

☐ **Rexall Panovite with Minerals Plus B_{12}.** Same formula as above . . . *plus* valuable amounts of calcium, cobalt, copper, iodine, iron, manganese, magnesium, molybdenum, phosphorus, potassium and zinc. 100 capsules, reg. $4.95..**2** for **$4.96**

☐ **2. Rexall ABDG Capsules.** Two capsules each day supply these vitamins:
A..5000 USP units (1¼ times M.D.A.R.*)
D....800 USP units (2 times M.D.A.R.*)
B_1............1 mg. (equals M.D.A.R.*)
B_2............2 mg. (equals M.D.A.R.*)
Niacinamide....................10 mg.†
100 capsules, reg. $1.59.......**2** for **$1.60**

☐ **3. Rexall Dicalcium Phosphate** with calcium gluconate and viosterol. Three capsules supply ⅓ the minimum daily requirement of calcium, ⅕ the required phosphorus and twice the required viosterol (Vitamin D_2). An excellent supplement to the diets of expectant or nursing mothers . . . and for any one whose diet may be lacking in calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D. 100's, regularly $1.24.........**2** for **$1.25**

☐ **4. Rexall Ascorbic Acid Tablets.** Each tablet contains 100 mg. of Vitamin C (3⅓ times minimum daily requirement*). Helps prevent disorders of teeth, bones, tissues and gums caused by Vitamin C deficiency. 100's, regularly $1.98..............**2** for **$1.99**

☐ **Rexall Thiamin Hydrochloride Tablets.** Each tablet supplies 1665 U.S.P. units of B_1, 5 times M.D.A.R.* 100's...**2** for **$1.52**

☐ **Rexall Yeast and Iron Tablets.** Recommended adult dosage supplies seven times M.D.A.R.* of Iron, plus valuable amounts of Vitamins B_1 and B_2. 100 tablets, regularly 75¢ ....**2** for **76¢**

☐ **5. Rexall Beta-Caps (Improved).** Potent B-complex capsules containing the following vitamins:
B_1........1.5 mg. (1½ times M.D.A.R.*)
B_2............2 mg. (equals M.D.A.R.*)
Niacinamide....................10 mg.†
Calcium Pantothenate ....1 mg.
(need in human nutrition not established)
Pyridoxine Hydrochloride ....250 mcg.
100 capsules, reg. $2.00......**2** for **$2.01**

☐ **6. Rexall Vitamin B_{12} Concentrate.** Each capsule contains 5 mcg. of red Vitamin B_{12} activity — so important in aiding the prevention of nutritional anemia due to B_{12} deficiency. 100's, $2.00....**2** for **$2.01**

☐ **Rexall Brewer's Yeast Tablets.** Supply valuable amounts of Vitamin B_1 and B_2 at nominal price. 250's, 98¢........**2** for **99¢**

☐ **Rexall Halibut Liver Oil Capsules.** Each capsule supplies 5000 units or 1¼ times minimum requirements* of Vitamin A plus 85 units of Vitamin D. 50's....**2** for **$1.11**

**Minimum daily adult requirement*
†Minimum requirement not established

SHAVING AIDS

☐ **Rexall Shaving Lotion.** Mild astringent action that's brisk and bracing. Refreshing, cooling, after-shave "pick-up." Spicy odor. 6 oz., 49¢....**2** for **50¢**

☐ **Lavender Talc for Men.** Handsome all-metal container, with snap-close shaker top. 3⅛ oz., reg. 40¢...............**2** for **41¢**

☐ **Lavender Shaving Bowl.** Rich-lathering cake gives months of smooth, comfortable shaves. $1.10................**2** for **$1.11**

☐ **Rexall Bay Rum.** Time-tested after-shave lotion and skin freshener; made from the finest imported distilled oil of Bay leaves. Pint, 59¢.....................**2** for **60¢**

☐ **Rexall Shaving Cream.** Brushless or lather. Gives speedy, "slick-as-a-whistle" shaves at a bargain price, 39¢...**2** for **40¢**

HAIR GROOM BUYS

☐ **Helen Cornell Nylon Hair Nets.** For seven different hair shades in regular and bob styles. Elasticized, 10¢ each, **2** for **11¢**
12 for **66¢**

☐ **Helen Cornell Cream Shampoo.** 4 oz. jar or Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, 8 oz. bottle. Choose your favorite from these two rich-lathering, magic-cleansing shampoos. Regularly 79¢.....**2** for **80¢**

☐ **Lavender Hair Tonic.** Grooms and conditions hair; helps remove loose dandruff, prevents dryness. 6 oz. bottle, 85¢, **2** for **86¢**

☐ **Lavender Cream Hair Dressing** with Hexachlorophene. Makes hair easy to manage and imparts a natural luster, free of sticky film. Removes loose dandruff. 4 oz. tube, 69¢ ....**2** for **70¢**

☐ **Lavender Cream Hair Tonic** with modified lanolin. Helps keep hair soft, manageable, well-groomed without "plastered down" look. Excellent for training children's hair. 85¢............**2** for **86¢**

☐ **Lavender Hair Oil.** Keeps hair neatly in place. Relieves dry scalp, removes loose dandruff. 6 oz. bottle, 85¢......**2** for **86¢**

☐ **Lavender Shampoo.** Lathers abundantly, cleanses thoroughly, rinses easily. 6 ounce bottle, 85¢...................**2** for **86¢**

☐ **Rexall Peroxide of Hydrogen, 6%.** For bleaching hair. 4 oz. bottle..**2** for **22¢**

DENTAL NEEDS

☐ **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Powder.** Non-irritating. Holds false teeth firmly and comfortably in place, permitting you to eat, talk and smile with confidence. 3 oz., regular 55¢.........**2** for **56¢**

☐ **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Powder.** Helps prevent tooth decay when used regularly after eating. Licensed by the University of Illinois Foundation. 3 oz., 43¢...**2** for **44¢**

☐ **Rexall Dental Floss,** in acetate vial with cutting edge. 30 yards, 25¢......**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Rexall Sodium Perborate, Flavored.** An oxygen oral-hygiene powder. Recommended by dentists and physicians as mouthwash and gargle in freshly-prepared solution. 4 ounce jar, 59¢..............**2** for **60¢**

Right reserved to limit quantities. Prices subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Items, prices and dates may vary slightly in Canada. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 48, California.

Rexall Drug Products are Guaranteed

☐ **Rexall "Self-Acting" Dental Plate Cleaner.** Easy, fast. 7½ oz., 69¢, **2 for 70¢**

☐ **Rexall Chlorophyll Toothpaste.** Sweetens the breath as it cleans. Foaming action. Giant tube, regular 69¢.........**2 for 70¢**

TOILETRY TIPS

☐ **1. Lavender Cologne Stick.** Fine lavender oils give it distinctive fragrance. In handy, no-waste stick. 2½ oz., $1.00..**2 for $1.01**

☐ **2. Helen Cornell Hormone Cream.** Contains 10,000 International Units of natural hormones per ounce. A luxurious night cream. 2 oz., $1.00..........**2 for $1.01**

☐ **3. Sequoia Pine Soap with Lanolin.** Delightful scent; for complexion or bath use. Box of 4 cakes, $1.19.........**2 for $1.20**

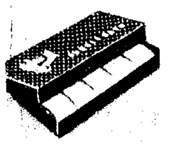
☐ **Adrienne Face Powder.** Imparts a soft, glamorous look...lasts and lasts. Choice of four shades. Regularly 85¢...**2 for 86¢** Compressed (with 2¼" puff), in same four lovely shades. Regularly $1...**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Adrienne Dry Skin Soap with Lanolin.** Exceptionally mild soap for all skin types. Contains pure oils especially fine for dry skin that needs gentle care. Box of 4 cakes, Regularly $1.19.............**2 for $1.20**

☐ **Adrienne Deluxe Velour Powder Puff.** Three-inch size, 15¢............**2 for 16¢**

☐ **Lavender Cologne.** Light, dainty, lingering fragrance. Cooling and refreshing. 4 oz. bottle, $1.25.................**2 for $1.26**

☐ **Lavender Deodorant Talc.** Fine talc, delicately scented. Gives extra after-bath freshness. 3⅛ oz., 50¢..........**2 for 51¢**



☐ **Helen Cornell Bubble Bath.** Luxuriant lasting bubbles. Pretty polka dot box of 20 packets, 4 each of 5 delightful fragrances. Reg. $1.00, **2 for $1.01**

☐ **Lavender Soap with Lanolin.** Lightly perfumed. Pure, mild, bath-time favorite. Box of 4 cakes, $1.19.........**2 for $1.20**

☐ **Helen Cornell Bath Soap.** Choice of five fragrances, delicately scented. Box of 4 large cakes, $1.19............**2 for $1.20**

☐ **Dainty Deodorant Cologne.** In handy, plastic squeeze-bottle. It's fast and effective, harmless to clothes. 3 oz., 98¢...**2 for 99¢**

☐ **Dainty Mist Deodorant.** Clean, quick, modern way to check perspiration. No waste! Easy-to-use plastic squeeze bottle. 1½ oz., 75¢..................**2 for 76¢**

☐ **Dainty Deodorant Powder.** Delicately perfumed, after-bath refresher. Lasting effectiveness. 4 oz., 49¢..........**2 for 50¢**

☐ **Dainty Deodorant Soap** with miracle deodorant Actamer. For best results use this mild, fragrant, rich-lathering soap daily. Large cake, regularly, each 25¢..**2 for 26¢**

☐ **Dainty Deodorant Stick.** Easy to use... no waste, no muss. Won't stain clothing. Lasts for hours. 2½ oz., 89¢.....**2 for 90¢**

☐ **Mascal's Hand Cream.** A greaseless, vanishing cream that softens and smooths rough skin. Offers protection from wind and weather when used as powder base. 6¼-oz. jar, regularly 59¢..............**2 for 60¢**

☐ **Ilasol Hand Lotion.** A non-sticky, fast-drying hand lotion. Excellent as powder base and cuticle softener. 8 oz., 79¢, **2 for 80¢**

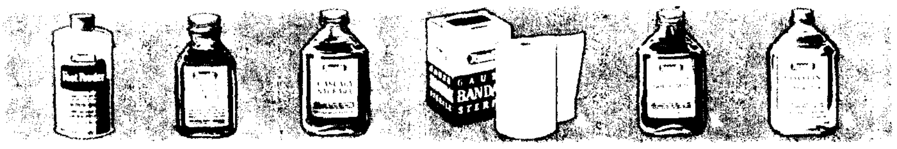
☐ **"8480" Talcum.** Soft, fragrant, absorbent talcum. 1 lb., 59¢..............**2 for 60¢**

☐ **Rexall Talc, Antiseptic-Deodorant.** Lightly scented, cooling, soothing. Absorbs perspiration, prevents chafing. Ideal foot deodorant. 9 oz., $1.00.......**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Sequoia Pine Bath Oil** by Lorie. Churns into a million bubbles of refreshing pine fragrance...softens hardest bath water. 6 oz. bottle, $1.00.............**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Adrienne Rose Geranium Soap** with Lanolin. Box of 4 cakes, $1.19, **2 for $1.20**

MEDICINE CHEST NEEDS



☐ **1. Rexall Foot Powder.** Relieves discomforts of tired, tender, burning feet. Absorbs perspiration, destroys odors. Helps prevent irritation by reducing friction. 4 oz. in handy dispenser, regular 39¢....**2 for 40¢**

☐ **2. Rexall Tincture Benzoin Compound.** Full U.S.P. purity and strength. Use in steam inhaler for relief of minor irritations of the bronchial tubes and larynx. 1 oz. bottle, regular 43¢..................**2 for 44¢**

☐ **3. Rexall Cascara Aromatic,** fluid extract. Pleasant-tasting laxative that aids in the relief of simple constipation. 4 oz. bottle, regular 95¢..................**2 for 96¢**

☐ **4. Rexall Gauze Bandage.** Sterile, 2" x 10 yard roll. Regular 27¢.......**2 for 28¢**

☐ **5. Rexall Boric Acid Solution.** Soothes and cleanses eyes, nose, throat and skin surfaces. 4 oz., 25¢...............**2 for 26¢**

☐ **6. Rexall Glycerin and Rose Water.** Softens and soothes tender, chapped, rough skin. Protects from exposure to wind and weather. 4 oz., regular 49¢......**2 for 50¢**

☐ **Rexall Toothache Drops.** For temporary relief of pain caused by dental cavities. Intended for use only until a dentist can be consulted. Large size, 35¢......**2 for 36¢**

☐ **Rexall Corn Solvent.** For the painless removal of corns and skin calluses. ½ oz., 35¢..........................**2 for 36¢**

☐ **Rexall Aspirin.** No finer, faster-acting aspirin made. 36 5-grain tablets in a handy tin for pocket or purse 27¢.....**2 for 28¢**

☐ **Rexall Epsom Salt.** U. S. P. purity and strength. Made by a process which assures a much less bitter taste than ordinary Epsom Salt. Ideal for temporary relief of constipation. 4 oz., 19¢..............**2 for 20¢**

☐ **Rexall Essence Peppermint.** U.S.P. purity and strength. Warms the stomach and helps remove gas. 1 oz., reg. 50¢, **2 for 51¢**

☐ **Rexall Mercurochrome.** 2% solution antiseptic for cuts and abrasions. ½ oz. bottle with applicator, 25¢......**2 for 26¢**

☐ **Rexall Lanolin.** Gentle, smoothing application for tender, chapped or rough skin. Ideal for infants. 1 oz., reg. 29¢..**2 for 30¢**

☐ **Rexall Castor Oil.** U.S.P. purity. Gives prompt, thorough and dependable action without harmful effect. 3 oz., 45¢, **2 for 46¢**

☐ **Rexall Soda Mints.** Pleasant-tasting antacid tablets for quick relief of gas and heartburn due to excess stomach acidity. 140's, regularly 35¢............**2 for 36¢**

☐ **Rexall Sodium Bicarbonate.** Meets U.S.P. standards, 1 lb., reg. 43¢, **2 for 44¢**

☐ **Rexall Aromatic Spirit of Ammonia.** 1 oz., regularly 29¢.............**2 for 30¢**

☐ **Rexall Tincture Green Soap.** Liniment of soft soap, U.S.P. A thorough cleanser and excellent shampoo. 8 oz., 69¢, **2 for 70¢**

☐ **Rexall Tincture Iodine.** Antiseptic and germicidal when applied to minor wounds and insect bites. 1 ounce with applicator, regularly 33¢ ....**2 for 34¢**

☐ **Rexall Witch Hazel.** An excellent facial astringent and after-shave lotion. Makes a soothing application for sprains and bruises. Full pint, regular 57¢..**2 for 58¢**

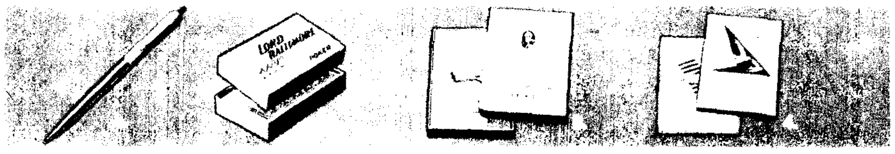
☐ **Rexall Alum Powder.** Checks bleeding of small cuts, scratches and abrasions. In proper solution makes excellent astringent and gargle. 4 oz., regular 28¢....**2 for 29¢**

☐ **Rexall Eudicaine Ointment.** A non-toxic, antiseptic salve for relief of itching, dry eczema and minor skin irritations. Especially effective in cases of stubborn diaper rash. 1 oz. tube, 59¢...........**2 for 60¢**

☐ **Rexall Cascara Compound Tablets (Hinkle).** An excellent laxative compounded of well-known cathartics for prompt and complete evacuation without excessive discomfort or weakening aftereffects. Not intended for children. 100 tablets, regular 50¢..............**2 for 51¢**

☐ **Rexall Cotton Balls.** Sterilized, absorbent. 65's, regular 35¢..............**2 for 36¢**

STATIONERY SAVINGS



☐ **1. Retractable Ball Point Pen.** Press top to write, press again to retract. Easy writing without skipping. New non-smear ink will not stain or fade. Black with gold cap and clip. Uses standard refill, $1.29, **2 for $1.30**

☐ **2. Lord Baltimore Playing Cards.** Bridge, Poker, Pinochle; single deck; choice of colorful backs. 95¢...**2 for 96¢**

☐ **Shadowline Bordered Letters.** 48 sheets of white vellum, handsomely trimmed with blue lines and top double border in gray and red. 24 matching envelopes with deep red border on flap. $1.50......**2 for $1.51**

☐ **Dainty Sheer,** 36 delicately textured white sheets—24 with 4 color printed top and 12 plain – and 24 envelopes with pink paper lining, $1.50 ....**2 for $1.51**

☐ **Graylyne Letters.** White with fashionable faint gray lines; 36 sheets with 30 matching envelopes. Reg. $1.00 box....**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Lord Baltimore White Vellum Notes,** suitable for all occasions. 20 high quality notes and matching envelopes, 75¢, **2 for 76¢**

☐ **Parisian Notes.** Outstanding assortment of six designs per box. Lovely prints, water-color effect, in 5 colors. 24 vellum notes with 24 envelopes, $1.00......**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Chit-Chat Notes.** 10 French-fold white vellum notes with embossed gold printing, 10 envelopes. 50¢.............**2 for 51¢**

☐ **Commercial Envelopes.** Belmont, white; 3⅝" x 6½", package of 15, 10¢, **2 for 11¢**

☐ **3. Gossamer Text.** Lightweight fabric paper in distinctive pastel blue; 36 single sheets, with 20 matching lined envelopes. Regular $1.00 box............**2 for $1.01**

☐ **4. Speedlines, Air Mail Box.** 80 plain sheets of white airmail paper and 30 envelopes. Regular $1.00 box......**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Thank-You Notes.** 10 exquisite hand deckled-edge, folded, white vellum notes with "Many Thanks" stamped in copper; 10 envelopes. 50¢.............**2 for 51¢**

☐ **Lord Baltimore Fountain Pen.** Streamlined model; assorted colors with gold colored clip and band on cap; 14K gold-plated, stainless steel point, $1.00....**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Lord Baltimore Mechanical Pencil.** Matches above pen; propel-repel action; contains eraser and 4 extra leads; choice of blue, black, maroon, green. 69¢..**2 for 70¢**

☐ **Cascade Everyday Gift Wrapping Paper.** Each package contains 2 sheets, 20" x 30" in eight attractive designs suitable for any occasion. 10¢.......**2 for 11¢**

☐ **Cascade Special Occasion Wrapping Paper.** Especially designed for particular occasions. In each package you get 2 sheets, size 20" x 30", with choice of lovely color combinations. 10¢.............**2 for 11¢**

☐ **Cascade Curling Ribbon.** All rayon, curling ribbon in choice of 12 beautiful colors. 55 foot hanks, 25¢.............**2 for 26¢**

☐ **Cascade Rayon Acetate Ribbon, Wide.** 15 foot hanks of ⅝" ribbon in assortment of popular colors. 25¢..........**2 for 26¢**

to Give Satisfaction or Your Money Back

EVERYDAY NEEDS

☐ **"8480" Nail File,** 5-inch, 19¢..**2 for 20¢**

☐ **"8480" Emery Boards.** Extra-long life, will not sand down quickly. 15¢..**2 for 16¢**

☐ **Extension Cord,** 6' long, 3-way socket; choice of brown or white, 59¢..**2 for 60¢**

☐ **Permedge Razor Blades,** 18 single edge or 20 double edge, 49¢..........**2 for 50¢**

☐ **Tiny Tot Cluster of Pops.** Seven lollipops in assorted flavors, 10¢..........**2 for 11¢**

☐ **Jane Horton Candy Kisses,** delicious assorted flavors; 2½ oz. bag......**2 for 11¢**

☐ **1. Victoria Hot Water Bottle.** Smooth finish, high quality rubber; molded in one piece. 2-quart size. $2.39......**2 for $2.40**

☐ **Victoria Fountain Syringe,** 2-quart size, same fine quality; $2.75......**2 for $2.76**

☐ **Victoria Combination Syringe.** Hot water bottle with fountain syringe attachments. 2-qt. capacity; reg. $3.19, **2 for $3.20**

☐ **2. Rexall No. 6 Pine Oil Disinfectant.** Disinfects, deodorizes and cleanses—all in one operation. Economical to use. Used as directed, is non-corrosive and non-caustic. Pint, regularly $1.09.........**2 for $1.10**

☐ **3. Rexall Insect Repellent Liquid 448.** One application repels many kinds of insects for long periods. Pleasant odor; harmless to rayon or nylon, 59¢.......**2 for 60¢**

☐ **Maximum Hard Rubber Rattail Comb** or all-purpose comb, 29¢........**2 for 30¢**

☐ **Nylon Pocket Comb or Bobby "Curling" Comb;** regularly 25¢.....**2 for 26¢**

☐ **Plastic Rattail Comb,** 10¢.....**2 for 11¢**

☐ **Plastic Dressing Combs,** men's and ladies' styles; 10¢..............**2 for 11¢**

☐ **Klenzo Handy Purse Hair Brush,** 5¾" long; clear, rose or pink; $1, **2 for $1.01**

☐ **Klenzo Bath Brush.** Top quality nylon bristles; assorted colors; $1.50, **2 for $1.51**

☐ **Klenzo Lather Brush,** $1.00, **2 for $1.01**

☐ **Klenzo Hair Brushes,** half-round and professional styles; assorted backs, **2 for $1.01**

☐ **Klenzo Professional-Style Hair Brush.** Nylon bristles; $2.00 value....**2 for $2.01**

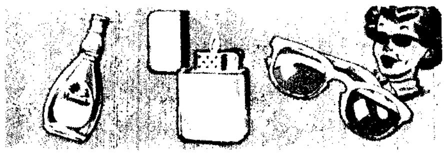
☐ **Klenzo Nail Brush,** vinylite bristles; assorted backs and colors; 50¢....**2 for 51¢**

☐ **York Plastic Billfolds.** Men's and Ladies' assorted styles and colors.....**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Plastic Shower Cap,** embossed plastic in attractive designs; 29¢.........**2 for 30¢**

☐ **Flashlight,** standard 2 cell size, chrome-plated steel; 3-position switch with flasher button; bulb included; 89¢.....**2 for 90¢**

☐ **Flashlight Batteries,** standard, **2 for 16¢**



☐ **1. Monreale Olive Oil,** finest quality, imported, 12 oz., $1.19..........**2 for $1.20**

☐ **2. Precision Pocket Lighter,** chrome finish, windproof, $1.50.........**2 for $1.51**

☐ **3. Children's Sun Glasses,** plastic frames, Crookes lenses, colors, 29¢......**2 for 30¢**

☐ **Men's and Ladies' Sunglasses.** Ladies' in assorted colors with rosebud decoration; men's in 2-tone clear and amber combinations; dark lenses. $1.00......**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Men's and Ladies' Key Cases.** Top grain cowhide and pigskin in assorted colors. 6 hooks, regular 29¢...........**2 for 30¢**

☐ **Elkays Floor-Brite Liquid Wax.** Self-polishing, long-wearing. Pint, 69¢, **2 for 70¢**

☐ **Elkays Wickstyle Household Deodorant.** Pleasant-scented. 6 oz., 59¢, **2 for 60¢**

☐ **Men's Goodform Handkerchief.** Very fine quality cotton. 17" x 17", 25¢, **2 for 26¢**

☐ **Trim-Tie Shoe Laces,** 27", 5¢...**2 for 6¢**

☐ **Pipes.** Imported briars in assorted styles and shapes. Filters. $1.00.....**2 for $1.01**

☐ **Thumb Tacks,** colors, 36's 10¢..**2 for 11¢**

☐ **Nylon Foot Sox,** Sizes 8½-11, suntan color....................**2 pair for 40¢**

☐ **Cellulite Sponge,** 5⅜" x 4⅛", **2 for 36¢**

Are You Confused about Today's Motor Oils?

So many claims are being made for what additives are supposed to do in today's motor oils, it's no wonder a lot of motorists are becoming confused.

The truth is, in all HD (High Detergency) oils—regardless of brand—additives perform many useful functions.

That is why additives are being used so widely in Pennsylvania Motor Oils.

The point we want to make is this: *Additives can be added to any oil.* To very good oil. To very poor oil.

The quality of the basic oil is what determines the kind of lubrication your motor gets.

So remember this:

Today's BEST oils start with Nature's BEST crude

Pennsylvania Motor Oils are endowed with outstanding natural toughness.

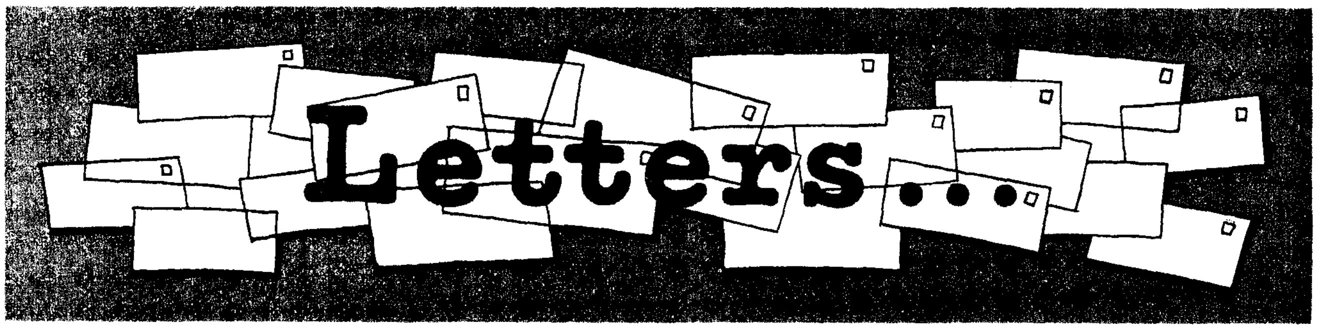
Skillfully refined from Nature's best crude oil *and fortified by carefully selected additives,* they stand up longer against the demands of modern engines.

Keep the power you bought

***INSIST* on a brand of**

PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania



Letters...

At Home with Ike

EDITOR: You are to be congratulated upon the articles about the President in the last two issues (A Week Inside the White House, Feb. 19th–March 5th).

It was timely and in good taste. You have done a great service to a great man. L. F. LEE, JR., Jacksonville, Fla.

. . . Suppose we chalk up another first for our President, either as the world's most rapid reader or the slowest eater.

I call your attention to Robert Lewis Taylor's article, A Week Inside the White House, in which it is stated that Mr. Eisenhower "scans" several voluminous newspapers while eating a half grapefruit, some toast and coffee.

My edition of Webster describes the word scan as follows: "to examine or scrutinize carefully."

WESLEY HUGGINS, Wilmington, N.C.

If reader Huggins will consult an unabridged edition of Webster, he will find another definition of scan: "to run one's eye over hastily."

So Everybody Flunks

EDITOR: This will likely be letter No. 10,001 you will receive on the subject of reader John Henneberger, of Baltimore, Maryland (Letters, Mar. 5th), who may have had his tongue in his cheek when he awarded an "F" to reader McNulty for calling an "Erlemeyer" flask by the name of "Erenmeyer" in his (McNulty's) letter to you of January 22d.

But if he intended to be serious, he had better move out of his glass house, because as any elementary student of chemistry may see in his textbook, or as any laboratory supply catalogue will readily disclose, that very useful laboratory glass container is an "Erlenmeyer" flask. N. H. COOPER, M.D., Ponca City, Okla.

Reader Henneberger, who spelled it "Erlenmeyer," shouldn't be blamed. Afraid we compounded the original felony through a typographical error.

Depressing Conversation

EDITOR: Hats off for the timely, thought-provoking editorial Let's Not Push the Panic Button (Mar. 5th). In my daily door-to-door contact in the selling game I find far too many people fearing the future may have another depression period in store such as they experienced during the thirties. In the majority of cases such fear is entirely without justification and entirely a state of mind possibly brought on by listening to calamity-howling radio commentators and too much newspaper reading.

If more people would devote more time to reading America's splendid magazines they would more fully realize the importance of the words spoken by the late Franklin D. Roosevelt when he said, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

RAY S. FINDLAY, Denver, Colo.

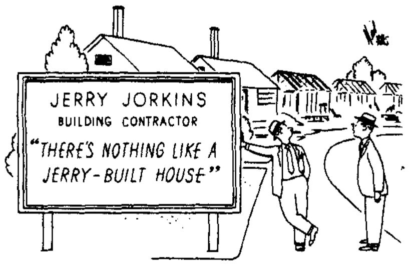
. . . What you say about a psycho-depression makes a lot of sense, but I feel that you're overlooking a big item which is implicit in the very term itself.

These depression talkers aren't just simple worriers who are thrown into a mild panic because things aren't going just the way they want. They may *say* that it's economic conditions which disturb them, but actually it's their own lack of confidence in themselves which they translate into a lack of confidence in things outside themselves.

The best reply to such depression talkers, then—though in the kindest tone possible, since they're really sad cases—is, "Just you speak for yourself and don't try dragging others down with you in your misery, chum!"

JOSEPH GANCHER, Albany, N.Y.

Homework


JERRY JORKINS
BUILDING CONTRACTOR
"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A JERRY-BUILT HOUSE"

"Mind if I make a suggestion, Jerry, old man?"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

EDITOR: PLEASE RUSH EXPLANATION OF NED HILTON'S JOKE IN MARCH 5TH ISSUE. THE WHOLE FRATERNITY HOUSE IS UNABLE TO STUDY. FRUSTRATEDLY YOURS, RONNIE LEFKOWITZ & JACK NEEDLE, TAU EPSILON PHI HOUSE, UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA, GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA

First assignment: Look up "jerry-built" in the dictionary. Then back to your studies, lads.

Religious Railroaders

EDITOR: I have read with much interest the article entitled An Hour with God (Feb. 19th).

You are to be commended on the wide publicity given to the work that the Railroad Branch of the Y.M.C.A. is endeavoring to accomplish throughout the United States and Canada by the inclusion of an article of this type in your magazine.

R. C. JOHNSTON, Montreal, Canada

. . . I have a son who works at L&N, and away from home. I feel that if more industries would encourage An Hour with God, as the Louisville & Nashville has, we would find more harmony between employer and employees. KATHERINE B. MCWILLIAMS, Birmingham, Ala.

. . . As a member of the L&N family of more than 25,000, I am proud of the Religious Program which you have so generously publicized in word and color. L. A. BINKLEY, Louisville, Ky.

Sane Spending

EDITOR: I would like to express my appreciation for the publication of Mystery Man of the Pentagon (Jan. 22d). It was most enjoyable reading from the standpoint of satisfaction in the knowledge that there is really someone at the nation's capital fighting for a sane program of spending. No doubt there are more of whom we hear little and I am sure your publication can do the people of our country no greater service than to encourage us with this type of information. E. KLINE, Auburn, Cal.

Two Hands Off

EDITOR: Edwin A. Peeples, who wrote Wives Are Crazier than Horses (Feb. 5th), is crazier than anyone. He says a pony is under 16 hands, a horse 16 hands or over. Wrong statement! Ask any horse-show official. A pony is under 14 hands, horses are 14 hands or over. Mr. Peeples is eight inches off.

And please let's not give anybody the erroneous idea that children under 12 years should not learn to ride. As soon as they have balance, they can learn. The younger the better.

MRS. NORMAN KALLAND, Fort Smith, Ark.

Annual Wage

EDITOR: Re Labor's New Demand: 52 Paydays Guaranteed Each Year (Feb. 19th):

My husband and I are attempting to build a business (manufacturing cigars). No one guarantees us a sale of our merchandise. Thoughts of labor's demands left me wondering—are we living on cheese sandwiches, driving our '46 Pontiac, renting, pretending television sets are not on the market, and hoping that when there are half-price sales we can take advantage of them, just in order to become big enough that labor unions can dictate a year of guaranteed income for our employees?

MRS. GEORGE GALLAGHER, JR., Austin, Texas

"Notable and Enlightening"

EDITOR: If Bishop Sheen were to reply to Sidney Bushell's letter (Letters, Feb. 19th), I believe he would be humble enough to place his story of The Birth of Christ below the writings of Saint Matthew and Saint Luke.

I am a Jew and I am not too familiar with the writings of Saint Matthew and Saint Luke. However, the good bishop's beautiful story has reached many people like myself. It was a pleasure to read an article so notable and enlightening. IRVIN WEBER, Pasadena, Cal.

TO MEN WHO NEED (BUT THINK THEY CAN'T AFFORD) $10,000 MORE LIFE INSURANCE...

New York Life has a special new policy for you!

Now! For those who need at least $10,000 more life insurance—a special low-premium policy that builds high cash values fast!

New York Life takes another step forward with a life insurance policy which reflects the economies of bigger unit sales, a principle well-known in other lines of business.

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All-Nylon cord! Up to 80% stronger than standard tires!

And now! 3 great 1954 extras!

√ Even more mileage than last year!
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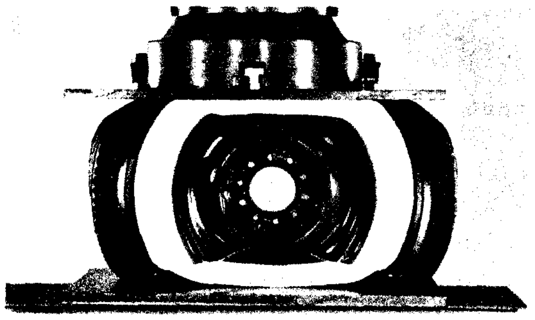
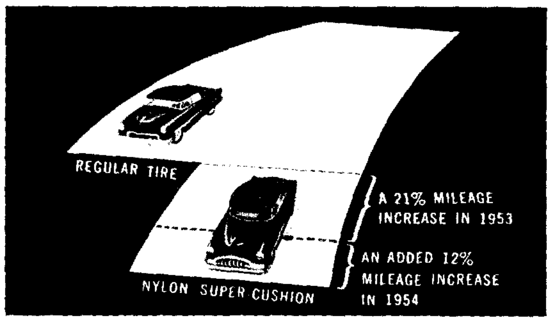
For only a few dollars more than a standard tire you get...

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A 21% MILEAGE INCREASE IN 1953
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NYLON SUPER CUSHION

1. **Miracle Strength!** 28,000 lbs. of pressure crushes wheel and rim. *Not a cord broken!* This is just one of the tests this All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion has taken! Goodyear all-Nylon cord construction gives phenomenal strength and safety!

2. **Up to 12% more mileage!** This substantial mileage boost comes right on the heels of a 21% increase in 1953. Together they total almost ⅓ more safe mileage than most motorists have ever experienced before!

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They've Got Asthma on the Run

Showing no trace of the disease from which they suffer, youngsters at Jewish National Home for Asthmatic Children in Denver romp like normal, healthy children. They play baseball, basketball, football—even go swimming, once unheard-of for chronic asthmatics

By ALBERT ROSENFELD

RONNIE streaked down the court, dribbled expertly toward the basket and leaped high for the scoring toss. But the ball bounced futilely off the backboard into the opposition's waiting hands. What was remarkable about the play? Nothing—except that Ronnie was playing basketball at all.

A year earlier, doctors in his native Chicago had classed fifteen-year-old Ronnie as a hopeless asthmatic—one of the chronic intractables who do not respond to the usual medical treatment. He had weighed only 47 pounds, wheezed pitifully with every breath, was unable even to climb two stairs without gasping.

Yet now, wiry and confident, he was running and jumping and bumping uninhibitedly, getting up from rough spills with a happy grin, ready for more. Ronnie was playing basketball with the world's only Asthmatic Five. Not only that, but all fall he had quarterbacked for the Asthmatic Eleven (complete with asthmatic cheerleaders). And soon he would be going out for shortstop on the Asthmatic Nine.

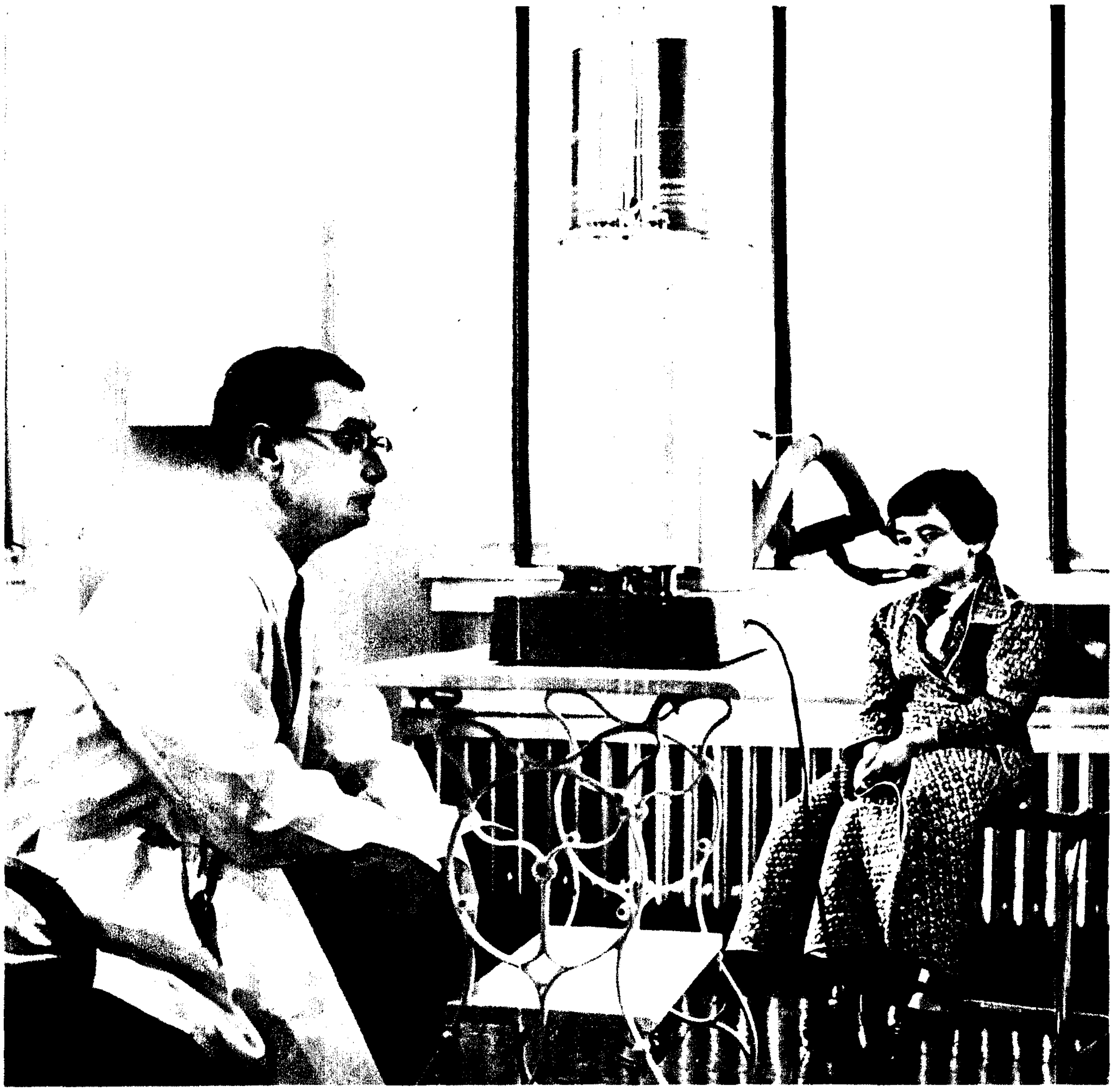
The teams bear their asthmatic titles proudly. In the little leagues of Denver, Colorado, they represent the Jewish National Home for Asthmatic Children (under Jewish auspices, but nonsectarian). All the players have asthma, the nation's third-ranking pulmonary crippler of children. They don't play championship-caliber ball, but they are out on the courts and sand lots competing with the huskiest and healthiest youngsters on even terms.

"It's a miracle," the mother of one child from New York City told me. "Even our doctor back home calls it a miracle. I had almost given up hope that my boy could ever be normal again."

The "miracle" is repeated daily in the JNHAC's pleasant-looking group of brick buildings in the heart of north Denver. Carolyn from Georgia, Johnny from New Mexico, Marianne from Wisconsin, Eli from New York, Edward from California—the cases could be catalogued for pages—come to the Home skinny, sickly youngsters with minds and hearts made prematurely old by long suffering. But soon they are sleeping through the night, eating heartily, walking to school in all weather, playing boisterously; in brief, enjoying life—a new experience for most of them.

After their stay at the Home, 50 per cent of the children are entirely free from asthma, and all but 5 per cent of the rest are so improved that they can live life fully, no longer fenced in by the disease. That record is all the more impressive when

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL IWASAKI



Dr. Daniel M. Kraus, National Home's allergist, uses respirometer to test asthmatic girl's ability to take in air. Medicine, psychology and social work all play a part in treatment

The first step in treating

you learn that the Home admits only children who have failed to respond to other kinds of treatment.

The Home is truly a place of last resort. It can accommodate only 112 children at a time, and the treatment takes one to three years. Although nearly 500 applications are received annually, only about 60 new patients—aged five to fifteen—can be admitted each year. How are they chosen? Almost the sole criterion is the child's condition; those most in need of treatment are admitted.

When parents apply for admission of a child, the Home refers them to a co-operating social agency in their home town. The agency investigates the application and has both the parents and the family doctor fill out information forms detailing the illness, then forwards these along with its own report to the Home for final decision. The Home makes no charge for its treatment, although contributions are always welcome. However, most families already have exhausted their savings in earlier efforts to find relief for their ailing children.

The secret of the Home's success in treating asthmatic youngsters lies not in any new atomic-age device or wonder drug, but rather in its approach to the disease. "We do not treat just a child with asthma, but rather the whole child—body and mind—in a changed human environment," explains Dr. M. Murray Peshkin, president of the American College of Allergists and the Home's chief national medical consultant.

Every weapon in the combined arsenals of medicine, psychology and social work is put to use. Everyone at the Home takes part in the treatment—doctors, nurses, administrator, house parents, social workers, psychiatrists, the children themselves. Each of the 62 staff members, then, regardless of training or position, must be a warm, sympathetic person who likes children—and is human enough to admit his own fallibility.

"Each child is a new problem and the problem is never simple," Harold Nitzberg, the Home's casework supervisor, told me. Nitzberg, who is also an associate professor at the Graduate School of Social Work at the University of Denver, outlined a sample case history:

Asthma has erupted in a home for the first time. The mother is horrified to see her youngster stooped over, fighting for breath, making a harsh, dry, whistling noise as he gasps for a saving gulp of air. She sobs with relief when the attack is over, and prays it won't happen again. But it does happen again—and again and again. And the attacks are increasingly cruel as they grow in frequency and intensity.

Soon no night's sleep goes uninterrupted. Both parents become tired and irritable. They begin to resent the child and his illness. Then, feeling guilty about their resentment, they redouble their affectionate attentions. They take the child to specialists, to clinics, to hospitals. They try other climates. The family finances are drained.

As for the sick child, he's afraid to take an extra step. He avoids the company of other children and retreats increasingly within himself. He falls behind in his schoolwork, can't go out in bad weather, and in his constant fight for air develops a convex "pigeon breast" that gives him an old, sad look. He also learns that a wheeze can cause a family crisis, and he takes advantage of his ailment to get what he wants. Just when the family situation seems as hopeless as Junior's asthma, the parents hear about JNHAC—usually through some allergist—and eagerly apply for admission of the child.

The Home admits emergency cases at once. But whenever possible it tries to postpone admission of a child (as well as his eventual discharge) until the school semester is over. Ideally the youngster should have the whole summer-vacation period to get oriented before he has to start tackling new school problems, too.

Once a child has been accepted for admission, the treatment begins immediately with a "parentectomy"—an operation performed without a surgeon's scalpel. The word was coined by Dr. Peshkin. Just as appendectomy means removal of the appendix, "parentectomy" means removal of the parents. The word may seem cruel, but "parentectomy" is a very necessary psychological operation.

As Dr. Daniel Kraus, chief of the medical service and staff allergist, is quick to point out, "parentectomy" is therapy not only for the child, but for the entire family. Once the parents are convinced they are not shirking responsibility by allowing the separation, there is great relief. Their long-standing burden is removed. The family begins sleeping again at night. Father can start mending his finances and Mother begins to find time and energy for her other children. In brief, home life becomes normal. When the treatment has been completed, the child returns to a happy atmosphere, making his readjustment that much easier.

Creating the Right First Impression

The "parentectomy" takes place the moment the patient leaves home. He flies to Denver alone. Waiting at the airport is administrator Jack Gershtenson, an amiable fellow with an engaging grin. As he drives from the airport through Denver, Gershtenson ("Mr. G." to the children) chats pleasantly about what the Home is like. And there is always a reception committee—self-appointed and unofficial—waiting at the attractive, tree-lined entrance to the Home's sprawling 17½ acres. When the children already at the Home hear that a new arrival is expected, they trickle out to the entrance. Their mute and often awkward smiles and handshakes express sympathy and encouragement to the newcomer.

As he is shown around the grounds by Mr. G., the new child begins asking about the other youngsters—most of whom are busy playing ball, skating, skipping rope, swinging from tree branches or chasing one another across the grass.

"Didn't you say nearly everyone here has asthma?" the new child asks. "Well—*these* kids don't, do they?" On hearing that they, too, are asthma victims, he is astonished and often skeptical.

For the first few days of his stay, the newcomer is pampered a little to give him a chance to get used to his new surroundings. During this period, he may be abusive and distrustful and demand extra attention. He may be a habitual complainer, a practiced liar, shrewd beyond his years. The other children put up with him good-naturedly. They remember how badly they behaved when they first arrived, and they know his surliness won't last long. "The children are often the best medicine for one another," says Dr. Kraus.

Meanwhile the child has been introduced to his new "parents"—understanding, well-trained caseworkers and housemothers who work under Irving Kaplan, the young resident supervisor.

Once the child relaxes and learns that people are on his side after all, he begins to make friends with some of his Home-mates and feel more secure with his "adopted" parents. Within a very few days, he starts getting up at 7:00 A.M. with the other children and may even volunteer to help with light chores—like straightening up his private bedroom or setting tables for dinner.

Soon he is casually invited to report for the first in a series of physical checkups. Home physicians must determine how much of the child's trouble is physical, how much emotional. But even if the doctors decide that the best therapy for a patient is treatment of his emotional disturbance, they don't ignore his shrill demands for medication. They may administer an injection of distilled water or give him an innocuous sugar tablet. If this treatment makes the symptoms disappear, the doctors feel they are on the right track.

"It would be foolish," says Dr. Kraus, "to say

opeless" asthmatic child is a "parentectomy"—an operation which needs no scalpel

that asthma is always 'all in the mind.' But if a person's asthma is purely physical in nature, his family doctor can take care of it with purely physical treatment. By the time we get these chronic intractable cases, the kids are usually in deep emotional trouble. We're becoming more aware every day of the part played by psychological factors."

Occasionally, the initial "parentectomy" cures the symptoms; some boys and girls have never had another attack after arriving at the Home. (Staff doctors also cautiously suggest that for a few patients the Denver climate might be free of whatever irritants the patients were allergic to back home. It is significant, however, that several of the sick children have come from places highly advertised for their ideal climatic conditions.) Others, as soon as the emotional pressures of home are removed, begin responding to drugs like ACTH, cortisone and adrenaline, although drugs previously had little effect on them.

"Certainly the pain those little bodies feel is very real," says Dr. Allan Hurst, who resigned last January after two and a half years as medical director of the Home. (He is now one of the Home's 70 volunteer medical consultants in Denver.) "And usually the children do need the medicine. But since we don't know any medical tricks that the patients' family physicians haven't already tried, the value of our co-ordinated medical, psychological and social casework treatment is self-evident. It's the all around approach that does the trick."

Caseworker Acts As a Safety Valve

Each child is assigned to a caseworker whom he sees by appointment on definite days of the week. During the first get-acquainted sessions, the caseworker is content to act as a sounding board, a safety valve to let the patient get the accumulated gripes out of his young system. Once the ice is broken, long-suppressed feelings of hostility, guilt and resentment start to emerge. As Nitzberg points out, there is nothing abnormal about these feelings. Nearly every child has, in some degree, just such unspoken thoughts about the people he lives with. And sometimes these pent-up feelings aggravate bodily disorders—among them, asthma.

One child complains that his mother never gives him enough attention; another says he gets too much. One accuses his father of being too domineering; another objects that his father is too much of a Milquetoast. One is troubled about a new baby sister; another is worried because he has no baby sister. The caseworker listens patiently, gently probing for information that will throw light on the child's key disturbances.

At the same time, as part of the treatment, a social worker back in the patient's home town is working with the family. It is the social worker's job to find out, if possible, what is wrong at home, to suggest remedies, to prepare the parents, brothers and sisters to welcome the former invalid back into the home on a new level.

Once the mother and father realize that no one is accusing them of being bad parents (often they have given the child the tenderest care and affection), they usually relax and co-operate to the fullest extent. Most are already so grateful that their "hopelessly" ill child has been restored to health at no expense to them, that they need no coaxing to volunteer their all-out help.

In Denver, meanwhile, the child is living a full, active life. He sleeps well and eats well. He gains weight and sees his attacks diminish in frequency and severity, or even disappear altogether. He plays normally and participates in strenuous sports—including swimming, unheard-of for chronic asthmatics. He also takes part in dances and parties, picnics and hikes, before-bedtime snacks and bull sessions. If he does get an asthma attack, it no longer sends him into a panic. He merely waits quietly for it to pass.

Every day he walks to public school, rain or shine, wind or snow, dust or sleet. And his attendance record is better than that of the average nonasthmatic student. His grades are usually good. (If not, Mr. G., who signs the report cards, wants—like any parent—to know why.) He is often elected to class office, makes the school debating team—even the athletic teams.

In this congenial atmosphere his personality blooms as never before. He shows steady improvement—physically, emotionally and socially. But as the time draws near for his inevitable return to his family, the child may become apprehensive about his departure. He isn't sure how he will be accepted at home. He wonders what new troubles have accumulated there in his absence. He may revert, for a time, to a more infantile mode of behavior, and his asthma may return in full force.

Walter, aged nine, became upset over the thought that a new baby at home might "push me out of the house." Helen, sixteen, who had come to the Home a scrawny fourteen-year-old, was now a young lady going out on dates. She was sure her parents wouldn't understand she was no longer a little girl. Should she perhaps stay in Denver and get a job?

The patient is encouraged to start talking about these doubts and fears. The sooner and the more frankly he starts talking about them, the sooner and the more completely he will get rid of them. In every case there is ample time for the patient to regain his perspective.

Almost invariably he is surprised and delighted at how easy and wonderful his home-coming turns out to be. He finds he has grown in stature emotionally, his parents have grown in understanding and everybody is glad to see everybody. So successful is the Home's all-around treatment that there is rarely a serious relapse.

But what about that 5 per cent of the Home's patients who *don't* get better? "When you consider," says Jack Gershtenson, "that all the kids we get—100 per cent of them—are classed as hopeless, wouldn't you say that 95 per cent was a pretty good batting average? Besides, even those 5 per cent aren't hopeless by any means. Some kids have psychic troubles too deep-rooted for us to reach during their time here. Others have suffered severe organic damage. But there is no reason to believe that more extended treatment might not help even those children."

The Home was founded in 1907 to care for the well children of hospitalized tuberculars. A Denver housewife, Mrs. Fannie E. Lorber, was shocked into action one day when a neighbor—the husband of a tubercular under treatment—shot himself because he couldn't provide for his children. Fannie, now in her seventies and still the Home's active president, went from door to door asking for money, clothing, supplies, equipment, furniture—anything she could get. Then she and a few friends remodeled an old house as a "shelter" for eight children.

Thanks to her incessant efforts, more houses and property were acquired, more money was contributed, more people took an active interest in Fannie Lorber's young wards, and the National Home for Jewish Children was able to start hiring full-time, competent help.

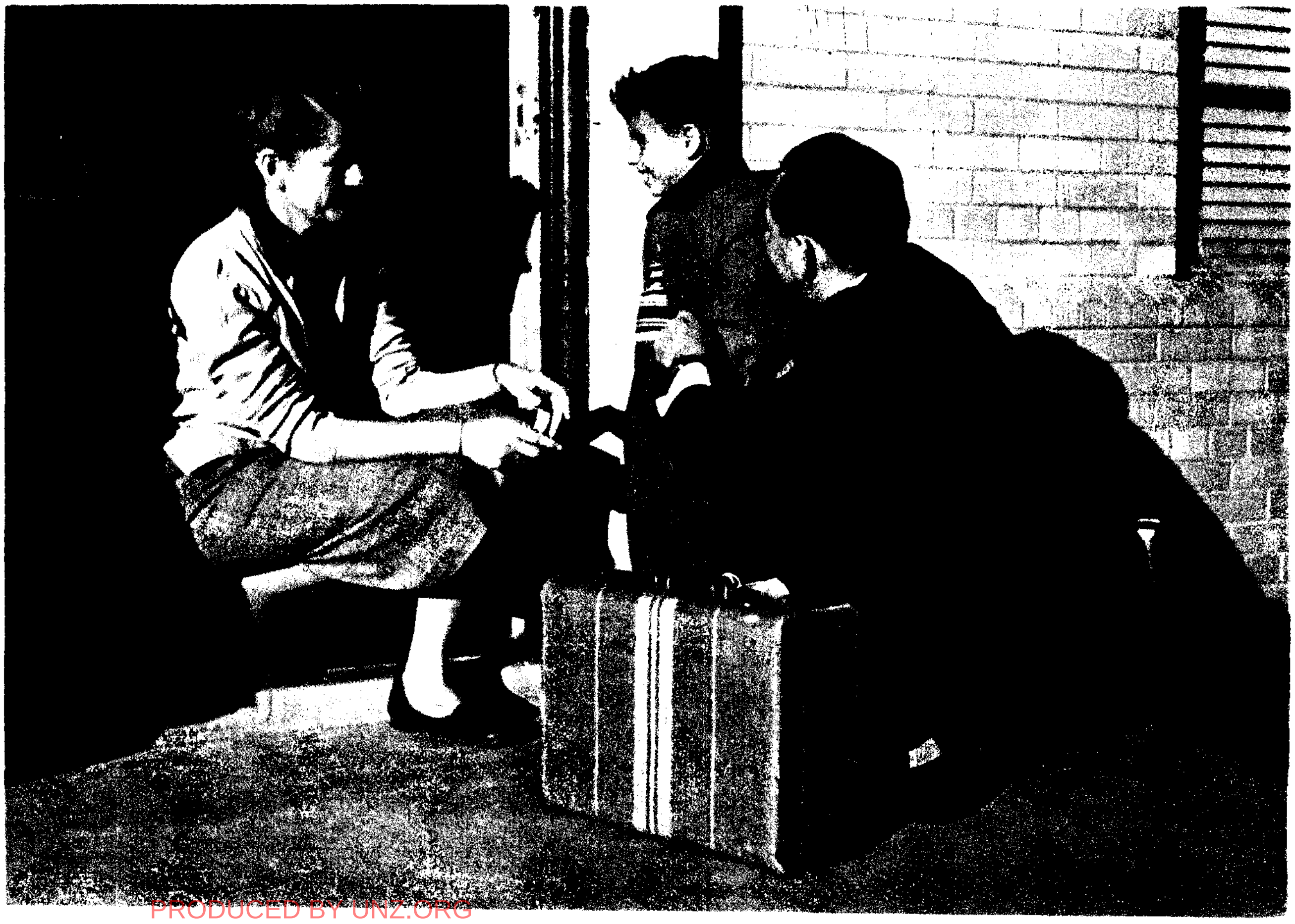
Asthma Becomes Home's Major Problem

Around 1940, with TB no longer a major problem so far as the custodial care of children was concerned, the Home turned its attention to asthmatic children—largely through the friendly interest of Dr. Peshkin, then chief of the Children's Allergy Clinic at New York City's Mount Sinai Hospital, whose theories about treating intractable asthmatics have greatly influenced the Home's methods. Recently, since the Home's function has become the care of asthmatic children of all creeds and colors from all over the country, it adopted a new name: the Jewish National Home for Asthmatic Children.

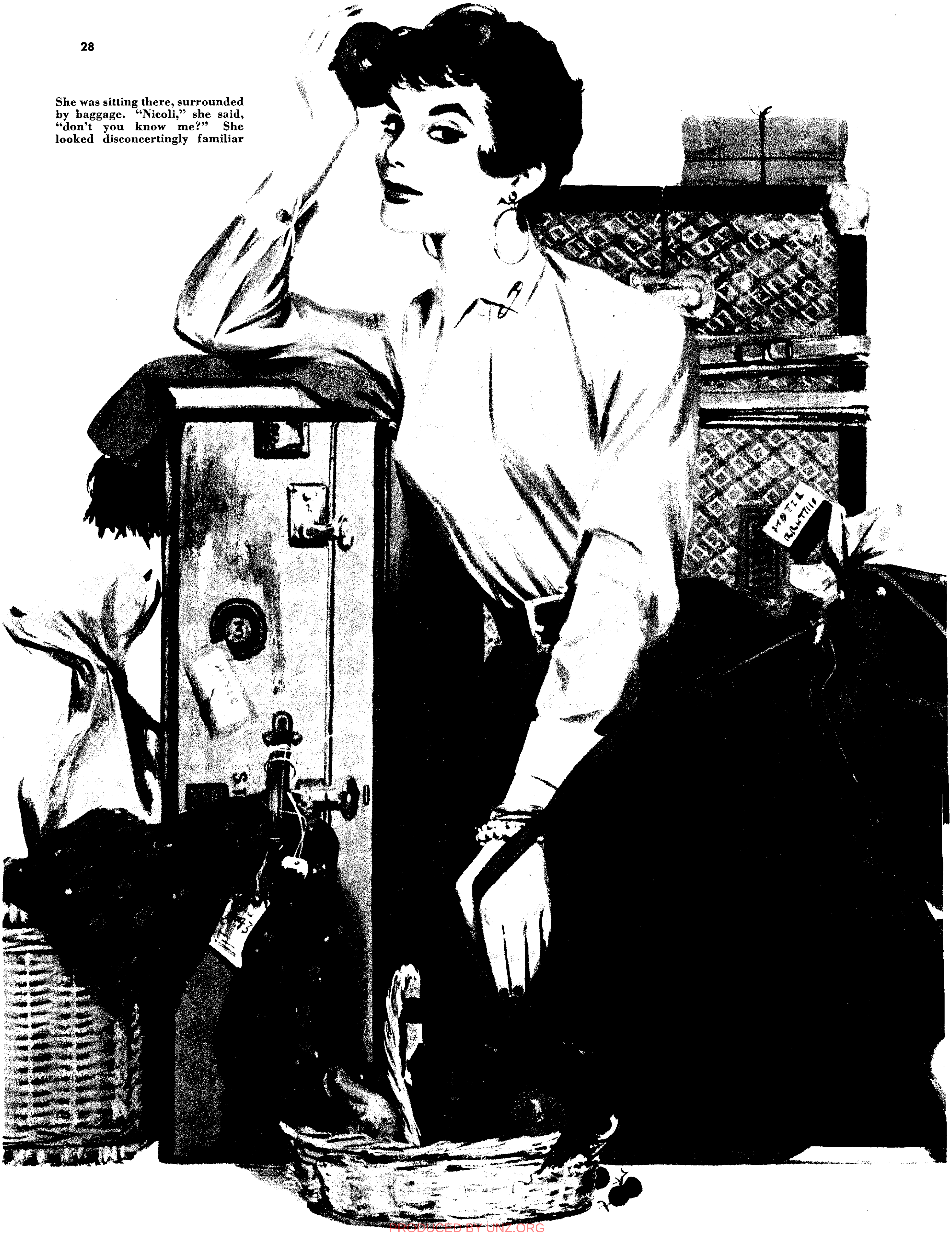
It is still a modest, small-scale operation. Its buildings need renovation, and new structures could be put to good use. Officials wish they could afford expanded facilities to care for more than the Home's present capacity. But it has come a long way since Fannie Lorber's doorbell-ringing days. From every part of the nation comes an increasing amount of medical and financial assistance.

No one is happier about the Home's growing usefulness than Fannie Lorber, who says, "There are no greater joys in life than seeing the pain go away from a small body, and seeing an upset home serene again. I thank God for the chance to do this work. It will keep me feeling young if I live to be a hundred." ▲▲▲

Jack (Mr. G.) Gershtenson, administrator at National Home, introduces new arrival to Ellen Baker, who will act as his house parent. The Home is nonsectarian and treatment is free



She was sitting there, surrounded by baggage. "Nicoli," she said, "don't you know me?" She looked disconcertingly familiar

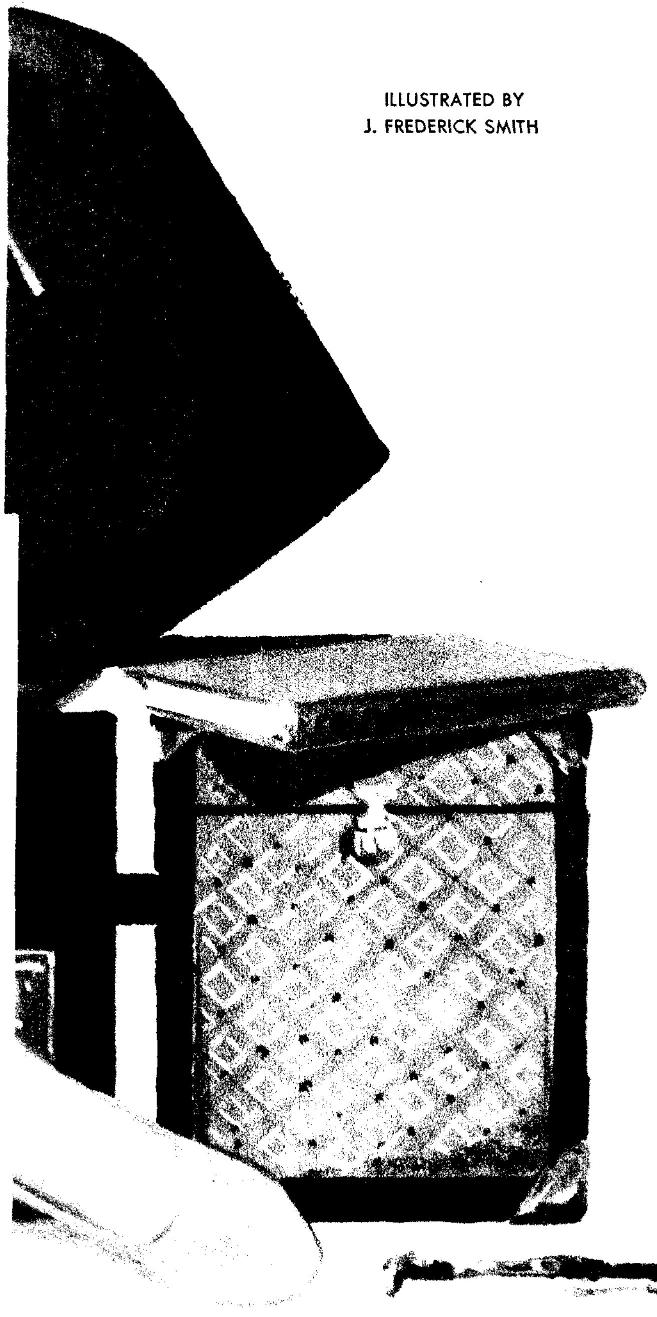


The Man Who Invented a

By JAMES NORMAN

In theory, he was an expert on women, undisputed master of his house. He should never, never have attempted to prove it

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. FREDERICK SMITH



If his fiancée in Sicily had not tired of waiting for him to come back and marry her, Nicoli might have gone on living a pleasantly henpecked life in Chicago with his other wife, the one he had invented.

Nick's invisible wife was known and liked; the men who hung around at Tony's place, passing the time, playing noisily at *briscola* and drinking squat tumblers of red wine, were of the opinion that she was good for Nick. She was, indeed, the kind of wife they would have liked to have. Although none of them had seen her, she was familiar to all. They knew that her name was Sarina, and like Nick and themselves, she came from the old country.

Even though she was a bit of a nag, Nicoli was devoted to her. Her nagging never got out of control, and so he was able to look upon her scoldings as something original, a mild manifestation of her love. He dwelt on her faultfinding as other men might boast of their wives' cooking.

That Nick could get away with having a wife no one had ever seen was not unusual in the Sicilian-Italian parish of St. Dominic's, which lay several blocks west of the lake and north of the Loop. The neighborhood—cramped, full of factory smells, sooty alleyways and the sound of guitars—was a kind of secession from the rest of the city. There, men still struggled for the right to live one life at home with their families, and another on street corners and in taverns with their friends.

There was one place in particular around St. Dominic's where women were just hearsay. This was Tony's, a one-story frame saloon squatting under the black-iron trestle of the elevated railway which cut across a corner of the parish. In spite of the trains that rumbled overhead, Tony's place was a peaceful refuge. Here men could discuss, dissect and complain about their women without ever having to produce them. Nick himself had never seen the wife of Bellino, who was his best friend. Nor had he seen the wives of Angelo and Ricotta and the others. Nick took them for granted and, in turn, his friends didn't dream of questioning the existence of the woman named Sarina. They had had a glimpse of Nick courting her.

When he first came to Chicago, Nick was a bachelor. His sole ambition was to make enough money so he could go back to his girl in Sicily. He didn't like Chicago; the city was lonely and lacking sunshine. All that made his stay endurable was the *briscola* at Tony's. This was a violent card game perfected by Sicilians to test friendship and induce arguments. Without these volcanic quarrels Nick and his friends could not have lived without feeling that America was a desolate and lonely place.

Among the players at Tony's, Bellino, who worked with the city's sewer department, was originally the only married man. In time, marriage overtook the others until Nick was the sole bachelor. As such he began to feel out of place. There was only so much gossip he could repeat about the railroad team tracks where he worked, and his friends had heard it all. But Angelo, Bellino and the others always had a topic of conversation—they had wives. This set them apart, as a kind of secret inner conclave at Tony's.

For a while Nick put up with being an outsider. He might have married at any time, had he wanted to. He was not old, and he was good-looking in a dark, Sicilian way. All the features of the Mediterranean peoples were blended in him: the lustrous brown Saracen eyes, the oval Greek head on a Spartan body and the tight ringlets of Roman hair. His voice was good; when he spoke Sicilian, it was with an Italian clarity rather than with the burly, heavy sounds of hill Sicilians like Ricotta and Angelo. Although the St. Dominic's girls eyed him with interest, he was not for them. He remained loyal to his girl in Sicily, with whom he corresponded twice a year.

Nick wanted so much to be like his friends that, one day, he got an idea. I'll invent a wife, he thought. It won't hurt if my friends think I'm married, because eventually I'll be going back to Sicily and I won't see them again.

Nick didn't come right out with a wife; he created her gradually. He bought a marriage license at the city hall, and he kept it in his pocket for weeks without telling anyone, almost as though he wanted to get used to the idea. Then one afternoon he happened to meet Bellino on the el platform.

"Where you go?" Bellino asked.

"I'ma go to Cicero," Nick replied with carefully staged evasiveness. This was not difficult to achieve because, when in public, the two men spoke in an English that often puzzled one or the other.

Bellino sensed that Nick had something on his mind that needed drawing out. "You gotta business there?" he asked.

"I'ma go see gal there."

"Gal?" Bellino's brows arched roundly. "Hah, you no tell us?"

Nick smiled in embarrassment. With a gallant gesture he said, "You gotta nothing to do? Wanna killa tha time? I take you see her."

Aware that Nicoli made this offer only out of politeness and regard for their friendship, Bellino begged off. He carried the news to the *briscola* players, as Nick had intended he should.

When Nick next appeared among his friends he came in for some good-natured badgering. He grinned and admitted that he was thinking of marriage. He showed them *(Continued on page 42)*

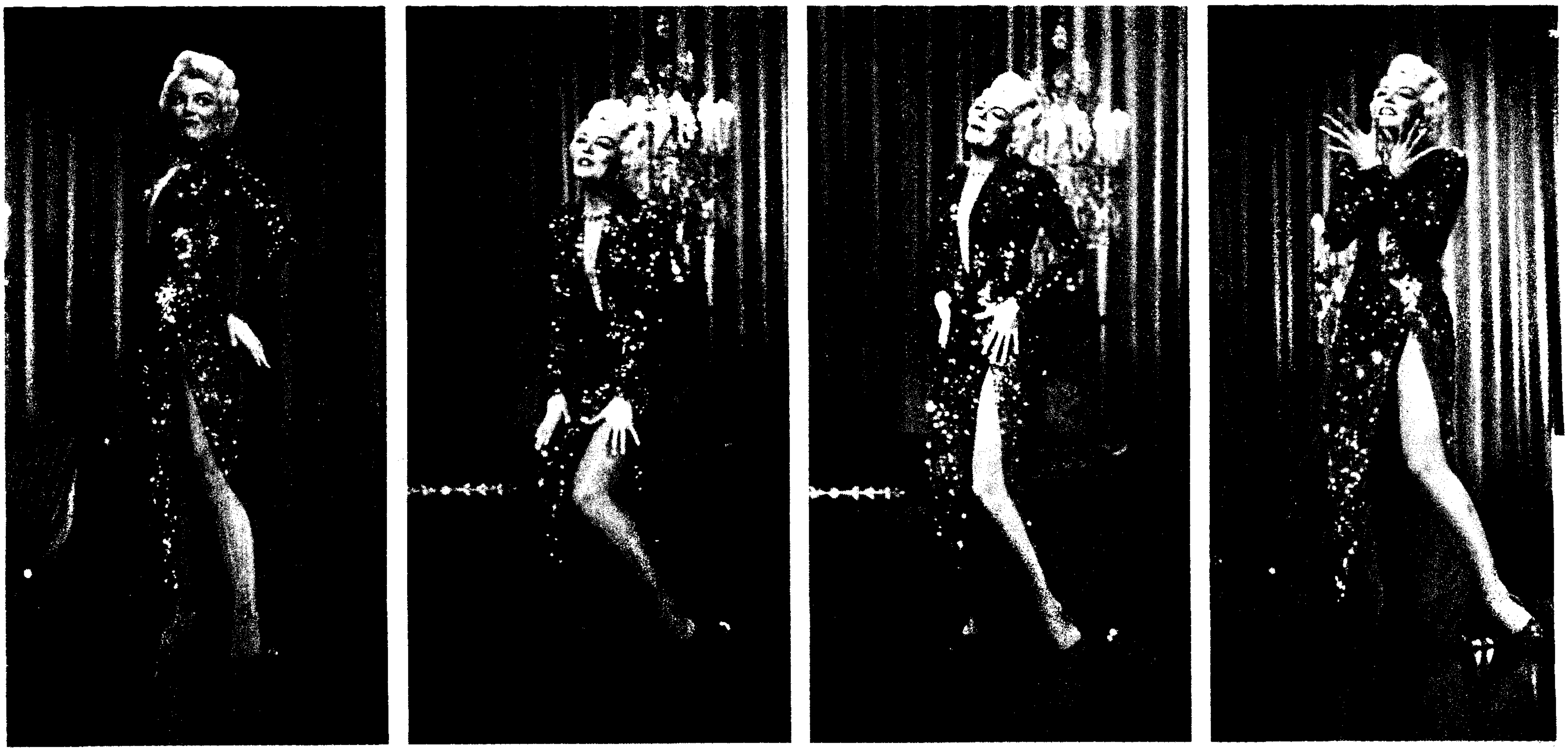
COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

MATCH *for* MARILYN

Sheree North with vocal director Ken Derby (l.), director Henry Koster

SHEREE NORTH is a dancer with the rambunctiousness of a kitten on a hot plate. She can sing a little, act a little, and is a compelling figure of a blonde. These are comforting assets—until they're pitted against the siren qualities of Marilyn Monroe. That's what happened when Sheree made a screen test recently at 20th Century-Fox. She was measured, appeal for appeal, against the star as a likely substitute in an upcoming film.

The twenty-one-year-old, Los Angeles-bred hoofer, who's danced since grammar school, scored in a Broadway musical (Hazel Flagg), played two movie bits and is featured in a forthcoming Martin and Lewis film, faced the nerve-shaking ritual with aplomb. She picked a pair of Monroe numbers, worked out the choreography, was swept up in a hurly-burly of color tests, recording sessions and fittings. Then, laced into two of Marilyn's outfits from Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, Sheree made like Monroe. As a dancer, her interpretation was zippier than slumbrous-eyed Marilyn's. The consequences? Studio bigwigs found that actresses, like fingerprints, never match. But Sheree got her contract. Her appeal, apparently, has an animation all its own. —EVELYN HARVEY



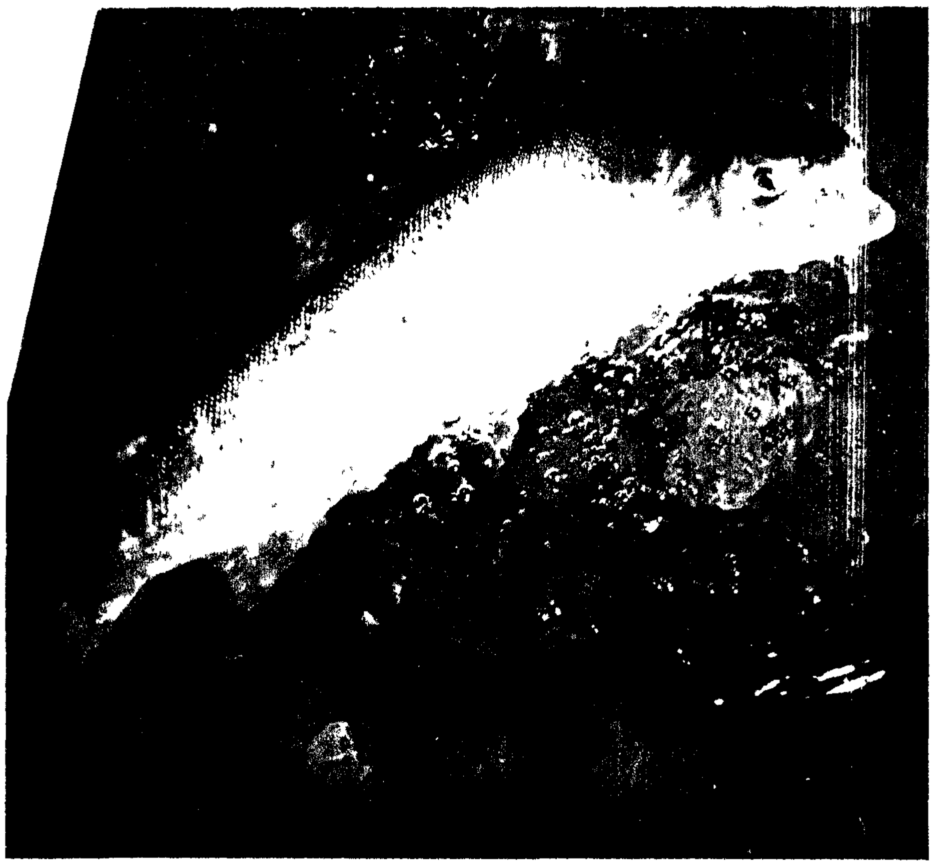
Doubling for a celebrated siren, Sheree had screen test with production trimmings. She wore Monroe's costumes, sang Monroe's songs; but

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

Sheree, relaxing in Monroe's spangles, ▶ shows she has her own impressive set of statistics: weight, 117 pounds; height, 5′ 4¼″; bust, 35½″; waist, 23½″; hips, 35½″. And like Marilyn, Sheree's leggy

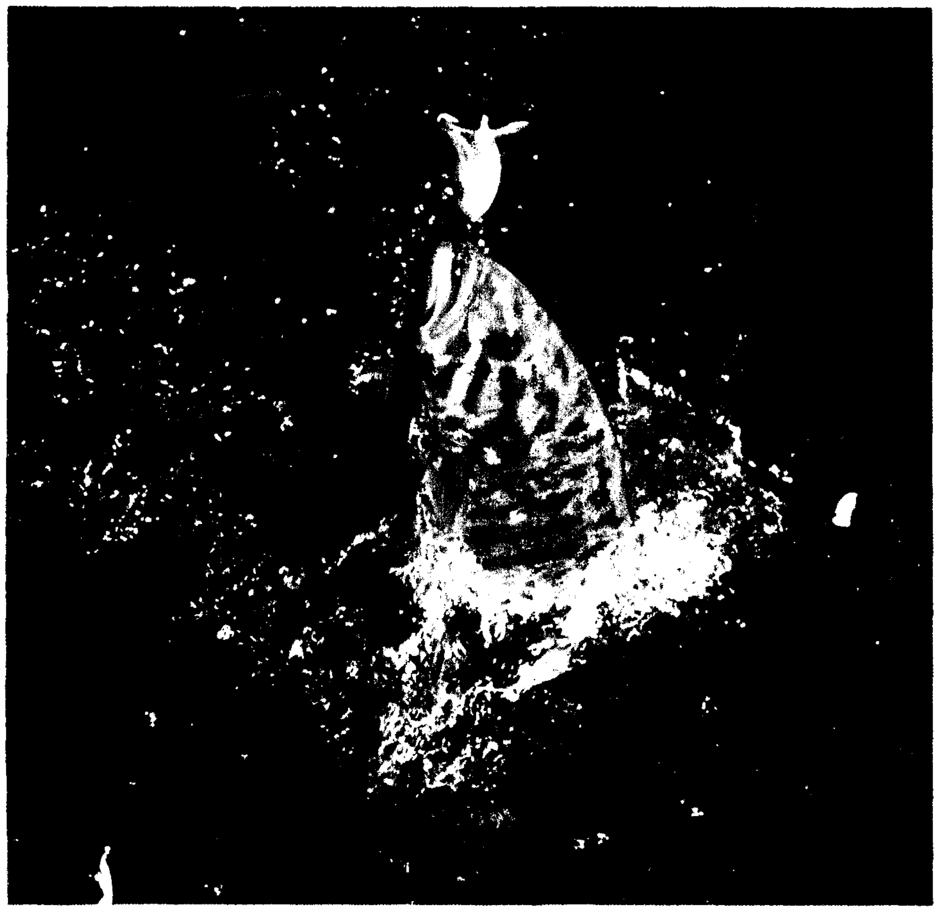
Since Marilyn Monroe first bounced to fame, the hunt has been on for a new blonde in the Monroe manner. Dancer Sheree North may have the makings

her performance was strictly North

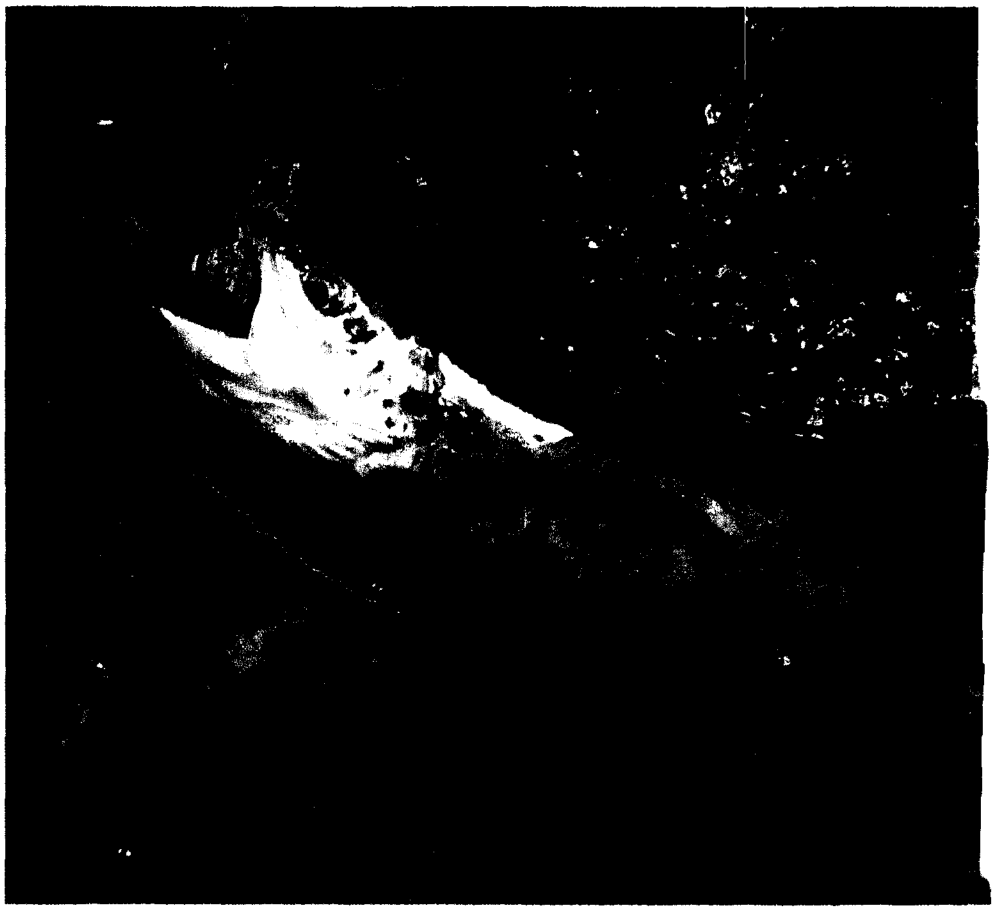


Steelhead . . . famed for being big (8-12 pounds) and almost tireless

Northern pike . . . known for his strike—a killing smash. And he grows big, too



Smallmouth bass . . . an acrobat who's tops at shaking plugs



Brown trout . . . his appeal is the unexpected—a sudden, explosive strike

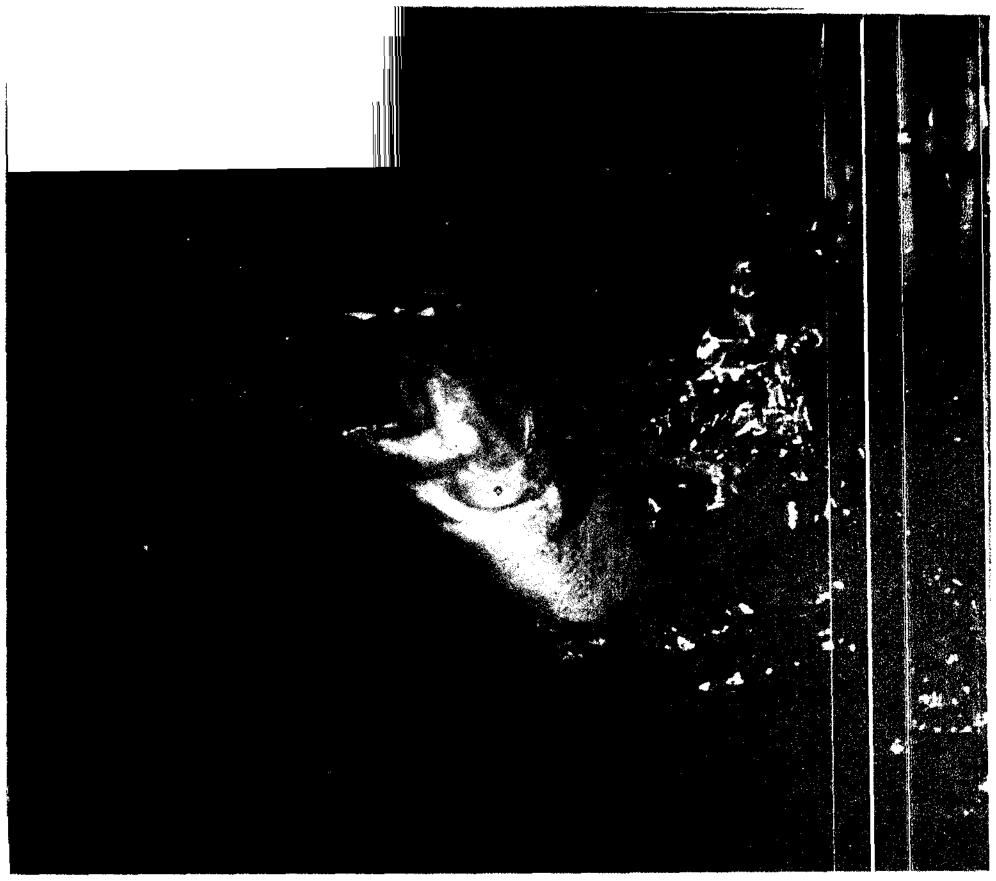
Which Fish for the Best Fight?

GO

with Collier's

Anybody who's ever unsnarled a backlash has his favorite, the one he rates as the top scrapper. Here are eight fresh-water beauties. What's *your* choice?

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MASON WEYMOUTH



Largemouth bass **. . . his devoted fans love him for his angry disposition**

Mu[illegible]nge **. . . as if his size weren't enough, he's mean, too**

Rainbow trout **. . . he's immensely strong and a chip-on-the-shoulder aggressor**

Bluegill **. . . Tiny? Sure, but you can't beat his spunk, they say**

NOW that fishermen all over the country are unscrambling their gear for the start of the 1954 season, an old argument is waxing hotter wherever anglers gather. It's a debate almost as old as the sport itself, and it always grows in intensity about this time of year. The issue: Which fish puts up the best fight?

Everybody plumps for his own favorite. The fellow who goes for largemouth bass will say, "Name me a fish with a nastier disposition." And the smallmouth angler retorts: "The largemouth may be bigger, but he's a sluggard compared with a smallmouth." Then the fishermen who favor the pike family chime in. "Did you ever feel a northern smack a lure?" asks one fan. The muskellunge bug shoots back: "Why, northerns are so small we use them for bait."

Ah, but wait until the trout fishermen speak up. They're the most vociferous of all. They'll state flatly that no other fish is even in the same league with a rainbow or a brown or a steelhead. Maybe so. But whatever your favorite, you'll probably find him among the fish in these high-speed action photos. They show eight of our most popular fresh-water game fish in their fightingest form—just the way some 18,000,000 licensed fishermen in the U.S. hope to see them in the months to come.

Fish like the ones you see here will strike, run and dive, then leap and dance across the surface on their tails. While the steelhead churns up waters in the Pacific Northwest, the largemouth waits in sullen anticipation in the Florida backwaters for a well-placed plug. Far to the north, the musky, like a green torpedo, cruises the weed beds of a pine-fringed lake, aching for a scrap.

Fighting fish all. But wait! What's the little bluegill doing in the group? Strictly speaking, he's not a game fish at all; he's a pan fish. But you'll have a hard time convincing a lot of fishermen that he doesn't deserve consideration. Ounce for ounce, his fans say, he's the scrappiest of them all.

So the argument goes on. It probably will never be resolved—except in your own mind. And to make a fair decision as judge and jury, you'll have to set your line for all these fighting fish.

FOR SALT-WATER SPORT

TACKLE 'EM LIGHT

When you go down to the sea to fish, take the lightest possible gear. Test your skill

SALT-WATER fishermen are fortunate. The fresh-water angler may spend hours casting and trolling and still-fishing—and get nary a nibble. But rarely does such misfortune befall the man who takes his rod and tackle to sea.

The oceans—and all their bays and inlets—are full of fish. Whether you drop your line in the Atlantic, the Pacific or the Gulf, there's a varied offshore grab bag awaiting you: mackerel, wahoo, albacore, a number of bass species—plus school and giant tuna. Inshore, the opportunities for an assorted bag are equally good; you'll find stripers, flounder, weakfish, porgies, groupers, bluefish and snappers.

But does the salt-water fisherman take advantage of his great good fortune to get the most fun out of the sport? Not very often. While the fresh-water angler gets a kick out of handicapping himself with ever-lighter tackle, the average salt-water fan goes out for weakfish or flounder with equipment heavy enough to land a 200-pound marlin.

Let's face it: the typical salt-water angler might justifiably be likened to a hunter who goes after squirrels with an elephant gun. By using heavy boat rods and a 15- or 18-pound test line to land fluke and blackfish and sea bass he misses half the joy and excitement of fishing.

You don't need much skill to land a porgy, for example, on a stiff rod, a big star-drag reel and a 30-pound test line. But it's another matter if you do your porgy fishing with a three- or four-ounce rod and perhaps some eight- to 10-pound test line. That's real sport. You might even call it vest-pocket big-game fishing.

I wish you could have been with me two years ago when I went blackfishing with a man who was reputed to know some rock ledges where hundreds of the big ones gathered. He took me to a choice spot, dropped anchor and began rigging up a rod, reel and line that would have handled a 60-pound school tuna without difficulty. When he saw me take out a light spinning rod and thread some five-pound-test monofilament through the guides, he chuckled.

"Tell you what," he said with a wink. "I'll be glad to split my catch with you."

We both baited fiddler crabs on our hooks and lowered away, he with a four-ounce piece of lead and I with a half-ounce sinker. Almost simultaneously, two blackfish gobbled up the bait. He had his in the boat within 30 seconds, more or less. I spent at least five minutes playing mine, and there were a couple of occasions when I thought I'd lost him. When at last I'd brought him alongside and guided him into the net, my companion was looking at my willowy little outfit with respect and perhaps just a tinge of envy.

There was a moment's silence. Then, trying to hide his eagerness, he said: "That looked like fun. Want to swap rigs for a bit?"

With his next fish, he was a convert to light tackle.

A similar incident not long afterward gave me even greater satisfaction. I was using the same rig, but this time I was out for porgies. A spot near the end of a breakwater looked productive, so I settled down. A few minutes later my hunch paid off. A good-size porgy smacked my bait.

Just as the fish took off on his first run, a small flotilla of boats loaded with fishermen rounded the end of the breakwater. When the crowd in the first boat spotted my flexible little rod arced over like a buggy whip, they ordered the engines stopped. The whole lot watched in fascination while I fought the lowly porgy alongside my boat. When I finally scooped up the fish in my net, there was a universal gasp of amazement.

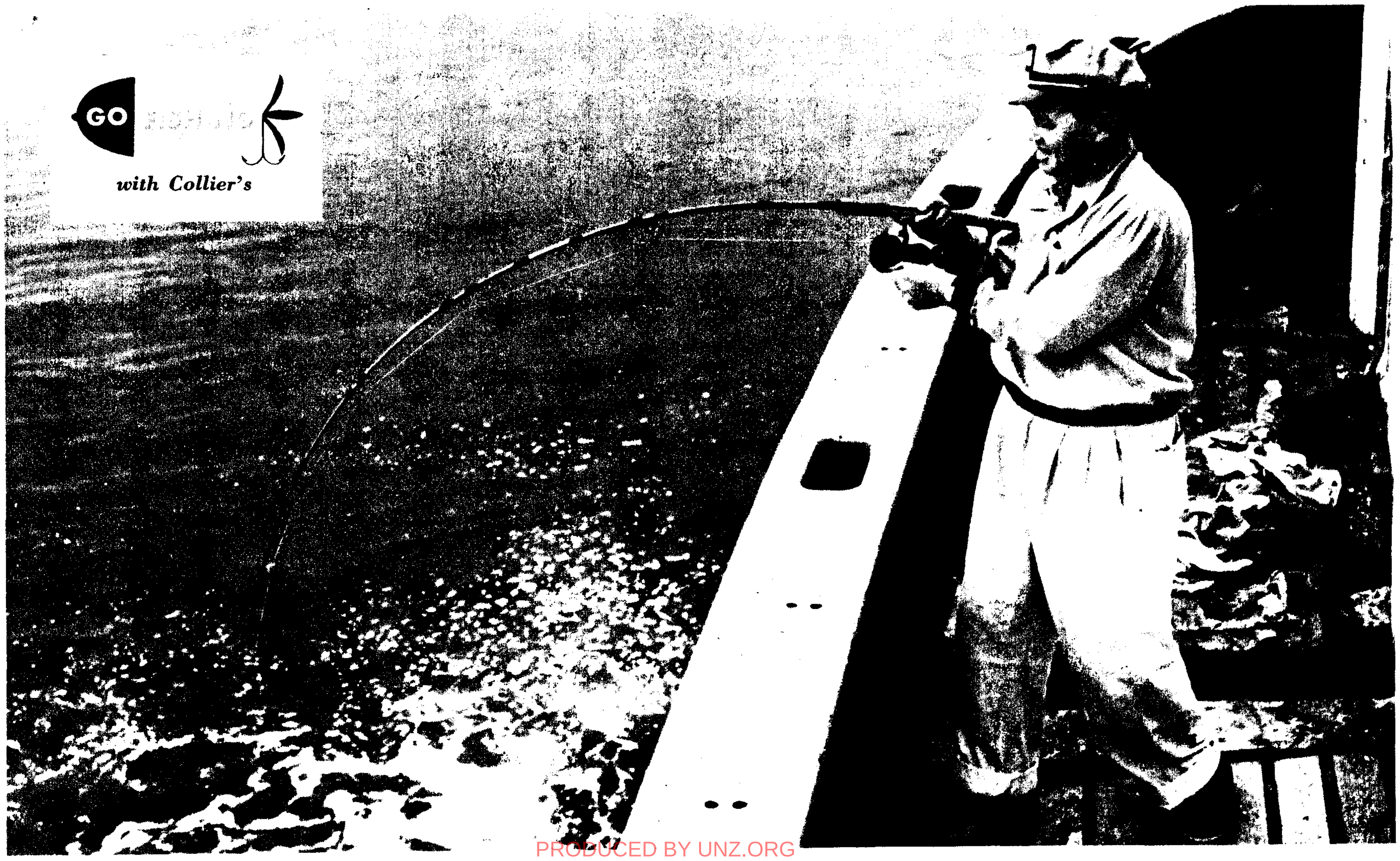
"Never thought a little porgy could put up so much fight," one man called over. "We thought you'd latched on to a 30-pound striper. Just shows how much fun you can have with light gear."

You, too, can enjoy miniature big-game fishing.

How do you go about it? Only the broadest rules can be laid down. Salt-water conditions vary so much around the coast line that it's almost impossible to say what's best for every location. Furthermore, the surf caster faces one situation; the off-shore troller has another; the bottom fisherman has still other problems.

If you belong to the largest group of all—the

Strain on the bent rod shows at a glance that Sam Robbins, of San Pedro, Calif., is getting the best in thrills and sport from salt-water fishing. He's working with a light spinning rod and a 12-pound test line. The scrappy tuna on his hook later weighed in at 44 pounds



By
RAYMOND R. CAMP

with a willowy rod and thin line. You'll find that's where the fun comes in

bottom fishermen—a standard fresh-water rig, either bait-casting or spinning, will probably serve you ideally. I know a number of anglers who swear they've never lost a bottom-feeding fish with a seven-foot, light-action spinning rod—a rig that's almost the twin of the superflexible, vibrant-actioned fly rod. Your line need never be heavier than about 10-pound test. Why? Because about 95 per cent of the fish landed by anglers fishing on the bottom probably weigh less than 10 pounds, and the majority less than five.

Moreover, a 30- or even a 40-pound fish can be landed on 10-pound test line in the hands of an angler who uses his head, plays his fish and doesn't try tug-of-war methods.

Obviously, you'll need somewhat heavier equipment if you're a surf caster, a bluefish fan or a person who occasionally does offshore trolling—and the same is true of the strictly tropical fisherman who's in a position to tie into an occasional large shark or barracuda. Just how heavy is best determined by careful inquiry. Ask about local conditions. Chat with the tackle merchant and find out what the light-tackle enthusiasts in your neighborhood are using. Remember you want the lightest equipment that will handle the fish you hope to catch.

But be forewarned. In your rounds, you'll undoubtedly be asked by many heavy-tackle advocates: What happens if you're fishing for five-pound fluke, weakfish or blackfish and you hook a 20-pounder?

Light tackle doesn't limit size of catch. J. H. Van Alsburg (l.) Santa Fe, N.M., has a 14-pound rock bass. Leo Bernard, Bisbee, Ariz., got a 7-pounder with heavy gear

Well, except in tropical waters, the likelihood of hooking a 20-pound fish in an area where small fish are normally taken is exceedingly remote. But suppose you do. I certainly wouldn't consider it a catastrophe. I'd say you were born under a lucky fishing star. There's no reason why you shouldn't boat the fish, provided you use skill and patience. Certainly, if you tighten the brake on your reel and attempt to horse in the fish, you'll probably lose him along with a length of line. But if you play him and permit him to wear himself out before trying to land him, then you'll go home with a prize that'll make you the subject of neighborhood envy for months to come.

There's always an argument, too, over whether you can catch more fish with light tackle than with the heavy type. So far as the smaller-game varieties of fish are concerned, my vote goes to light tackle. Consider two examples: striped bass and bonefish. Casting for stripers is much more productive if you send a small lure sailing out to where they're often lying in wait. And a heavy lure or a large bait splashing in the water invariably spooks a bonefish (sometimes even the shadow of such a bait passing over his head is enough to frighten him off).

But for the real fisherman, the size of the day's catch isn't so important as the amount of skill needed to land each fish. After all, if numbers were his only interest, he might substitute dynamite for tackle. And to provide additional zest, he could cut the fuse short.

Of course, dynamite fishing isn't legal. But even if it were, I wouldn't recommend it. Light tackle can provide just as much excitement and much more fun.

Why Do Fish Bite? Science Casts About for an Answer

SUPPOSE you knew for sure *why* fish bite, and could take advantage of your knowledge. You'd be a cinch to make a piker out of Izaak Walton. Science, to aid the cause of conservation, is looking into the subject. It's doubtful that all the questions will ever be answered. It's lucky, too, because if you knew, obviously much of the fun of the sport would be lost. But what has been learned already is helpful to the angler.

The research is the work of Dr. James R. Westman of Rutgers University's Department of Wildlife Conservation and Management. He recently began experiments using largemouth bass. Here's what he knows about fish habits so far:

Fish will strike when they're hungry, of course. But even if they have just eaten their fill, they'll usually go for food just to keep other fish from getting it.

Dr. Westman proved the point by feeding a solitary largemouth bass in a tank until the fish refused additional food. Then three hungry fish were added to the tank, together with some juicy tidbits.

The overfed fish took one look, saw he had company, then zipped over and gobbled up the food before his hungry tankmates could strike.

Westman also deliberately and repeatedly hooked fish in the tank. Before long, the bass caught onto the idea that any bait with a leader attached spelled trouble. They ignored food on the end of a line.

For you, the experiments confirm two time-tested tips:

Promote competition among the fish. Chumming works well.

If one bait is unproductive, experiment with others until you find one the fish aren't wise to yet.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

The Lost Art of Fishing WITH A WORM

If you're a fresh-water fan, give the worm his due. It takes real skill to use him properly. And the results are worth it

By
LEE WULFF

LET'S have a standing ovation for the worm, the lowly little critter who is all things to all fishermen. No other single bait is so adaptable, so much at home in all fishing circles—or so maligned. When a man takes his son fishing for the first time, what do they use for bait? A hundred to one they use worms.

Or take the veteran fisherman who has spent two unsuccessful weeks fishing with dry flies for landlocked salmon. On the last day of his vacation, when he's wondering how he'll explain an empty creel to the folks at home, what do his thoughts turn to? Worms—sure-fire, never-fail worms.

Yet, when that fisherman puts aside his fancy flies and tries for his salmon with a worm, he has a guilty feeling. Chances are, he did his very first fishing with a cane pole and a worm, but now, he feels, he has advanced beyond such crudities. Besides, he has been listening to the whispering campaign that is always going on against the worm; he has come to believe that worms are unsportsmanlike because fish can't resist them.

That's poppycock. It's true that almost everything that swims in fresh water, from sunfish to salmon, seems born with a taste for worms. But it doesn't necessarily follow that all you have to do is drape a worm on your hook, toss the rig into the water and brace yourself for the inevitable strike.

Any fish can resist any worm if it's served up to him in a haphazard fashion that arouses his suspicions. Fishing with a worm can be a real art, requiring every bit as much skill and finesse as snaking down the driest dry fly.

It's high time fishermen stopped looking down their noses at the worm as the fishing accomplice for children and beginners. The fact is, fishing with a worm can be just as simple or just as difficult as you care to make it.

Why wait? Likely as not there's a supply of the new secret weapon bait within 100 feet of you at this moment. Dig them up and try them out.

The worms most often used in fishing come in two models, regular and king-size—the earthworm and the night crawler. Earthworms abound in almost any rich soil; you'll have no trouble finding them. Night crawlers take a bit more effort. They get their name from their fondness for leaving their burrows to crawl abroad on nights when the earth is wet with rain or dew. Hunting them is almost as much fun as fishing with them. Most experts go forth equipped with a dimmed flashlight and tennis shoes. You spot your quarry and advance quietly until you can grab it up.

Now that you know how to get your bait, let's shift perspective for a moment and assume the fish's point of view. If we can better understand what appeals to a fish, we'll have a clearer idea of the worm fisherman's problems.

As a fish, you have certain known characteristics:

1. You're mad for worms.

2. A good deal of the time you're hungry. And even if you've just had a big dinner, you're not above grabbing a between-meals snack if it's attractive enough—or if you just want to make sure nobody else gets it. *But . . .*

3. You're suspicious; you've got to be or you don't live long. You play everything safe—especially tidbits that don't look just right to you.

Maybe you're primarily a lake- or pond-dwelling fish, like a pan fish or a large-mouth bass or northern pike. If so, you rarely see worms except those washed into the water by the runoff of rains. They're either sinking to the bottom or already on the bottom when you spot them. And since worms can't swim, they're wiggling frantically, trying to get out of their unfamiliar aquatic atmosphere.

But what if you're a river fish? Then your worms will come twisting and turning downstream with the current. They may be bouncing along the bottom or they may be caught in the swifter upper currents.

In each case, the situation and the circumstances

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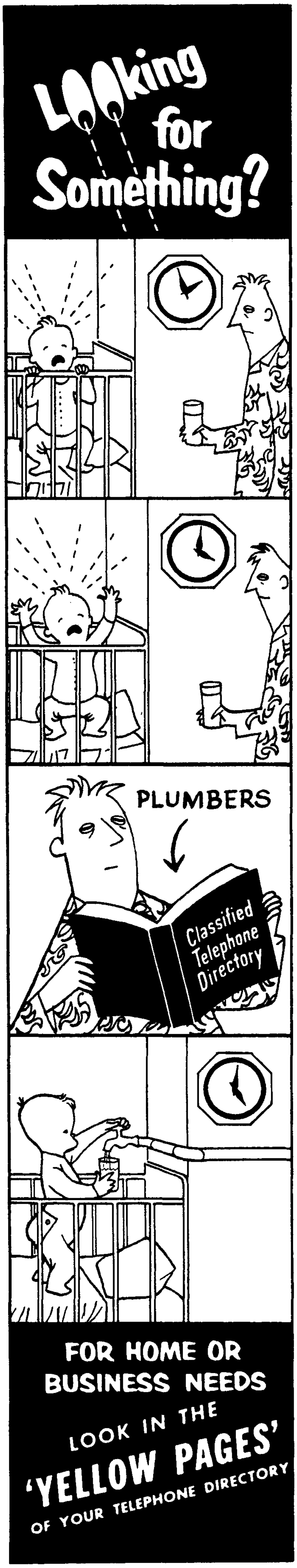

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Use a small hook. Make the worm look natural

may vary; still, a pattern does emerge and it offers the secret of successful worm fishing: for best results, your worm must arrive in the fish's dining room as if he just happened along naturally. And, with very few exceptions, he should come on the scene full of pep and wiggle.

Your task as a fisherman is obvious; now, how do you accomplish it? Let's get technical.

How to Choose Your Hooks

First, use small hooks. The exact size, to be determined by experimentation, will depend on the size of the worms you use and the kind of fish you're likely to catch. Your tackle box should hold hooks in a range of sizes. Start off with a very small hook, say a No. 12. If you get strikes but fail to hook your fish, shift to the next larger size and try again.

Your object in using a small hook is twofold. It's easier to conceal the hook—you don't need to thread so much of the worm onto it to hide it from the fish's suspicious eye. And you allow the worm more freedom of movement to cavort—and thus to advertise his presence. He'll live longer, too.

Next, use a long leader of the daintiest practical size. Again, experimentation will have to be your guide. Just don't try to land a 10-pound largemouth bass using a two-pound test leader—unless you are more skillful than most of us.

Be dainty when you put the worm on the hook, too. Your aim is merely to disguise the hook, and hold the worm on it. Don't bunch up the worm. On a small hook, it is only necessary to slip the point and barb under the worm's so-called collar, a ring of thickness about one third of the way back from his head. On larger hooks, when you have to put on more of the bait, loop the worm. But always leave both ends free to wiggle.

Above all, keep a lively worm on your hook. When a worm shows signs of tuckering out, replace him with a fresh stablemate from your bait can. You may have to bait up every five minutes or so, and you'll go through a lot of worms that way—but you'll catch fish, and that's what you're there for.

So much for your terminal rig—the part of your equipment the fish sees. Now comes the all-important factor—technique. How can you best deliver your worm to the right spot?

The first consideration is what gear to use. Tom Sawyer's old cane-pole-and-bobber rig will still catch fish; it's been doing so for generations and will continue to do so for generations. But more advanced equipment is easier to work with and more efficient, and more fun. The exact type of rig to use depends largely on where you fish.

For simply paying out a line and letting your worm drift downstream on the current of a cascading mountain brook, fly-fishing equipment is in a class by itself. The relative rigidity of the line and its ability to float make it ideal for navigating around rocks and rapids with a minimum of snagging. Plug- or bait-casting equipment or a spinning rig can be used the same way, but they're not so well suited to the job.

If you move to a pond or lake, and casting is the order of the day, a fly-fishing rig is out of place. Even when practiced by an expert, fly casting—with its whiplike snap—usually tears a worm off the hook. Tossing out a worm with a bait-casting outfit is even more impractical; the worm just doesn't have enough heft to go anywhere.

Not so with spinning. You can take a single earthworm on the end of a spinning rig and send him across the water for a surprising distance.

If you've a fondness for trolling, you can't go wrong with any of the three types of equipment. You need be governed only by your personal tastes.

And for so-called still-fishing, either on the bottom or with a float, both spinning equipment and bait-casting outfits are suitable.

Now you're ready for the pay-off—the actual delivery of the worm. Success or failure hangs in the balance; all your preparations, however elaborate, will be wasted if you miscue now.

Just remember that you'll get the best results if you always fish your worm as if he weren't on the end of the line. Make him look natural.

If you're casting, flick him out onto the water easily. Your technique should allow the worm to drop cozily onto the water with the least possible fuss—as if he had lost his footing and fallen into the water accidentally.

If you're trolling, try a spinner ahead of the worm. Just ease along. Occasionally vary the speed of the boat—which will change the level at which your bait travels through the water.

If you're still-fishing, know your good spots and let the worm (a lively one, of course) rest on the bottom. If you're in weeds, use a bobber to hold the bait above the weeds and in sight of the fish. Lower your rig into the water gently, and move it around occasionally to cover the most territory.

If you're fishing a stream, float your worm downstream. But don't hold him against the current; no fish ever saw a worm battling upstream. When you reach the end of your line, reel in and send your worm off on another downcurrent junket.

Patience is your guide in fishing with a worm. Go slow. Take it easy. The worm is a natural bait and should be fished in a natural manner. If you've rigged your tackle right, your worm will bear a lot of scrutiny before the fish wises up to the fact that you're on the other end of the line.

Now, if the action is slow, there are some added tricks that will increase your chances of a strike. Try these:

Chum. Use the old salt-water technique of piquing the fish's appetite by tendering him bits of food before sneaking your worm in among them. Small chunks of worm will work fine—even crumbs of bread, if you're short of bait.

Dump clods of dirt into the water. In both streams and lakes, you'll at least attract the attention of the fish. You may fool them into thinking there's been a small landslide and they'll be looking for food to follow in the wake of the sod.

Stir up the bottom. If you're fishing a stream in hip boots or waders, use your feet to overturn small rocks. That will serve much the same purpose as the clods—and you'll also kick up tiny marine life, thereby alerting the fish downstream that dinner's on the way.

The Most Unpredictable Sport

In fishing with a worm, as in fishing with anything else, never forget: angling is the most unpredictable of sports. Fishing rules are made to be broken. There are times when a whole worm will be refused, but half a worm or less will be gobbled up. There are times when you will excite the fish and stimulate them to strike if you cast your worm with a great commotion, instead of stealthily. But—before you break the rules, *know them!*

All right, you're in business. Have fun, and if anybody sniffs at you when you open your little pouch of worms, be quick to quote the words of the immortal Izaak Walton, perhaps the greatest fisherman of them all. In The Compleat Angler, published in 1653, recalling one good day's fishing, he comments with satisfaction: "The last trout I caught was with a worm . . ."

A Real School of Trout

A great many of the fish you catch today—especially trout—grew up pampered in the luxury of some hatchery. Such fish simply don't know the score so far as self-preservation goes. Few survive to grow into whopping big fighters, the kind every angler longs to catch. Most of them quickly wind up either in some fisherman's creel, after naïvely taking the first bait they see, or make a tasty meal for a mink, hawk or some larger fish.

The Michigan Conservation Department tackled the problem of making hatchery-reared trout more wary, and came up with some news that may have widespread application. Rocks and pieces of pipe to simulate natural concealment were placed in the hatchery ponds. If a foolhardy fish ventured out, he was stung by a mild electric current. A stuffed mink and a blue heron's carcass were brought into view. Again, any trout not in a safe place caught a mild shock.

At graduation time the schooled trout were planted, along with their uneducated brethren. The untutored group lazed in plain view, easy marks all. The educated trout immediately scooted to nearby rocks and safety, far better equipped to grow big and wise and challenging, a fit foe for any angler.

—Harold Titus

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   (It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)

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   (Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won't rinse off—won't wear off—all day or all night!)

3. **Reader's Digest** says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.

   (Thus, just daily morning and night brushings guard against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)

4. **Reader's Digest** says—In clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—people who used ordinary toothpastes averaged almost two and a half times more new cavities than those who used New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate). In fact, of the group using New Colgate's, 4 out of 5 developed no new cavities at all!

   (A group of distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)

5. **Reader's Digest** says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

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Here's the ultimate—a day up north seeking and landing the mighty Atlantic salmon

All the doubts and thrills and joys of angling are mirrored . . .

. . . in Bill Webster's face as he gets his first Atlantic salmon

Angler's Dream

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

IS THERE a dream fish, a fighter so valiant that he outclasses all other species? Most anglers would agree there is—the Atlantic salmon, the ultimate in strength, ferocity and fighting heart among fresh-water fish. The Atlantic salmon is usually caught in Maine and along Canada's eastern coast when he comes in from the sea to spawn. Even though he frequently weighs 20 pounds, the law in most places says that you may take him only on light fly-casting gear. And great skill is required. The angler must tease or provoke his fish into striking, because the moment most Atlantic salmon enter fresh water they lose all desire for food.

But he can be made to hit, and when he does, it's like tying into a bolt of lightning. He was angry when he took your fly, and now that you've hooked him, he's furious.

What happens after that? Ask Bill Webster, of Stamford, Connecticut, a fisherman for 20 years, with some real thrills behind him. Like most anglers, though, he'd always heard that he hadn't really lived because he'd never been Atlantic salmon fishing.

Not so long ago, he had his chance to go to Newfoundland and find out whether the so-called king of fresh-water fish was all that he was cracked up to be. "When that first one hit," he said, "I knew all they'd said was true, only more so." ▲▲▲

Silhouetted in a fishing paradise, Webster casts for Atlantic salmon in southwest feeder of Portland Creek on Newfoundland's northwest coast

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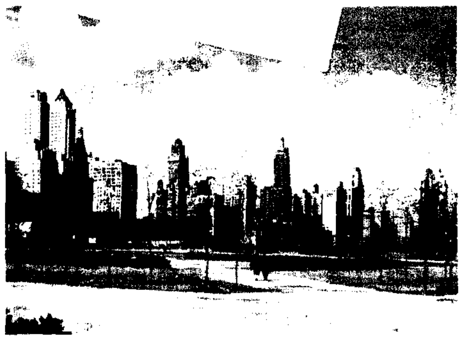

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BOOM
YOU'RE MISTAKEN, SIR!! I AM (TICK TOCK) A RELIABLE OLD BANK CLOCK-MERELY MARKING OFF THE HOURS—
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REAL BANK CLOCKS ARE NEAT! WHAT GAVE YOU AWAY WAS YOUR-UGH!-MESSY HAIR!!
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GROOMS THE HAIR
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The Man Who Invented a Wife

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

the license. "He's real serious, maybe," Bellino commented, clapping Nick on the back. Nick gave a sphinxlike smile. He could already feel himself being drawn into the circle of his married friends.

"What's her name?" Tony the tavern owner asked.

Nick grinned pleasantly. He thought of the name of his girl in Sicily. "She's Sarina," he said.

"You marry quick," Tony advised him. Tony liked to see his customers get married; it guaranteed that they would continue being customers, because he did not permit children or women—even wives—in his saloon.

NICK marked time for a few weeks, dropping in for an occasional game of *tri-sette* or *briscola*, but not so often as before. Sometimes he carried a bouquet of flowers or a box of candy. Then, abruptly, he stopped visiting Tony's. People hardly saw him in the neighborhood. For a month he spent his time sitting alone in his single room over the empty store at the Clark Street border of the parish. Finally, when he reappeared at Tony's, he didn't even have to say that he was married. His companions took it for granted.

"You been on honeymoon?" Tony asked.

"He's one of us now," Bellino said proudly.

"This is for celebration," announced Tony. "I think Nick never get married." Tony opened a barrel of wine and sent Angelo to the delicatessen for some *ravioli*. The cardplayers had a banquet.

As the drinking progressed, Nick's friends began to worry about his education. A man just doesn't up and marry; he needs advice about managing a marriage. Since Bellino was the oldest and had been married the longest, the others expected him to help Nick.

"You gonna move from your room?" Bellino said, opening the discussion delicately.

Nick shook his head slowly. "Not yet. Maybe I take another room and make apartment. There's one next to mine, empty."

"Doesn't your Sarina want a bigger house? My woman, she's always wanting a bigger place."

"Sure, Sarina wants one," Nick replied solemnly. "But I think we wait." He said this with a sense of finality, as though he were boss in his house.

It made a deep impression on the others. As Bellino expressed it, later: "You never know who will come out on top in a marriage. But I think Nick, he starts out right."

Nick rented the vacant room next to his and set up an apartment. He began living like a man who had definitely given up bachelorhood. He didn't get to Tony's so often as before, but this was understandable, and the others didn't consider it any reflection on his ability to control his marriage. When he came for cards he often talked about his wife. He described her cooking, her odd woman ideas and their differences of opinion. It was Sarina this, and Sarina that.

Because the Sarina in Sicily, whom he hadn't seen for six years, was a slim lively girl, he made his invisible wife as much like her as he could. As time went on, he introduced a note of nagging into her behavior, and he was able to discuss her henpecking with his companions—but just as a topic of conversation.

Sometimes he let her nag in private, even though no one was around to overhear. Unlike his friends who stood sheepishly or resentfully in front of their wives and took it, Nick always dominated. He would conduct vehement one-sided arguments with Sarina. When he felt that he had been driven far enough, he would shout at the top of his voice, *"Pórca misera!* I make the rules in this house! You listen!" He would jam his hat on the back of his head, bang the doors angrily and stomp down the stairway. Never once did his woman lean from the window above, screaming insults down upon him as was the habit of Angelo's wife. Sarina knew, at least, how far she could go with him.

Nick felt his secret was safe from accidental discovery because he lived at the edge of the neighborhood, and there was no need for his wife to be seen shopping in the Sicilian stores. After a little while he hardly considered Sarina a secret; he was not really conscious of being her creator. For example, when it came time to pay income taxes, he got Tony to help him and he filed a joint declaration for himself and Sarina. It was what all married men were expected to do.

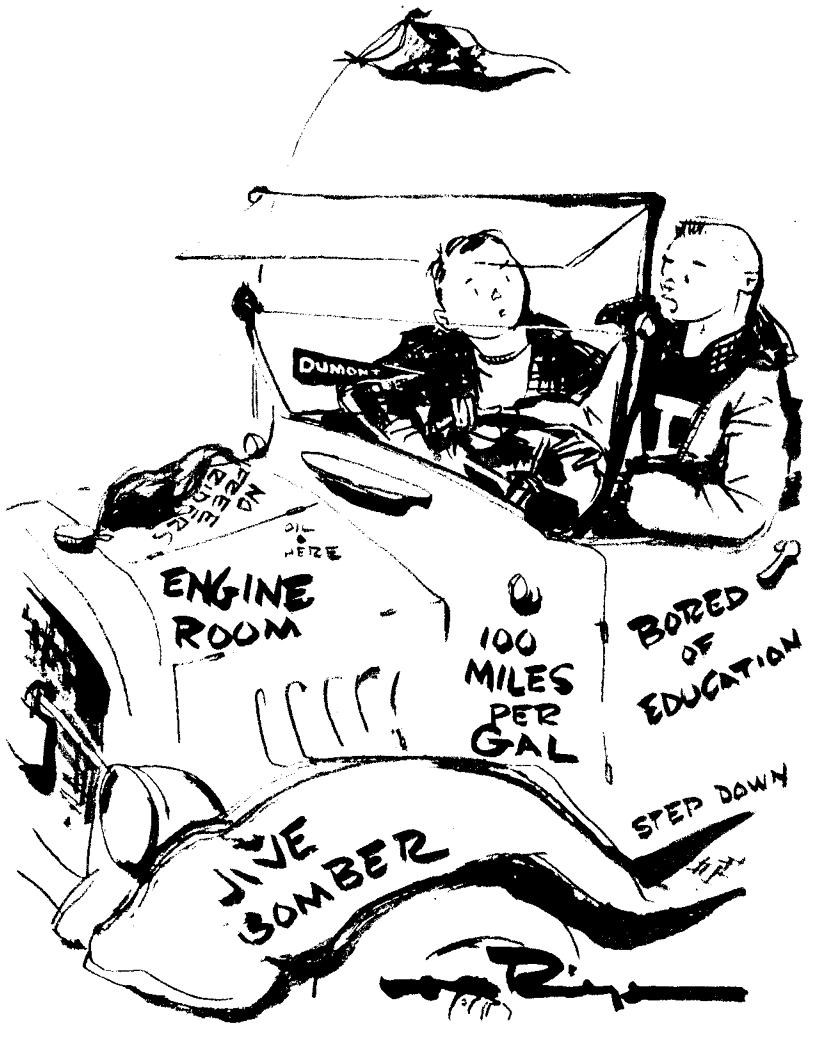
When there were sales in the bargain basements down in the Loop, he overcame his embarrassment and bought dresses for Sarina. He had a closet full of them. Once a month he carried an armful of gaudy dresses all the way across the parish to the dry cleaners a few doors beyond Tony's.

Nick gradually acquired a reputation for being able to handle his woman. He had more time for friends and for cards than did anyone else. He was beginning to like Chicago. He grew plump and serene, and thought less and less of the old country.

IT WAS only natural that other men, noting Nick's success in marriage, began coming to him for advice. Nick was glad to help them. "It's all a matter how you know women," he would explain. "My father, he tell me, 'Nicoli, you marry one woman. You stick with her. You study her. Soon you understand all there is to know about women.' "

Almost any afternoon at Tony's, and when the el was not rumbling by overhead, one could get a few valuable words about women from Nick. In his opinion, Italian women, and Sicilian ones most of all, had to be watched carefully. They had a weakness for picking up bad American habits. The worst of these, according to Nick, were the drinking of fruit juice at breakfast and tea for supper, making a husband shave daily, and the wearing of pajamas to bed. "When a woman starts any of this, is time to get mad," Nick warned.

The other *briscola* players listened,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NO FREE RIDERS
OIL HERE
ENGINE ROOM
100 MILES PER GAL
BORED OF EDUCATION
STEP DOWN
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COLLIER'S

"My dad promised me a new convertible when I graduate. What good is it to me *then?*"

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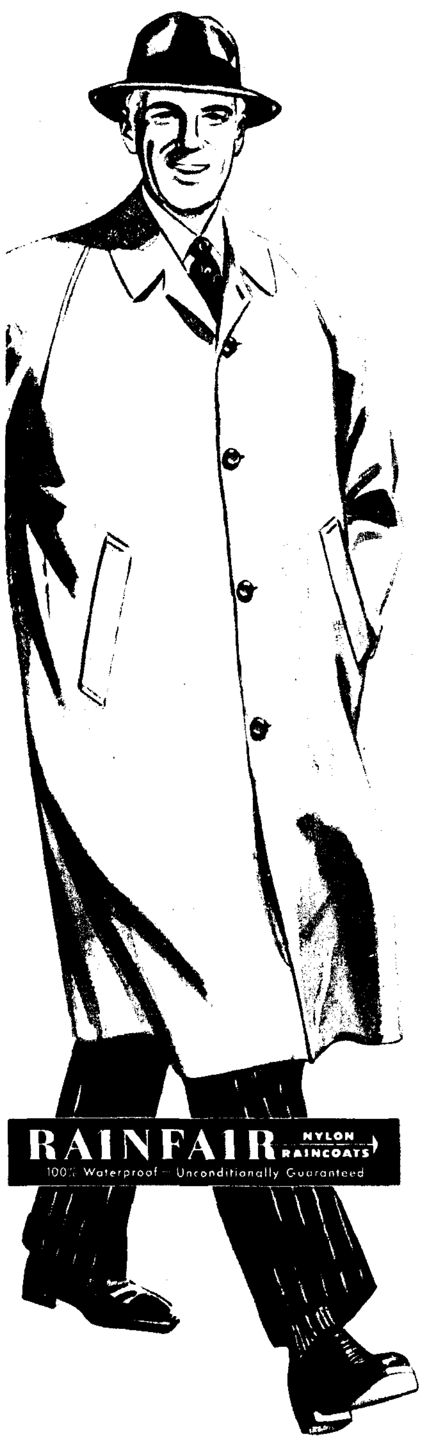

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weighing these morsels against their own experiences. There had been a time when men turned to Bellino for advice. Now Nick was the man to look up to.

ONE early afternoon when Nicoli came home from the team tracks, he found a beautiful young woman sitting on the stairway landing in front of his door. She was surrounded by baggage, and she looked disconcertingly familiar. She stood up, smiling happily.

"Nicoli! Don't you know me, Nicoli? I'm Sarina."

"Sarina?" Nick gaped at her. For a moment he was utterly dazed. The first thought that came to him was that the woman he had invented had miraculously come into being. Finally, through the confusion, he remembered his Sarina in Sicily. But how she had changed! How she had fooled him! In the old country she had been a thin, laughing little girl. Now, standing among her suitcases, she was a beautiful young woman.

"Sarina! How you get here?" he asked gingerly. "Why don't you write this?"

She laughed richly, enjoying his surprise. "I come," she said, giving a happy shrug. "Do you remember my Uncle Alberni? Well, he died, and he left me money. So I'm here without telling, to surprise you."

"Alberni? He's dead?" Nick's disarrayed thoughts careened back and forth: Sicily . . . rich uncle who had a store in Palermo . . . Sarina—this woman. She was like the girls in the Italian movies.

"We're still going to get married?" Sarina asked.

Nick gave a troubled nod. Then abruptly, the word "marriage" came crashing down on him, a rubble of impressions like some old-world ruin. Marry in Chicago? Here? I'm married, he almost blurted out. Catching himself in time, he shot a desperate backward glance at the deserted sidewalk visible through the doorway below. He grabbed up her suitcases. "We go in, quick," he cried.

He dumped her baggage just inside the door and stared about in distress. "You wait," he said. "I go out and get food. Maybe bottle of wine."

"Nicoli!"

He turned back toward her. She stood with her arms outspread, her lips smiling and eyes brimming. "Aren't you going to remember to kiss me, Nicoli?" she said.

He blushed and hesitated, asking, "You want I should shave first?"

"But why, Nicoli?"

Nick took a deep agonized breath, staggered toward her and kissed her. Then, breaking away, he ran from the apartment, locking the door behind him. He raced downstairs and did not dare look back up toward the window overlooking the street. He headed for Tony's, then changed his course and began wandering aimlessly through the streets and musty alleys.

I'm a fool, he thought. Why didn't I think something like this might happen? He recalled how, in her last letter of four months ago, she had mentioned Uncle Alberni's death and she had hinted at a surprise. Sure, I marry her, he thought. But such a marriage is for the old country. How do I make a wedding here when everyone in the neighborhood knows I'm married? I send her back! We get a civil marriage here, have a church one in Sicily. Here I tell everyone she's my cousin, keep her locked up . . .

A certain pattern entered into his thoughts and he began to calm down. There's nothing to get excited about, he decided. And soon he was comforting himself with the fact that he was experienced: he knew a great deal about handling women.

When he returned to the apartment, he climbed the stairs with confidence. "She's a woman just like any woman. It's a matter of starting off right," he said aloud. He unlocked the door and swung it open. Then he stopped short.

Sarina had got into the wardrobe closet where he kept the bargain-basement dresses. She was holding up a garish print, and she seemed to be waiting for him.

"Who?" she demanded accusingly.

Nick faltered. "Mine," he replied.

Sarina gave him a puzzled frown. "Yours? Dresses?"

"I buy them for you."

"They aren't new," she said pointedly. "You tell me, Nicoli. Have you been having a woman here?"

Nick felt suddenly uncomfortable. Everything he had learned about women left him. He watched her fling the dress aside and take a cellophane-wrapped package from the closet shelf. His heart gave a lurch.

"And this, Nicoli?" Sarina asked calmly.

Nick frowned and tried to square his shoulders. "Is pajamas," he said.

"Pajamas? What's pajamas?"

"For wearing to bed at night."

Sarina's eyes widened and then she pointed to the frilled feminine collar visible through the cellophane. "For woman?"

Nick's shoulders sagged. He sat down weakly and he pressed his thumbs against his eyes in agony. What a stupid I've been, he thought. He had bought the pajamas at a bargain sale a year ago. But at that time he had imagined it had been the doing of his invented wife.

"Where is this woman?" Sarina asked. "Did you marry and not write to me, Nicoli? Where are you hiding her?"

Nick shook his head. "I'm not married, Sarina," he said. "Not exactly." He gestured helplessly. "You see, it's like this . . ."

Although he began incoherently, desperately, and there were almost tears in his eyes, he finally managed to make himself clear. To protect himself from American women who were always anxious to marry hard workers, he had had to invent a marriage.

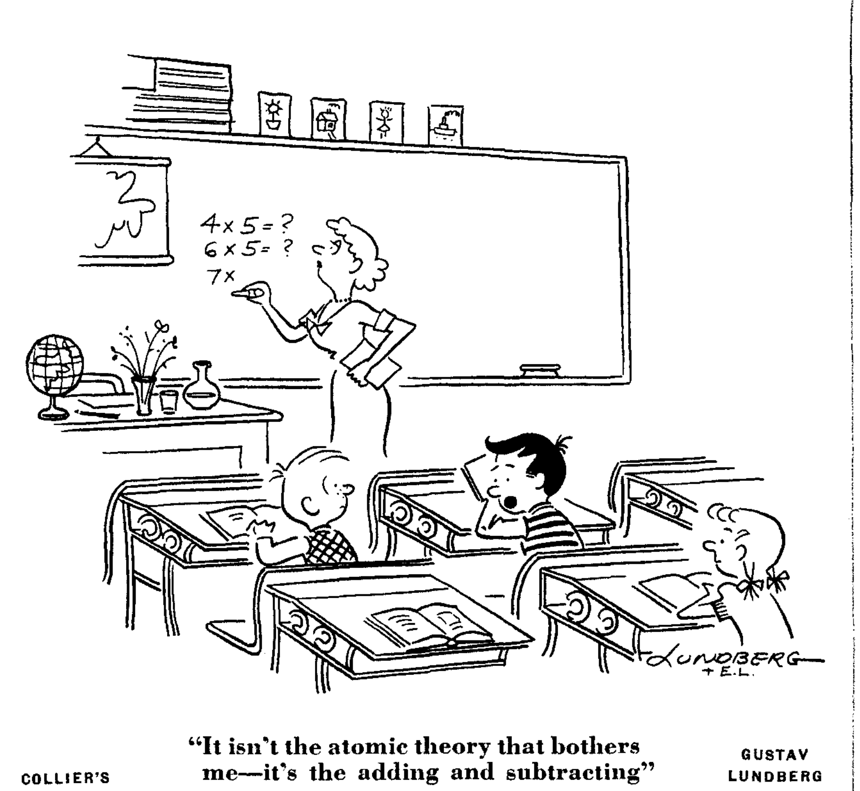
"It's nothing," he said. "I tell them I have wife named Sarina. And no girls bother me."

Sarina absorbed it silently. In Palermo, a big city in its way, she had managed her uncle's shop and had grown shrewd. Sarina listened to Nicoli without believing. She was sure he had got himself involved with an American woman. Men were never strong when it came to dealing with foreign women. Although she was hurt, she still knew what she wanted. She gave a little shrug as she glanced down at the pajamas. Perhaps they would be useful, the pajamas. She decided to keep them, just to remind Nicoli.

THE next day Nick and Sarina went to South Bend to get a license, and three days later went back and got married. They returned to Chicago to live, and Sarina gradually took the place of Nick's other wife. She did not object to pretending they had been married all these years; after all, they had been engaged, and it was a way of making Nicoli feel indebted to her. Most important was the fact that she had come just in time. If the other woman dared reappear, Sarina was positive she could handle her.

Nick felt he had managed a ticklish situation with wonderful diplomacy. It was a proof that he had a skill with women. Naturally he had made a few small concessions: he brought his pay to Sarina each Saturday and he didn't object to her drinking fruit juice at breakfast. But all in all, nothing had changed. Since Sarina spoke little English as yet, he still took her clothes to the cleaners, did the shopping and was able to spend his afternoons at Tony's.

However, hardly a month had passed before Sarina made a discovery. Nick had forgotten to tell her that he worked only half days at the railroad, and he was leery of telling her that he spent the afternoons at cards. Sarina learned about the railroad hours, but not about



COLLIER'S

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GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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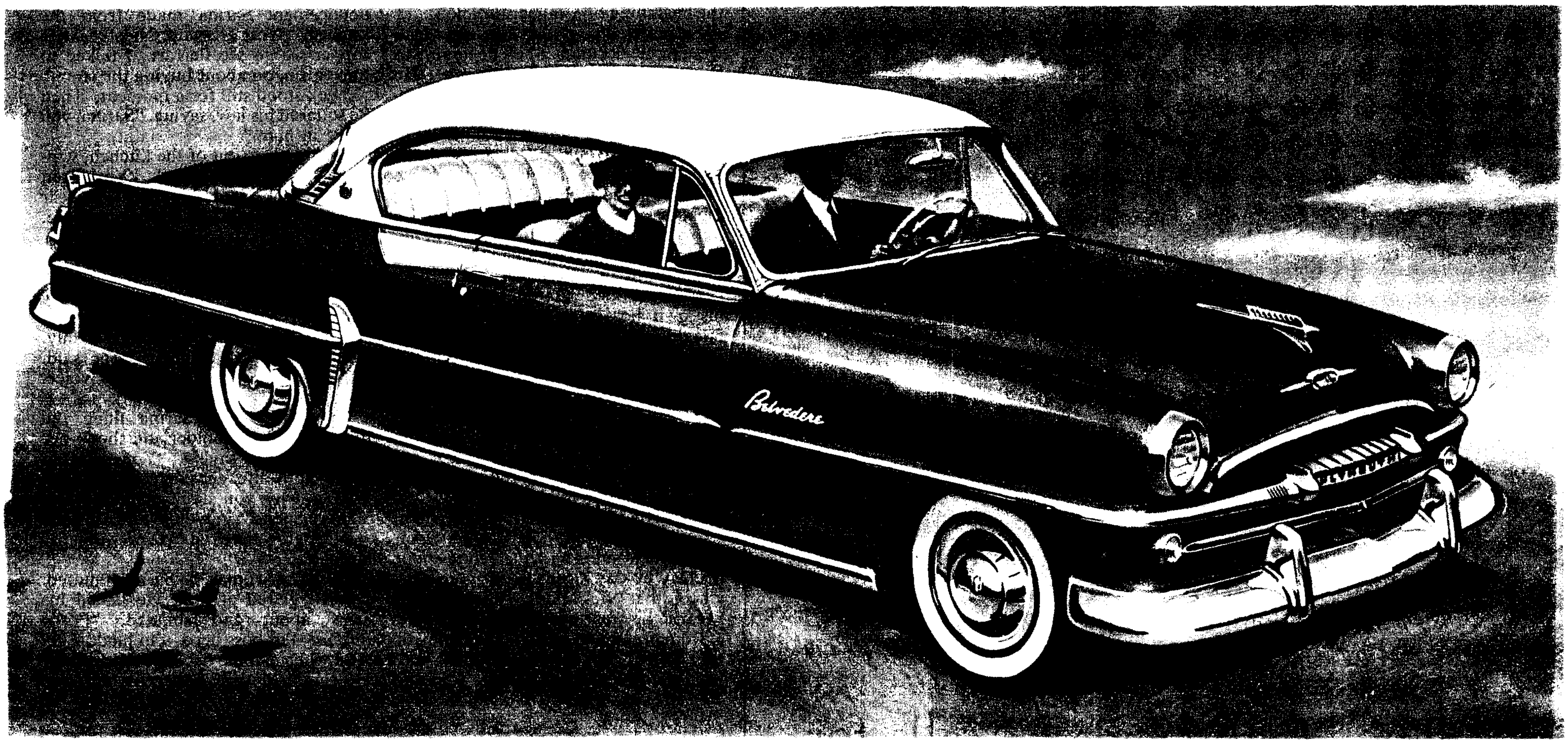

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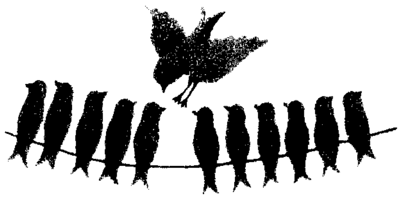

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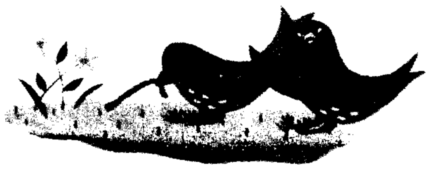

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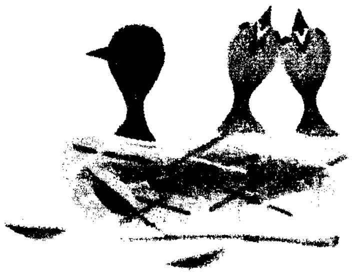

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Tony's place; naturally, she suspected the other woman. She was prepared for this and she had a plan.

She waited until one evening when Nicoli came home later than usual. She piled great mounds of spaghetti before him to break down his defenses. Then, quite casually, she asked, "What you do all day today, Nicoli?"

He made room in his mouth for a word. "Work," he replied.

"At the railroad, Nicoli?"

"Sure. The tracks. I count boxcars. I put on seals all day."

THERE was a pause. "Do you ever think of quitting that job, Nicoli?" Sarina asked.

Nick peered at her over the coil of spaghetti wound on his fork. He felt the beginning of a vague suspicion.

Sarina's getting just like American woman, he decided. She's beginning to think I don't make enough money. He shrugged and shook his head, saying, "Why I quit? It's a good job."

Sarina nagged more insistently. "I'm lonesome, alone all day," she said. "I think it would be nice if we get a store like the grocery shop down the street Signore Ferrari wants to sell. We work it together. We got the money from my uncle and I know about stores from when I was in Palermo."

Nick nodded thoughtfully. Being his own boss appealed to him. His imagination lingered pleasantly on the vision of a shiny array of bottles on the shelves, brightly colored cans, the bins of *pasta*.

Then he shook his head stubbornly. "I stay with railroad. They give me pension when I'm old," he said.

For days afterward the store was the one topic of conversation between them. The more Sarina brought it up, the more adamant Nick became. Soon they were arguing and quarreling about it. Day by day Sarina grew more convinced that Nick didn't want the store because he was spending his time with a woman. When she accused him of this, Nick resolutely refused to say what he did with his time. That, he was sure, was the way to handle Sarina.

One afternoon he mentioned Sarina's nagging to his friends. "She nags me to go into business," he told Bellino. "You know Ferrari's store—"

"You don't want store," Bellino said. "You'll be there all day and night. That's why Ferrari sells."

"Yes, that's my thought," Nick said.

His companions agreed, but they added no further arguments. They realized that Nick had simply brought it up casually, for conversation. Nick was one who could manage his affairs. For the first time it occurred to Nick that they weren't aware that there was a difference in his household. To them it was a plain fact: he had always had Sarina; there were no problems.

When Nick came home for supper he was hardly prepared for the announcement Sarina made from the kitchen. "You dress up, Nicoli. After supper we go see Ferrari. I talked to him this noon about buying the store."

Nick stood still for a moment. Then he squared his jaw, saying, "Sarina, you come in here."

Sarina came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on a towel. "You listen now," Nick said bluntly. "I hear enough about store. I don't want store. I gotta job."

"But we make money, Nicoli," Sarina argued.

"Store takes too much time. Day and night."

Sarina's lips came together firmly. "I told Ferrari we buy it," she said.

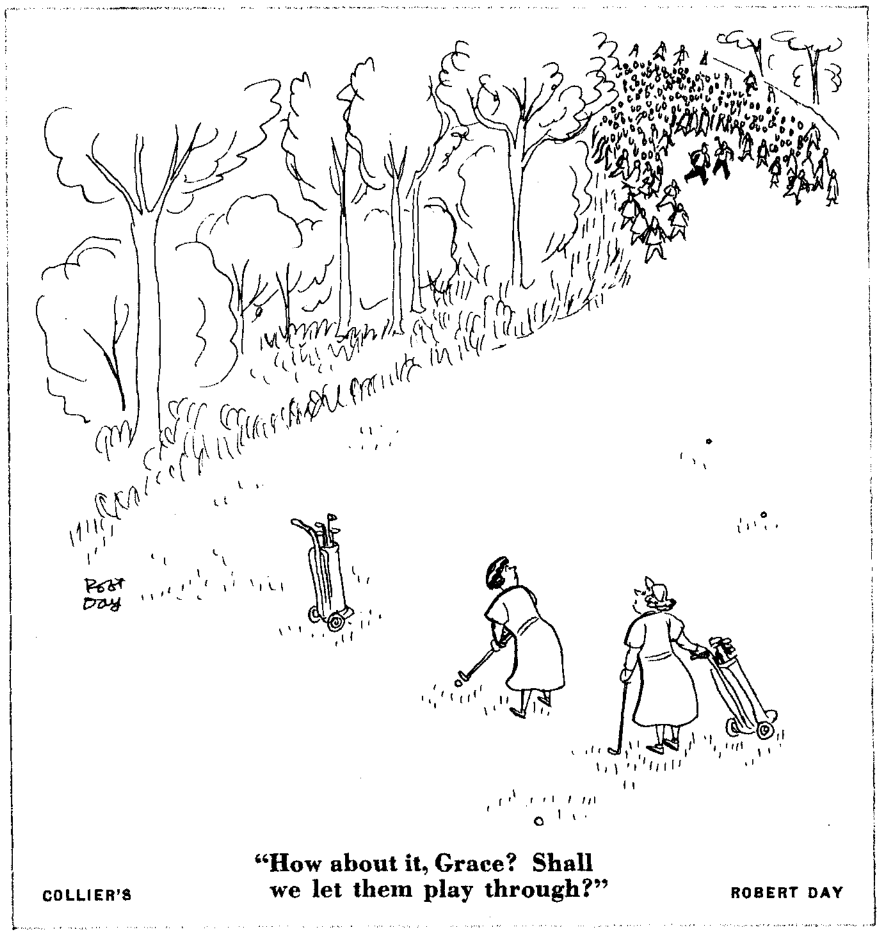
Nick scowled and raised his voice. "I say no."

"You say no!" Sarina flung the towel over her shoulder and shook her finger at him, saying, "You want to waste your life chasing women, yes? This is why you don't want a store. Signore Spend-Time-on-Women! You!"

Nick grew beet-red. "Is no woman!" he roared.

"Pajama woman!" Sarina taunted.

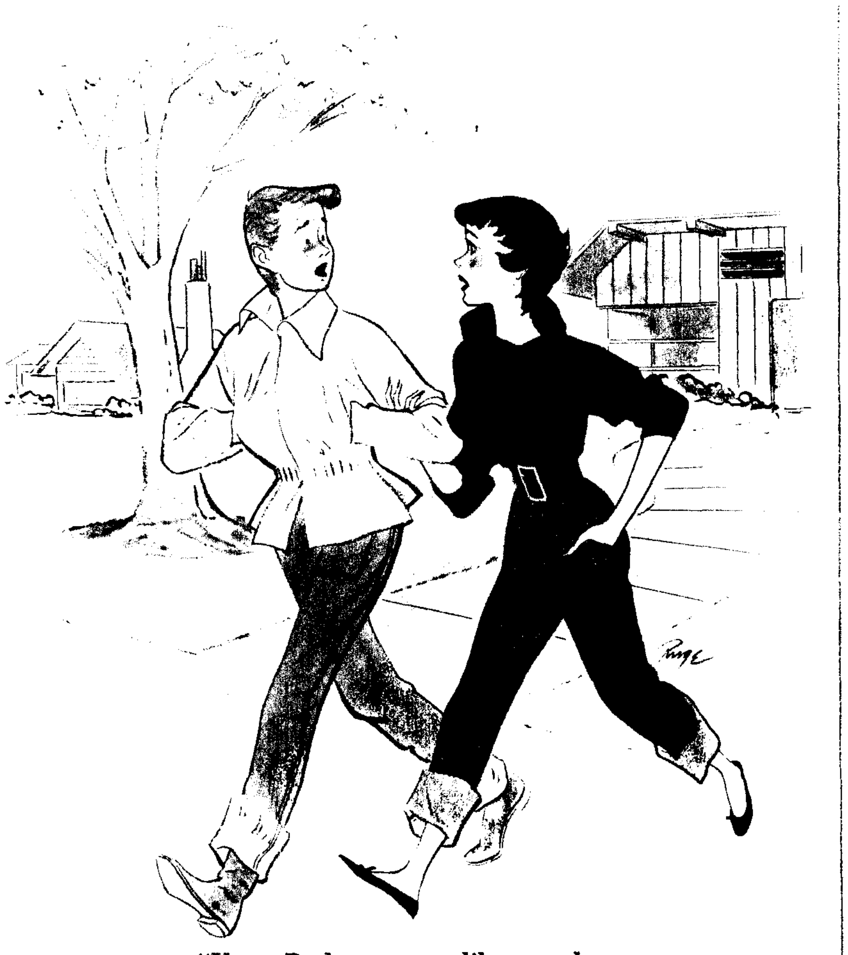
Nick glared at her. He flailed his arms about and shouted, *"Pórca misera!* I'm boss here. I'm mad. I go. And when I come back, you be quiet." He grabbed his battered felt hat, jammed it on his head and started for



COLLIER'S

"How about it, Grace? Shall we let them play through?"

ROBERT DAY



COLLIER'S **"Your Dad *seems* to like me, but what did he mean when he said I was 'all wet and cooking with gas'?"** JOHN RUGE

the door as he had always done before Sarina came from Sicily.

This time it was not the same. He didn't quite make it, for Sarina darted in front of him and stood at the door, her back to the wooden panel. "Where you go?" she demanded.

Nick stopped and his jaw sagged. This had never happened before. A shocked, perplexed expression came over his face.

"Sit down. Eat supper," she said.

Nick hesitated.

"Take your hat off in the house," Sarina ordered.

Nick winced and removed his hat.

THE sign over the grocery store down the street changed. A new sign read: *Nicoli Saragosa, Groceries and Vegetables*. But Nick did not change much.

The mornings were not so bad, for he was used to working early, but in the afternoons he fretted. He endured the captivity without protest for almost two weeks, although toward the end he often leaned against the store counter while Sarina changed cans from shelf to shelf. Suddenly he would shut his eyes, impelled by the notion that if he cut her from sight she might conveniently disappear. She never did.

On warm afternoons when business was slow and the flies buzzed, he could hear the echo of *briscola* cards being slapped down upon a table. The sound of the el rumbled through his head, unnerving him. He began dreaming of the old days, of the other Sarina, of living alone in a room.

Finally, at a moment when Sarina was out of the store, he couldn't stand it any longer. He slammed his fist on the counter. "I leave her," he said. "I go away and live alone." Just saying it relieved him tremendously.

He went to the door and peered up the street toward their apartment. Sarina was not in sight. Stirred by a feeling of excitement mingled with faint guilt, he took a few dollars from the register and closed up the store, abandoning it forever.

The sense of freedom as he stepped into the street confused him at first. I should find a room, he thought. Maybe I look for job. Instead of doing either of these, he found himself walking toward Tony's place. Well, maybe I have a drink and decide what to do, he told himself.

Angelo, Bellino and Tony were playing *tri-sette* when he entered. Bellino looked up cheerfully. "Ho, Nick. Where you been?"

Nick shrugged and sat with them.

"Howsa wife?" Bellino asked.

Nick shrugged again. This is not the time, he thought, to tell them I leave my wife. Gotta get used to not having a wife. Someone came in for a drink and Nick picked up Tony's cards. He frowned at them thoughtfully.

"Ricotta tell me you got the Ferrari store," Bellino observed.

Nick nodded. He caught a note of envy in Bellino's voice.

"It's nice, having business," Bellino went on. "You make your hours, eh? I try to tell my wife it's a good idea. Maybe shoe store. She's against it."

"Sarina like the store," said Nick.

"She work there?" asked Angelo.

Nick nodded his head again. "She's always changing stuff on shelves," he said. "I tell her not to waste time. She's crazy about cans."

The others smiled as if to say that it was obvious Nick had a good wife. Then Nick opened his mouth to add something, but suddenly he simply smiled. It came to him that he had been talking about this Sarina as he used to talk about the other one.

He cocked his head to one side and stared at the cards without much interest. She's not so bad, he reflected. Maybe I get used to her.

—JAMES NORMAN

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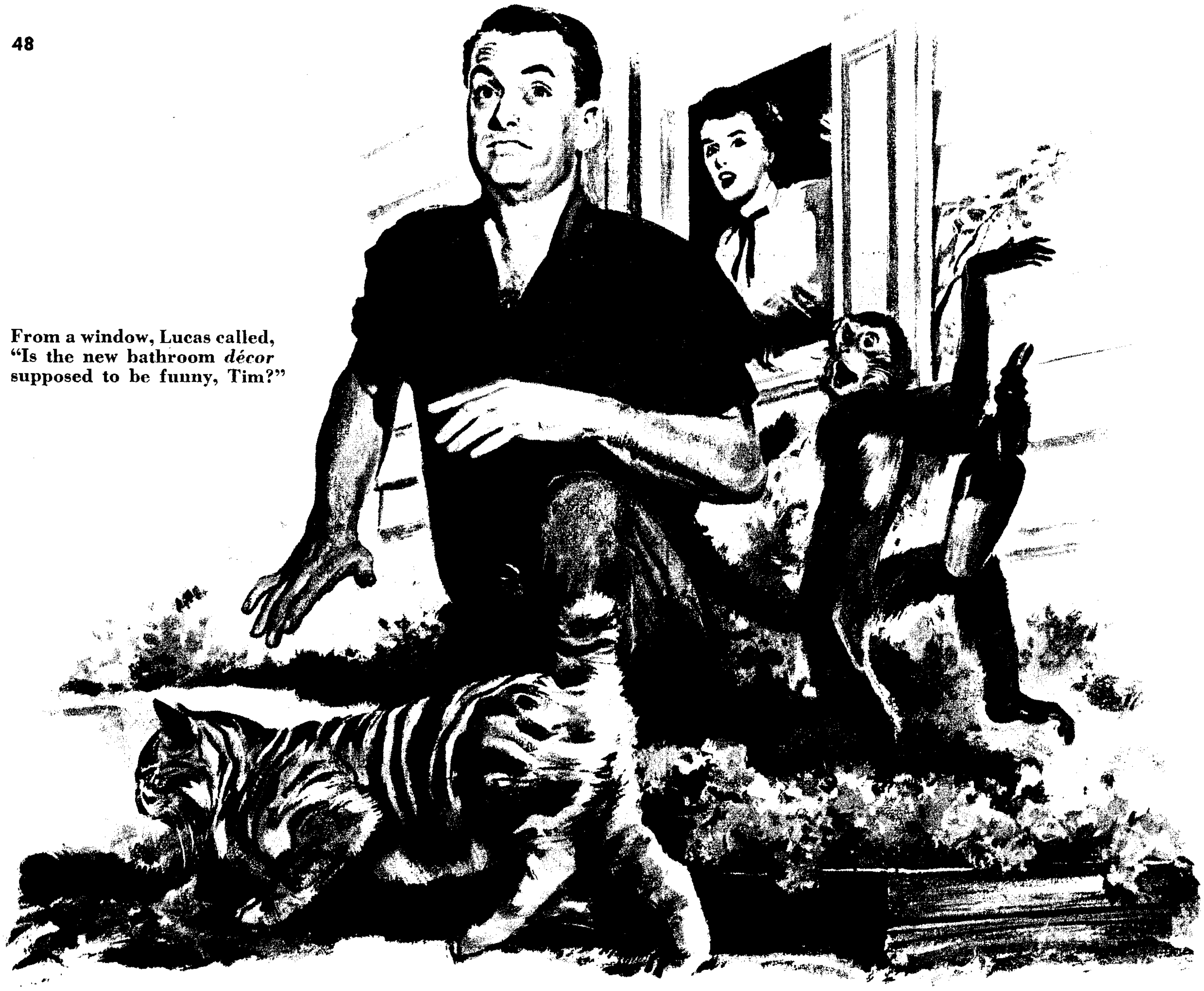


From a window, Lucas called, "Is the new bathroom *décor* supposed to be funny, Tim?"

A Very Pale Green Thumb

By RICHARD STERN

Life at the McCoy house had got more than a bit out of control—only Joe, the cat, maintained a sensible viewpoint

TIM McCOY came home early on this Friday afternoon. He put his car in the garage and went into the garden to admire his roses and pansies. But what he saw was a snail, and then another, and yet a third. He took off his coat and pushed his hat back on his head and got down on his knees to do battle. It was thus that Joe, the McCoy cat, found him.

Joe's expression was somber; his bearing indicated dignity outraged. He sat down and looked at Tim.

"Hi," Tim said. He found another snail, this one hiding among the narcissuses; he seized it and dealt with it savagely.

Joe watched without enthusiasm. He spoke once in a querulous voice. He waited.

"Bad-tempered today, that it?" Tim said. He reached out to scratch Joe's neck, but he did not look away from the flowers. He stood up. "We'll pick some for the house."

Joe spoke for the second time. It could have been a warning; it probably was not. At any rate, Tim ignored it.

It was a little difficult, with all of the pansies, and his coat over his arm, to get the back door open. He said, "Hello," to Cook, who was standing at the sink. He got no reply. Cook's temper in the afternoon was always uncertain. He went on, humming to himself, through the pantry and the dining room, Joe following him. To Lucas, his wife, who was bending over the large corner table in the living room, he said, "Hi. I got away early." He kissed the back of her neck.

She turned slowly. She saw Joe and she pointed her finger. "I thought I told you to stay outside."

"Hey," Tim said, "hey." He stood there, smiling, his hands filled with pansies. "What's up?" And then he saw what was on the table and he moved forward a step or two and bent down close.

It was a shallow bowl filled with pebbles, from which protruded a few more or less naked twigs. He examined it. "I give up." He looked at Lucas. "What is it?" Then, remembering, he said, "I thought it was Japanese *flower* arranging this Slocombe woman talked you into, you and the others."

Joe said something and Lucas said, "You be quiet." She looked at Tim. "It was. It is." In her tone there was defiance; in her expression there was something else.

Tim said, "Oh." He looked at the bowl again. "Sort of—ah—interesting." He smiled at Lucas.

"Until your cat and your monkey decided to rearrange it—"

"Oh," Tim said again. "Well, no real harm done,

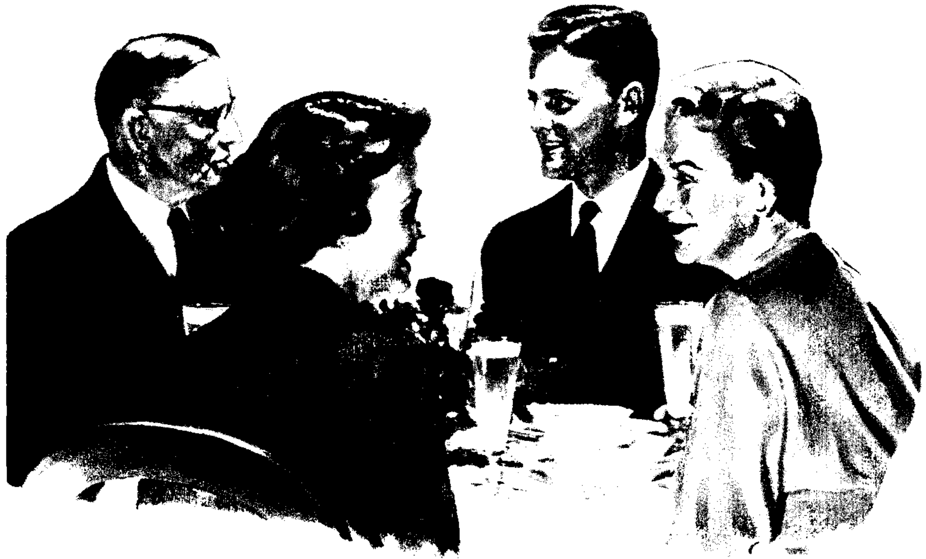
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

"The Boss comes to Dinner"

by

Douglass Crockwell

Number 93 in the series, "Home Life in America"



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BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862 is there? I mean you've got the twigs stuck back in and—it looks fine." It occurred to him that he was blundering around in unknown territory. He held out his hands to her. "I picked these for you. You can arrange them, sort of poke them in around the twigs, maybe, and . . ." He let it run down there. At least in silence there was a certain safety. Or was there? He saw no softening in Lucas' expression.

"It took me three hours to arrange this piece," she said. "You don't just stick things in—"

"A figure of speech. Not important."

She ignored him. "Your monkey is shut in the bathroom," she said and walked quickly in the direction of their bedroom.

Tim heard the door close firmly. He looked down at Joe. "You might have said something."

Joe yawned.

IN THE pantry Tim found two bowls and put the pansies in them. He carried them back into the living room, but all available space was filled with arrangements that looked as naked, he thought, as a lilac bush in winter. He went into the study and came right back out again, his hands still full. It was little short of miraculous how many shallow bowls a determined woman could fill with sticks and twigs. He went down the hall and tapped gently on the nursery door with one of the bowls.

Miss Henderson opened the door and whispered, "Thomas is asleep, Mr. McCoy."

"Good," Tim said. "I brought you some flowers."

"Pansies. How lovely. But the nursery is full of Mrs. McCoy's arrangements." She closed the door.

Tim started back down the hall again. Perhaps Cook—no, she claimed that flowers gave her hay fever. He stopped at the bathroom door and got it open.

Vincent was sitting in the washbowl, his tail wrapped around a faucet. He had a tube of tooth paste in his small hands, its possibilities almost exhausted. There was tooth paste on the mirror, tooth paste on the floor and an attractive pattern of tooth paste on the glass of the shower door. "Everybody," Tim said, "is artistic these days." He put down the bowls of pansies and set to work.

When he had finished, he stood in the doorway—Vincent riding on his shoulder—and studied the effect. The Japanese, Tim decided, had nothing on him. There were pansies tastefully arranged in the water glass and in the rack for toothbrushes; there were pansies on the dressing table. The flowers gave the bathroom a gay, festive air.

In the kitchen he heated a bowl of milk, laced it with dark rum, and set it under the stove. Joe sniffed at the brew; his whiskers twinked; his stub tail rose. He looked up at Tim and spoke once, a chirruping sound. Then he lowered his big head and his tongue began its steady beat. Vincent crowded in alongside. To Cook, Tim said, "How many stick-and-bowl arrangements do you have?"

"Three," Cook told him. She didn't turn around.

Lucas was sitting in the big chair in the bedroom when Tim went in. She lifted her face for his kiss. "I'm sorry," she said. "I was upset."

"Sure." He took off one shoe.

"I worked so hard on each of the arrangements, and Louella thinks they are very good, and then Joe—"

"Sure," Tim said again, and took off his other shoe. He pulled his shirt over his head and got off his trousers, went into his closet and came out with his work shoes, dungarees and an old red shirt. He began to put them on.

"You're going to garden," she said.

"Petunias." A note of pride crept into his voice. "Double-ruffled. I picked up a flat on the way home."

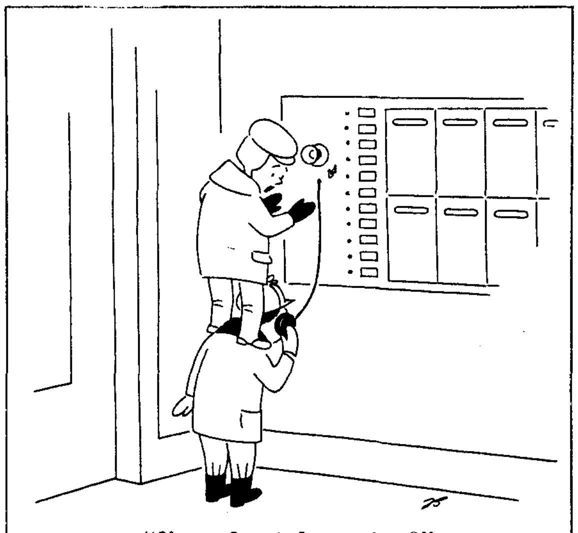
There was silence. A small piece of dried mud dropped off one of Tim's shoes onto the carpet. Lucas looked at it, watched Tim, unseeing, stand on it, grinding it neatly. He said, "Best exercise in the world, gardening."

"Once upon a time," Lucas said, "you played golf."

"Silly game," he said and went out.

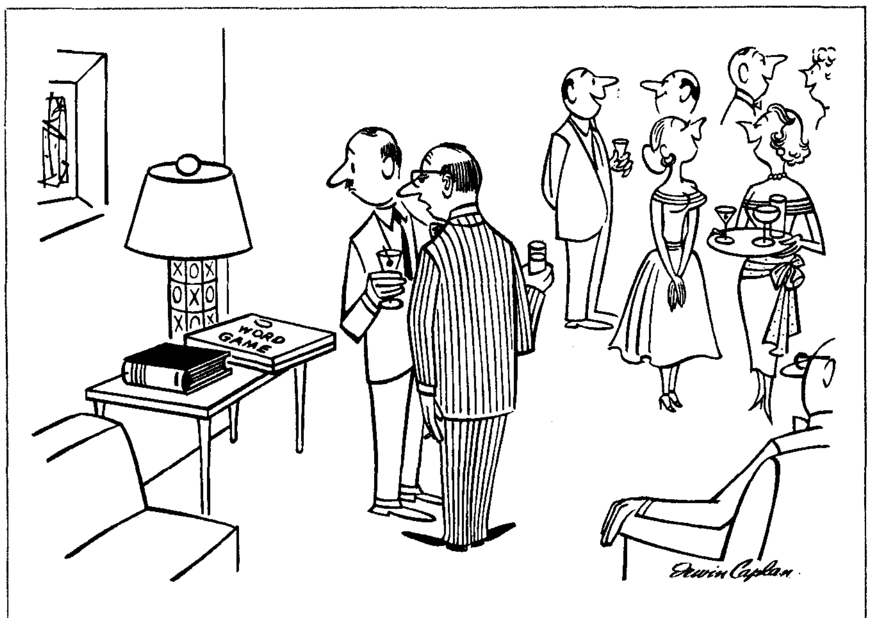
In the kitchen, Joe and Vincent had finished their punch, were engaged in their bath. Tim looked at them and said, "I think you'd better come with me, fellows. Outside."

He got the flat of petunias out of the trunk of the car and stuck his trowel in his pocket. Joe strolled beside him. Tim said, "It's not a game. You hear?" He got down and dug his first hole. Joe moved up to examine it. Tim turned to the flat.



"*Now* what is he saying?"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW



"Oh, oh, they've got the dictionary out. It's going to be one of *those* evenings"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Vincent was squatting beside the box. Tim cut a plant loose with great care and then put down the trowel. Vincent picked it up and fled in triumph. "Come back here!" Tim said.

Vincent kept his distance, still holding the trowel aloft. "All right," Tim said. He turned back to the hole. "Now, look," he said to Joe.

Joe's judgment of the hole was plain. With the attitude of a man who does his duty by the community, he was raking the dirt back into the hole with his paw. He looked up at Tim and spoke once, accusingly.

Vincent had approached from the rear. He beat the trowel against the flat; he raised it aloft, point down, and plunged it into the plants as Tim had done, raised it for another stroke—

From a window Lucas called, "Is the new bathroom *décor* supposed to be funny?"

It was impossible to look in three directions at once, but he tried, and failed. He said slowly, "It was that or the middle of the living-room floor. I grew them, in the face of odds, and I'm proud of them, and—" He was, he realized, talking to himself; Lucas was gone. He looked around. The trowel was gone too. So was Vincent. So was Joe. So was the hole. He remained there, motionless, for as long as it took to count slowly to ten.

AFTER breakfast, he sat at the table with the newspaper and his third cup of coffee and a cigarette. Cook came in from the kitchen. "Are you through?"

He got up and carried coffee, ash tray and paper into the study. Lucas said, "Please, Tim, not here. I'm trying to concentrate." She was standing in front of a large shallow bowl, a leafed branch in her hand. She made a tentative motion with the branch, and then placed it in the center of the bowl, studied it and took it out again.

"Marvelous," Tim said.

She set the branch down on the desk. "You don't understand." She paused. "You think it's silly. Well, it isn't. It isn't any sillier than your grubbing around in the dirt and tracking it through the house and tearing up the lawn to plant more flowers than we can use and . . ." She stopped for breath.

"Let's start all over," Tim said. His tone was gentle. "Let's back up and take another run at it."

"Well," Lucas said, "Louella has taught us all she knows, all she learned in Japan while the colonel was stationed there. And now—now we're having a competition, all of us; there's even a little piece in the paper about it." She paused. "Anyhow, what I'm trying now is a five-leaf aspidistra."

Tim began to cough.

"There," Lucas said. "You see? Why don't you just laugh out loud? Why don't you—" She stopped. She stamped one foot. "Will you go away?"

"I hear," Tim said. "I obey." And he walked out into the yard. Joe was sitting in the sun on what was left of the lawn. He appeared to be surveying his domain with a critical eye.

"Hi," Tim said. He looked around at the garden. It seemed to have changed, altered subtly. The roses didn't look quite so handsome as they had the night before, and it seemed to him, oddly enough, that there were pansies all over the place, enough pansies to fill a dozen houses. He wondered why this had not been evident before.

Joe stood up and stalked off in the direction of the pool. Tim watched him. And then, in sudden decision, he turned away and walked to the garage and got into his car.

IN THE locker room at the club, Henry, the attendant, said, "Long time, Mr. McCoy."

"I've been too busy for golf," Tim said. He wondered why he had come, and decided that it was merely because no other destination had occurred to him.

"Course is in good shape," Henry said. "Got some new members too. Some very nice gentlemen. Colonel Slocombe, now—"

Tim asked, "He's here?"

"Number ninety-three," Henry said.

The colonel was stocky, with close-clipped graying hair. He shook Tim's hand. "Glad to know you."

Tim sat down on the bench. He said, "My wife has taken up Japanese flower arranging."

"Oh," the colonel said. "Condolences." He sighed. "Women get ideas."

Tim nodded slowly, solemnly.

"Louella," the colonel said and then stopped. He took off his shirt and sat with it in his hands, looking at it. "Three years is a long time—in Japan. Where we were, there wasn't much for her to do. She studied this flower arranging." He looked at Tim. "I don't know how much she knows about it, but we had sticks stuck in bowls all over the house." He paused.

Tim opened his mouth, then shut it.

"At that," the colonel said, "I suppose it's no sillier than some of the stuff we do." He paused. "Once—this was a long time ago—I grew vegetables. They weren't very good vegetables and I finally figured out they were costing me about two dollars a pound—all but the radishes, that is." He was silent for a moment or two, looking into the past. "I went what you might call radish-mad. I grew them all over the place, more than we and the neighbors *and* the noncommissioned-officers' mess could eat. Even the rabbits—and there were a lot of rabbits around there—laid off after a while."

Tim allowed this to drift through his mind, and then he said slowly, "I knew a fellow once who raised pansies." He stood up. "His name was McCoy." He looked down at the colonel. "My handicap is—was ten. If you don't have a game. . ."

"I'll see you on the tee," the colonel said. . . .

It was late afternoon when Tim got

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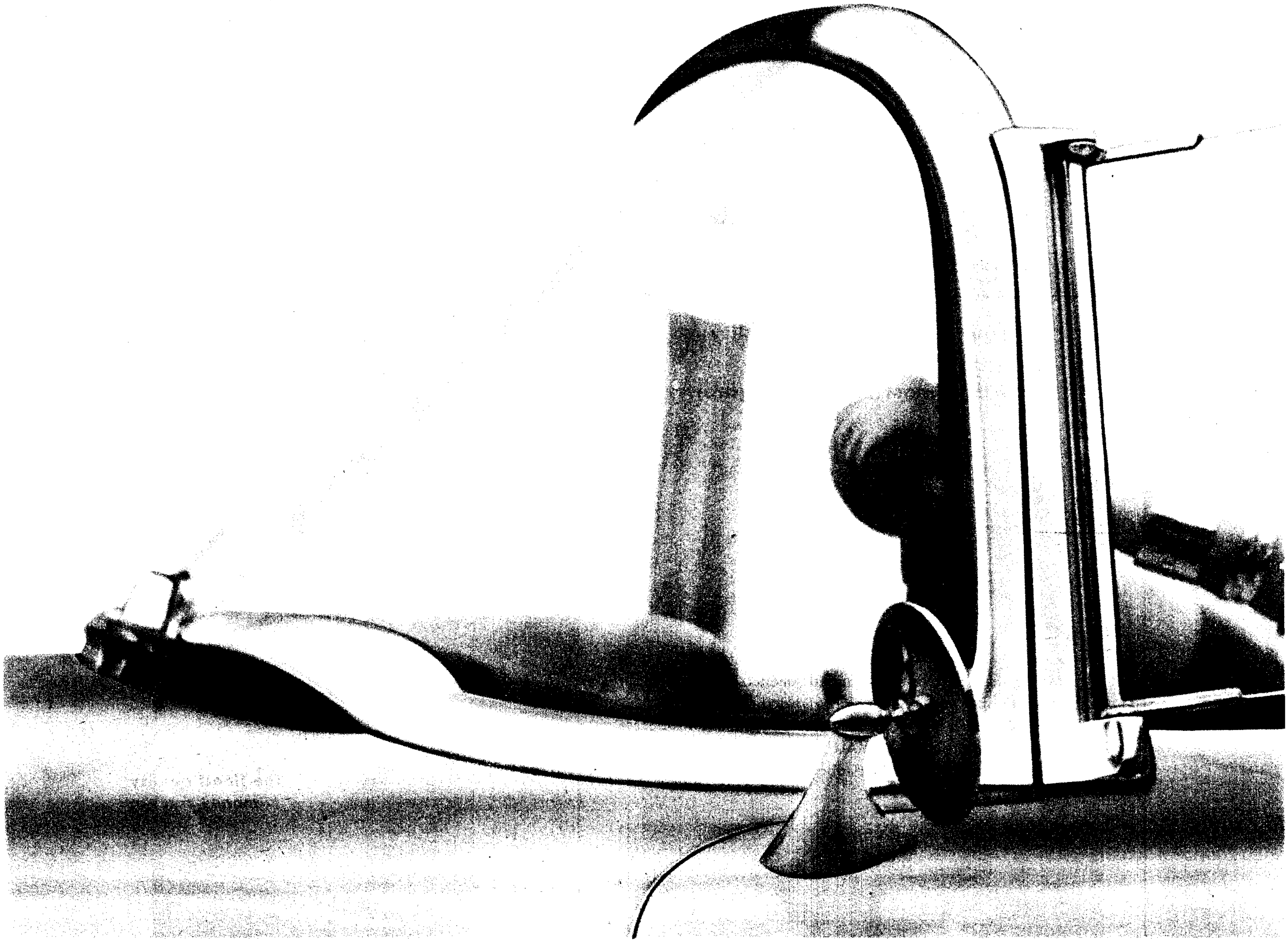

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home—feeling, he decided, better than he had felt in some time, easier in both mind and body, which was strange. Lucas' car was gone. He put his own in the garage and strolled toward the house, past the garden. Looking back on the gardening craze now, it was hard to remember just how it had begun, harder to understand how it had got so far out of hand. He thought fleetingly of the colonel's radishes, and smiled.

Sooner or later, he decided, you saw your excesses reflected in someone else—as he had been brought to see his in Lucas' current enthusiasm. And that too, of course, would pass, in time. The trick was to wait it out, as Lucas had done with him, and offer no resistance or criticism which might do no more than stiffen determination. There was no other way.

He had come to the back door and he said, "Hi, fellows."

Joe was bunched up, chin on forepaws, eyes narrowed and unblinking; his expression was without contentment. Vincent stood up. He spread his arms and declaimed in his high, squeaky voice, detailing his grievances. And then he sat down, clasped his knees with his hands and wrapped his tail around himself like a cloak. They both watched Tim.

"Still in exile?" Tim said. "That isn't good." He was at peace with the world; his friendliness was a sturdy force surmounting all obstacles, depreciating all dangers. He opened the door. "We'll all have a drink." He took pleasure in the sudden rise and lift of Joe's stub tail, in the expression of bright interest in Vincent's eyes. Tim led the way into the kitchen.

COOK was not there; at this hour she'd be resting in her little house at the back of the garden. The loneliness of the kitchen was a joy. Tim heated milk, laced it heavily with dark rum, set the bowl under the stove and knelt down to watch Joe and Vincent drink greedily, side by side. "Have at it, fellows." Their tongues beat steadily. Tim went into the pantry and made a highball for himself, carried it into the living room and sat down. He was still there when the telephone rang.

Lucas said, "Has he come yet?" In the background there was the confused sound of women's voices."

"Who?"

"The man," Lucas said, "for the aspidistra arrangement." And her voice rose a trifle. "We're about to leave for the judging and he was supposed to pick it up, and—oh, Tim, hasn't he?"

"Take it easy," Tim said. "I'll go see." Just as he reached the study door he remembered—and he almost jumped into the room.

Joe was on the floor beside the desk, crouched, his rump high. Tim stared at him, then looked at Vincent who sat quietly in a chair, saying nothing. But the large shallow bowl stood on the desk and the aspidistra rose from it in all its leafed glory, showing no signs of wear or tear. Tim let his breath out in a long, relieved sigh. He was reaching for the telephone when the doorbell rang, and he glanced quickly out the window and saw a strange station wagon in the drive. "Your man's here now," he said into the telephone. "I think. Hang on." He picked up the bowl as if it were a jewel of price and headed for the door.

To the man from the station wagon he said, "You know how to carry this? It's—it's important."

"Yeah," the man said wearily. "I know. I already got nine of them." He put a white card in the bowl. It read: *Mrs. McCoy*. He took the bowl from Tim's hands, looked at it for a moment and then looked at Tim. He shook his head and turned away.

Tim went back to the telephone. "He's just left. He took it with him. You can relax."

"Was it—I mean, did it look all right, Tim?"

"It looked fine."

There was a pause. "You aren't just teasing, Tim. You really think so?"

"Cross my heart," he said. And then, because this was the time and there would never be another one so good, he added, "I'm sorry I teased you before. I was just—" He couldn't say his pride had been hurt—pride in pansies: How ridiculous could a man be?

"It doesn't matter," Lucas said. Her voice was gentle, grateful.

"I—I played golf this afternoon."

"Did you? I'm glad." And then her voice began to change again, the apprehension returning. "I won't be long, an hour maybe. The judging, all those people watching— Oh, I wish I were home now, Tim."

"So do I." He hesitated, but she said nothing. "Good luck," he said.

"Thank you, Tim." Her voice sounded as if she meant it.

He hung up slowly. He picked up his highball and sat with it for a time, motionless, still smiling, thinking that some men were more fortunate than others in their wives. It was a pretty involved thought, but the main point was that he and Lucas had satisfaction and pride and warmth, which added up to compatibility. He stood up, feeling very good.

Tim saw then that Vincent was still in the chair, still motionless. Joe's rump and stub tail protruded from beneath the desk. There was a rustling sound, a scraping of claws on the bare floor. "What've you got?" Tim said. "A mouse?" And still there was no real comprehension, only the warmth and the relaxed feeling and the sound of Lucas' voice still in his mind.

Joe backed slowly out from under the desk. He chirruped. He made a sudden stab with one curled forepaw. Something came out from under the desk, something long and raggedly leafed—a mutilated aspidistra branch. Joe flung it into the air, sprang after it, turning, twisting, striking rapidly, right paw, left paw, spinning it this way and that before it touched the floor.

Tim said, "Oh, no!" thinking of the man with the station wagon, the way the man had looked, had appeared to be on the point of saying something—the man who had already collected nine arrangements and had seen what they should be like. And he, Tim, had been enjoying his drink; there had been ample time for Joe to pluck out a branch, perhaps knock the others askew. Maybe a small breath of air had stirred the leaves, making them appear alive, a challenge . . .

Joe crouched, his big head lowered, his chin almost touching the floor. He wiggled his rear. He charged, caught the branch as he passed, carried it with him in his rush, flung it high into the air and then leaped up after it.

Vincent jumped up and down in his chair, applauding wildly.

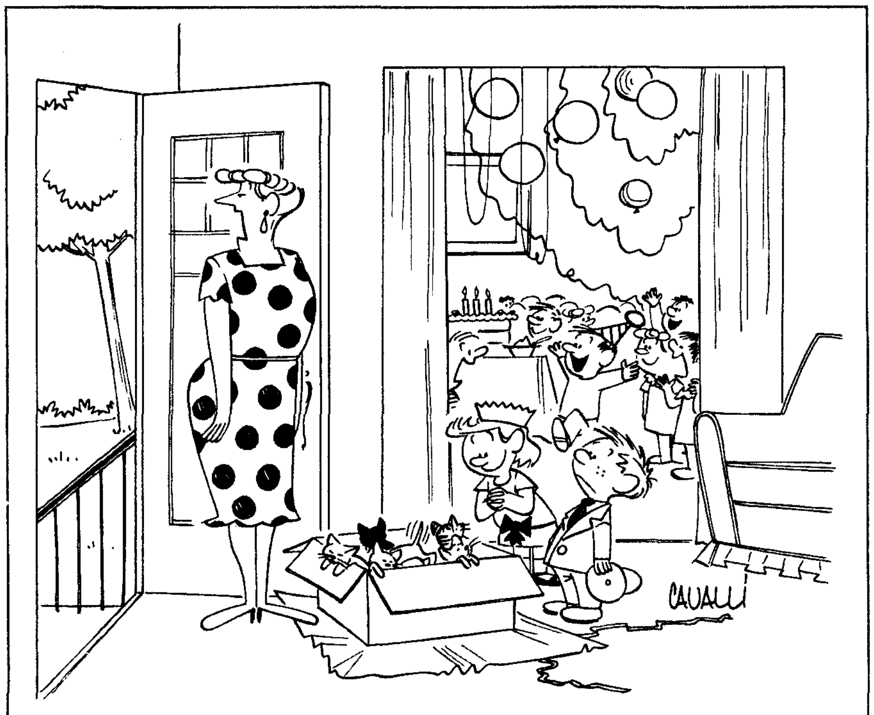
TIM remembered his assurance to Lucas that everything was all right, that the arrangement looked fine. "Oh," he said.

He grabbed the telephone book, searched through its pages and dialed. He listened dully to the ringing in the empty Slocombe house. They had been just on the point of leaving, Lucas had said. Going where?

Tim thought: The paper! But the article was brief. The only address given was the Slocombe house.

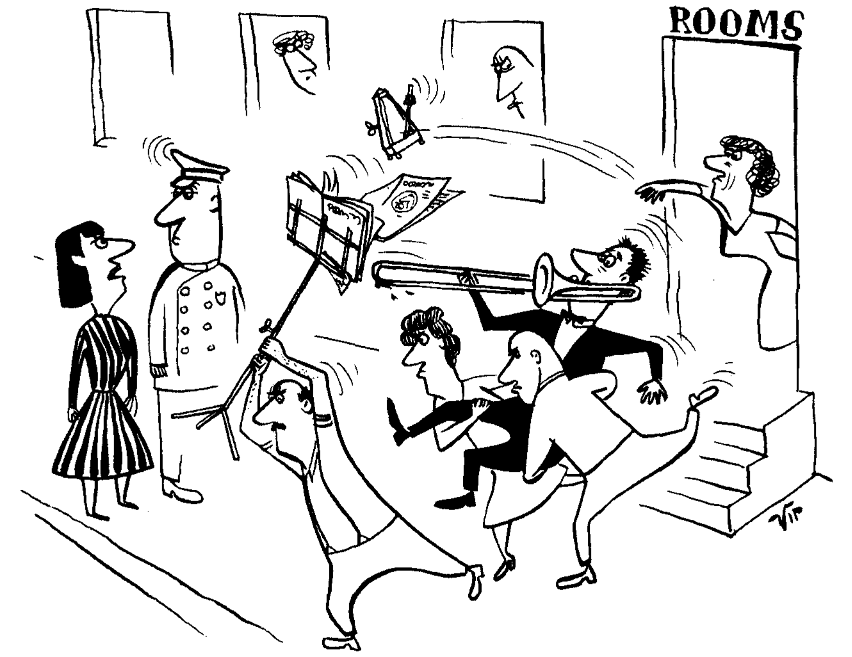
Tim sat down. He picked up his highball glass, took one long swallow, set it down empty. Joe came back to the branch again, which he had abandoned. He picked it up in his hooked paw, sniffed at it, dropped it. It lay still. He looked at Tim. Tim nodded. "It's dead," he said, wishing for the moment that the same might be said of him. "You killed it, son. You sure did." He sat there, motionless. Vincent got down from his chair, crept across the carpet, climbed up Tim's leg and on up to his shoulder, where he wrapped one small arm and his tail around Tim's neck. He squeaked softly, consolingly.

Joe yawned. He lifted his forepaw and regarded it pridefully, working the hooked claws in and out. He strolled



"You must thank Philip for his lovely gift, Carol. Isn't that your father I see running down the street, Philip?"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI



"Mr. Brunies really does get carried away with his music"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

over to the chair. He looked at Tim. Tim said, "It's not your fault. You're what you are." He considered this. "So am I, I guess—not right bright." He sighed. He pulled one of Vincent's legs gently, and reached down to scratch the big muscles of Joe's shoulders. "I'm afraid, fellows, that there's going to be the devil to pay." They watched him in silence. "I think another drink would be a sound idea—for all of us."

THEY sat, the three of them, in the study, Tim's empty highball glass at his elbow, the empty milk-and-rum bowl on the floor. The mutilated aspidistra branch lay in the center of the rug. They heard the car drive in, the garage door close, the slow footsteps coming through the house. Vincent whimpered and ran to hide under the desk. Only his head—bright eyes beneath a black skullcap—protruded. Joe sat where he was in stolid patience. Tim called, "Hello, dear."

Lucas walked into the room. She carried a bag which she laid on the desk. Slowly she began to remove one glove. Then she saw the branch on the rug. "So there it is," she said. She looked at Tim. Vincent ducked behind the desk. Joe watched, warily.

Tim said, "I didn't find it until I'd hung up. The man was gone. I tried to call you, but there wasn't any answer." It was not defense, not even a listing of extenuating circumstances. "I let the boys in and I didn't keep an eye on them." He was silent for a moment or two. "I'm sorry. I meant what I said on the telephone. I—" He stopped.

In the silence, Vincent peeked out. He rolled his eyes up toward Lucas' face. And then, strangely, unaccountably, he came all the way out, slowly, fearfully, crept across the floor to Joe's side and sat there, huddled close.

Lucas had her other glove off now. She smoothed them both, set them down on the desk. She picked up the bag and opened it. She stood there, looking straight at Tim. "I spent five hours on that arrangement."

"I know," Tim said. "I'm sorry. Joe's sorry." He looked at Joe. Joe's expression was not even vaguely apologetic.

Lucas put her hand in her purse. She took out a small piece of something, something blue. She held it up for them all to see. "Five hours," she said. "And Joe probably spent five seconds on the rearrangement." She paused. "We won first prize. Louella said that she had never seen such grace, such originality, such—" She stopped. She was blinking hard, but still the tears came. "How silly can you be, Tim? How ridiculous can you make yourself, fooling with stuff you don't know anything about, taking it seriously and then finding that other people don't know any more about it than you do, or less?"

"I don't know," Tim said. He just sat there, unable to identify his feelings; they were confused, all mixed up, but he was smiling, and that, really, was all that mattered. And Lucas was beginning to smile too. "I asked myself those same questions," Tim said, "just this morning, and again this afternoon, after I'd played golf."

"Did you?"

He nodded. He stood up. "I'll get you a drink."

"Wait," Lucas said. She took her hat off and tossed it on the desk. "I think for all hands—for us, and for the boys too." She bent down and picked up the mutilated branch, worked with it and then held it out, the blue ribbon fluttering from the stem. "Here, Joe. It's yours. You won first prize." She dropped the branch, straightened, took Tim's arm and pressed it tight. "Do you think I could learn to play golf?"

"I know you could," Tim said. Everything was all right; he and Lucas were together again and that was all that mattered. "With your determination—" He stopped and they smiled at each other.

Lucas said, "Look."

Joe was sniffing at the ribbon, at the branch. He looked up. He spoke once, gravely.

"You're right," Tim said, "absolutely right. It's dead as can be. The ribbon just proves it." He took hold of Lucas' arm and they started toward the door. Joe hurried around them, walked on ahead, stub tail high, pacing with solid dignity. And then Vincent went running to the head of the procession. He had the branch in one hand. He beat time in the manner of a drum major with a baton. The blue ribbon fluttered.

"There are times," Lucas said, "when I think, when I'm sure, that Joe is smarter than we are."

Tim nodded gravely. "Amen."

—RICHARD STERN

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Ol' Man

A little-known river that jus

UNLESS something is done during the next 20 years or so, the Mississippi River will leave its course some 320 miles upstream from the Gulf of Mexico, and flow off into a little-known river called the Atchafalaya *(a-CHAFF-ah-LIE-a).* If that came about, Ol' Man River would leave the great port of New Orleans high and dry. The sleepy little town of Morgan City (population 9,759)—about 125 air miles west of New Orleans—conceivably would then arise from a devastating flood to become the biggest southern port in the U.S.

According to the U.S. Army's Corps of Engineers, in charge of Mississippi flood control, the Atchafalaya's threat is not only real, it is growing greater every year.

Today about 23 per cent of the Mississippi's wa-

On this section of model of the Mississippi, Ol' Man River is the wide green curving band coming down on the right. Where it turns to left sharply, at top of red-dyed swampland, 23 per cent of its flow runs into Old River. From there it runs down into the Atchafalaya (green). Model was built by Army Engineers

Hydraulic engineer John Franco opens model of proposed sluice gate at point

Atchafalaya?

keeps rolling may reduce the mighty Mississippi to a trickle

ters runs into the Atchafalaya by way of a short branch known as Old River. The percentage is constantly rising. When the Atchafalaya has stolen 40 per cent of the Mississippi's flow, it will be too late to stop it. Brigadier General John R. Hardin, president of the Mississippi River Commission and division engineer for the Army at Vicksburg, figures that the slow theft will be accomplished by the mid-1970s, unless a major flood speeds the process into sudden catastrophe. But the Engineers have a plan to arrest the process within 10 years.

The Mississippi's levee system cannot adequately handle the river's periodic major floods. When they occur, the levees can be counted on to hold in check only about half of the Mississippi's raging waters. The other half has to be shifted elsewhere. Under present conditions, the Mississippi during major rampage is drained off at three points: into Lake Pontchartrain, north of New Orleans; into the newly constructed Morganza Floodway, just above Baton Rouge; and into the Atchafalaya itself.

But the Atchafalaya poses a problem. It must be kept open to drain off the Mississippi's floodwaters. Yet while it is open, it is kidnaping the Mississippi. Ideally, what is needed is a system which would do two things: hold the kidnaping process in check during the Mississippi's normal flow; and let the Atchafalaya take about half the Mississippi's waters during a flood. The Engineers' plan would accomplish both these objects.

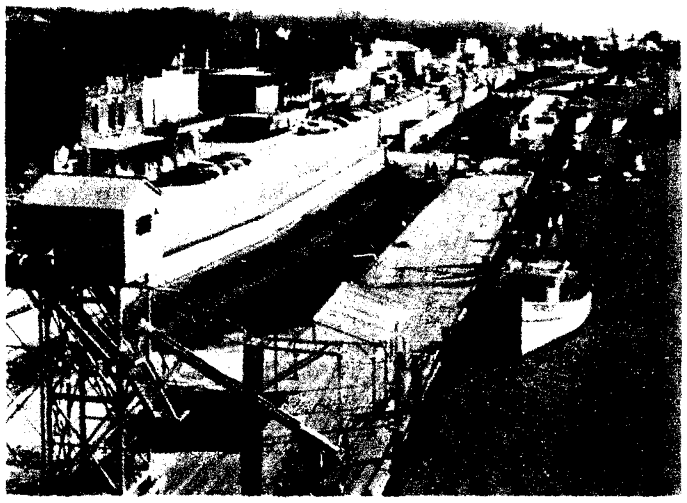
They propose to build sluice gates at the point where the Mississippi flows into the branch that leads into the Atchafalaya. The gates could be opened and shut like colossal faucets. With this system the Atchafalaya could be opened just enough to handle floodwaters, or closed just enough to keep the bigger river in its place during normal flow. The Mississippi would stay where people are used to seeing it.

Work on the vital sluice gates has not begun yet. Only the model for them (pictured on these pages) exists. But the Engineers have asked Congress to authorize eight to ten million dollars as a first installment on the project.

If the job is not undertaken soon, the River Commission and the Engineers fear that someday folks will find the Mississippi has dwindled to a trickle from a point a little above Baton Rouge all the way to New Orleans. Folks up North will then be steaming down the Atchafalaya to way down yonder in Morgan City. And nobody will want to sing about that.

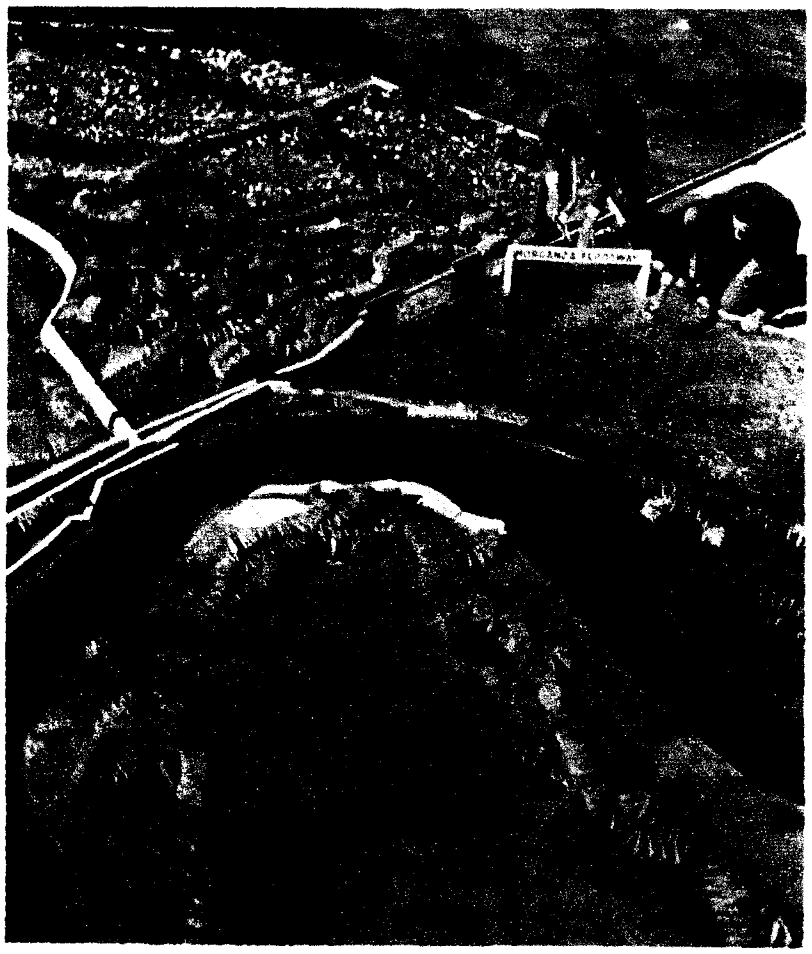
—BERN KEATING

New Orleans, looking north across Mississippi



Sleepy Morgan City could become a bustling port

where Mississippi flows into Old River, which carries water toward Atchafalaya. Gate would be half mile from Mississippi and fifty miles north of Baton Rouge



Engineers dye water to show Mississippi's excess flowing through gate. Model is of newly built Morganza sluiceway

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BERN KEATING

RUSSIA UNCENSORED

Do the Soviet People

In a nation of many contrasts, the author encountered a typical contradiction in the

By MARSHALL MACDUFFIE

EVER since my recent return to America from a 65-day visit to the Soviet Union, I have been asked again and again what the Russian people think about war and peace. It's a difficult question to answer.

There are two tremendous conflicting currents running through the U.S.S.R. The first is a propaganda-stimulated but unquestionably sincere desire for peace on the part of virtually all Soviet citizens. Wherever I went in the Soviet Union, the word "peace" continually assailed my eye and my ear.

In Moscow's one synagogue, there were "peace" prayers displayed on both sides of the pulpit, one in Hebrew and one in Russian. In Baku, 1,000 miles away, a 70,000-seat stadium was decorated only with pictures of Lenin and Stalin and with two huge banners, one in Azerbaijani and one in Russian, reading "Peace for the World." When I interviewed the famous Soviet biochemist, Alexander I. Oparin, I noticed that he wore two badges in his lapel—a Picasso "peace dove" and a tiny scroll inscribed "Peace for the World."

In Kiev, an official of the Ministry of Culture told me, "My father and mother and two brothers were killed by the Germans. People in the United States have not fully felt the impact of war, but every Russian has been touched by death and injury. How can we desire anything but peace?" In Baku, an intense young poet asked, "Do we have any bases near American territory? We speak of peace, not of fear. We saw how awful war was. We want peace because we want to live happily."

In Stalingrad, a newspaper editor said to me, "This city knows war, yet you have not heard any air-raid sirens while you were here. I understand the sirens blow in air-raid drills in New York." The principal of a school in Moscow baited me with, "I have read how pupils in the United States are being taught to lie on the floor in their classrooms to avoid injury in an atomic attack."

Whenever I tried to explain to ordinary Russian citizens that American war fears are prompted by Soviet actions abroad, they expressed astonishment; and I was constantly berated for U.S. defense preparations. A conversation I had with a group of court officials in Moscow was typical. One inspector said, "The United States has sent so many soldiers to foreign countries that if you had just one soldier at each base, you would still have a big army." He added, "We have no soldiers near the borders of your country."

I replied, "No, but there have been reports of Soviet planes over Western territory and reports of submarines in our waters." To which the inspector snapped back, "The American newspapers have also said that the sky is full of Russian saucers—but we use them better in the kitchen."

It was then that an elderly court employee made a remark that summed up the response of most of the Russians I talked to. He said, "In the Soviet Union we have no time for war. We must build, not destroy."

But, taken alone, Soviet "peace" talk is misleading—because it's only one of the two main undercurrents in Russian life today. The other flows directly counter to it. The Soviet Union often seemed to me to be a vast armed camp, teeming with soldiers. In Moscow and Minsk they were everywhere, and in other cities I could scarcely enter a restaurant without noticing that very many—perhaps a quarter—of the patrons were officers. The trains were filled with Red Army troops. One Western businessman told me in Moscow, "I've been in twenty-two capitals of the world, and I've never seen such a high proportion of soldiers."

There were brand-new jet fighters lined up on the civilian airports in Leningrad and Baku (near Finland and Iran respectively); and in the mountains of the Caucasus, not far from the Turkish border, I saw a military base jammed with gleaming twin-engine jet planes. There also were jets in the sky over Moscow and Tiflis.

I'm not sure what, if any, significance to attach to the planes and their location—but I am sure that they were built with the U.S. in mind. The Soviet propaganda machine constantly identifies Americans as the enemy. I saw one movie in which villainous-looking spies shed unmistakable U.S. Army uniforms and then infiltrated across the border into Soviet Central Asia, presumably from Afghanistan. They were tracked down by heroic Soviet border guards—in the approved fashion of our own Western movies. (It was startling, however, to see Americans cast as "bad guys.")

Of the two contradictory points of view—on the one hand, the expressed desire for peace; on the other, the grim readiness for war and the vicious anti-American propaganda—which represents the true feelings of the Russian people?

There's no question that the common people of the U.S.S.R. are sincere in their desire for peace—as are the common people of every nation in the world. But in the Soviet Union this normal hatred of war has been pumped up by the unrelenting propaganda campaign into something close to fanaticism. Peace is an obsession with the Russians. I believe the Kremlin leaders may be counting on their ability to switch this obsessive desire for peace into a feeling of righteous rage in a future emergency, by charging that some nation has broken the peace every Russian holds dear. The groundwork has already been laid by the concurrent propaganda drive depicting American leaders as warmongers and criminals.

If the Russian rulers did want to prepare their people for war, they might choose that very method. The Soviet people, incessantly indoctrinated over the years, seem to believe their government is incapable of starting a war; judging from the discussions I had, if they were told the United States was the aggressor in any future struggle most of them would accept the statement without question. Time after time, Russians said to me, "The Soviet Union has never attacked any other nation." When I asked, "How about Finland?"

Marshall MacDuffie is an American lawyer and former U.S. government official who recently returned from a 10,000-mile, 65-day trip around both European and Asiatic Russia. During his tour he spoke to many hundreds of Russians and took copious photographs and notes, none of which were censored by Soviet authorities. This article is the last of a series of four which MacDuffie has written for Collier's

Soviet citizens are of many nationalities—but all seem to agree about war

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SCHOOL CHILD in Moscow

Expect to Go to War?

popular attitude toward war. Russians are in favor of peace—aggressively in favor

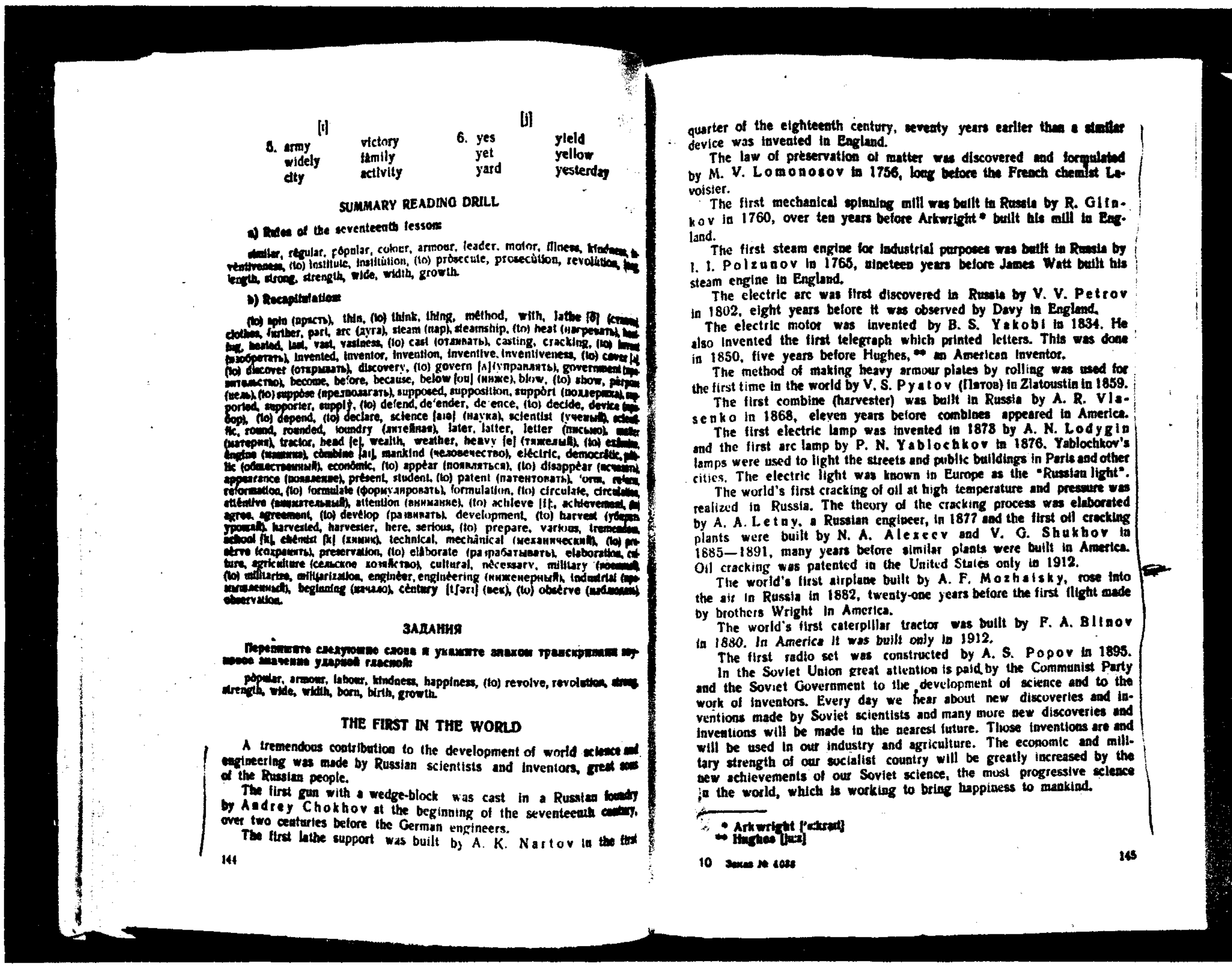
HOUSEWIFE in Zaporozhe

LAWYER in Alma-Ata

FARM BOSS in Gori

BALLERINA in Baku

PEASANT in Tashkent



[ı]
8. army victory
widely fàmily
city activity

[j]
6. yes yield
yet yellow
yard yesterday

SUMMARY READING DRILL

a) Rules of the seventeenth lesson:

similar, règular, pòpular, colour, armour, leader, motor, illness, kindness, inventiveness, (to) institute, institùtion, (to) pròsecute, prosecùtion, revolùtion, long, length, strong, strength, wide, width, growth.

b) Recapitulation:

(to) spin (прясть), thin, (to) think, thing, mèthod, with, lathe [ð] (станок), clothes, further, part, arc (дуга), steam (пар), steamship, (to) heat (нагревать), heating, heated, last, vast, vastness, (to) cast (отливать), casting, cracking, (to) invent (изобретать), invented, inventor, invention, inventive, inventiveness, (to) cover [ʌ], (to) discover (открывать), discovery, (to) govern [ʌ] (управлять), government (правительство), become, before, because, below [ou] (ниже), blow, (to) show, purpose (цель), (to) suppòse (предполагать), supposed, supposition, suppòrt (поддержка), supported, supporter, supply, (to) defend, defender, defence, (to) decide, device (прибор), (to) depend, (to) declare, science [aiə] (наука), scientist (учёный), scientific, round, rounded, foundry (литейная), later, latter, letter (письмо), matter (материя), tractor, head [e], wealth, weather, heavy [e] (тяжелый), (to) examine, engine (машина), combìne [ai], mankind (человечество), elèctric, democràtic, public (общественный), econòmic, (to) appèar (появляться), (to) disappèar (исчезать), appearance (появление), prèsent, student, (to) patent (патентовать), form, reform, reformation, (to) formulate (формулировать), formulation, (to) circulate, circulation, attèntive (внимательный), attention (внимание), (to) achieve [i:], achievement, (to) agree, agreement, (to) devèlop (развивать), development, (to) harvest (убирать урожай), harvested, harvester, here, serious, (to) prepare, various, tremendous, school [k], chèmist [k] (химик), technical, mechànical (механический), (to) presèrve (сохранять), preservation, (to) elàborate (разрабатывать), elaboration, culture, agriculture (сельское хозяйство), cultural, nècessary, military (военный), (to) militarize, militarization, enginèer, enginèering (инженерный), industrial (промышленный), beginning (начало), cèntury [tʃəri] (век), (to) obsèrve (наблюдать), observation.

ЗАДАНИЯ

Перепишите следующие слова и укажите знаком транскрипции нужное значение ударной гласной:

pòpular, armour, labour, kindness, happiness, (to) revolve, revolution, strong, strength, wide, width, born, birth, growth.

THE FIRST IN THE WORLD

A tremendous contribution to the development of world science and engineering was made by Russian scientists and inventors, great sons of the Russian people.

The first gun with a wedge-block was cast in a Russian foundry by Andrey Chokhov at the beginning of the seventeenth century, over two centuries before the German engineers.

The first lathe support was built by A. K. Nartov in the first

144

quarter of the eighteenth century, seventy years earlier than a similar device was invented in England.

The law of preservation of matter was discovered and formulated by M. V. Lomonosov in 1756, long before the French chemist Lavoisier.

The first mechanical spinning mill was built in Russia by R. Glinkov in 1760, over ten years before Arkwright* built his mill in England.

The first steam engine for industrial purposes was built in Russia by I. I. Polzunov in 1765, nineteen years before James Watt built his steam engine in England.

The electric arc was first discovered in Russia by V. V. Petrov in 1802, eight years before it was observed by Davy in England.

The electric motor was invented by B. S. Yakobi in 1834. He also invented the first telegraph which printed letters. This was done in 1850, five years before Hughes,** an American inventor.

The method of making heavy armour plates by rolling was used for the first time in the world by V. S. Pyatov (Пятов) in Zlatoustin in 1859.

The first combine (harvester) was built in Russia by A. R. Vlasenko in 1868, eleven years before combines appeared in America.

The first electric lamp was invented in 1878 by A. N. Lodygin and the first arc lamp by P. N. Yablochkov in 1876. Yablochkov's lamps were used to light the streets and public buildings in Paris and other cities. The electric light was known in Europe as the "Russian light".

The world's first cracking of oil at high temperature and pressure was realized in Russia. The theory of the cracking process was elaborated by A. A. Letny, a Russian engineer, in 1877 and the first oil cracking plants were built by N. A. Alexeev and V. G. Shukhov in 1885—1891, many years before similar plants were built in America. Oil cracking was patented in the United States only in 1912.

The world's first airplane built by A. F. Mozhaisky, rose into the air in Russia in 1882, twenty-one years before the first flight made by brothers Wright in America.

The world's first caterpillar tractor was built by F. A. Blinov in *1880. In America it was built only in* 1912.

The first radio set was constructed by A. S. Popov in 1895.

In the Soviet Union great attention is paid by the Communist Party and the Soviet Government to the development of science and to the work of inventors. Every day we hear about new discoveries and inventions made by Soviet scientists and many more new discoveries and inventions will be made in the nearest future. Those inventions are and will be used in our industry and agriculture. The economic and military strength of our socialist country will be greatly increased by the new achievements of our Soviet science, the most progressive science in the world, which is working to bring happiness to mankind.

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* Arkwright ['ɑ:krait]
** Hughes [hju:z]

10 Заказ № 4036 145

Author found an English textbook in which the Russians boast of inventing everything from radio to reaper

they always replied, "Finland was encouraged by France and England to attack the Soviet Union." They seemed to find nothing illogical in the picture of a nation of 4,000,000 people attacking a nation of 193,000,000.

In the light of the double-barreled propaganda campaign, one of the most thought-provoking sights I saw in the Soviet Union was a poster on the wall of a clubhouse in Aktyubinsk in Central Asia. It read: *"We are not afraid of any threats of aggression—and we will return double blows against any blow that unleashes a new war."*

The sharp contrast between the "peace" campaign and the Hate-the-West drive is just one of a great many contradictions I encountered in the Soviet Union. It's a land of incongruities—a combination of ancient and modern, European and Asiatic, the colorful and the drab. One of the inconsistencies, not surprisingly, was between what I had anticipated and what I found. Another was between what I was led to expect after I arrived and what I actually saw when I had a chance to investigate for myself.

Resthouses Illustrate Contrast

A good example is the much-touted Soviet resthouse, an institution of which the Russians are so proud that—from a Westerner's point of view, at least—they exaggerate its delights inordinately. "The resthouses," they told me everywhere, "are country retreats where people can enjoy inexpensive—even free—vacations." From all the talk, I thought they must be something like the exotic resorts of the Western World. Finally, just outside of Kiev, I saw one.

The Kiev Rest House, run by the All Union Central Committee of Trade Unions, consists of 15 or 20 little buildings scattered through the trees of a birch forest. There are ten houses for guests, a dining hall, a clubhouse, an infirmary, a library and a concert hall. Among the guests, who came from all parts of the Ukraine, I saw workers, shop foremen, engineers, doctors, even an author. There seemed to be little for them to do but eat and sleep. There was a radio loud-speaker in each guesthouse, but the master radio set wasn't working. The guests could play a little volleyball, or occasionally attend movies or a concert.

There were six or more narrow beds in each small room, crowded so closely together that there was only about two feet between beds. I saw no closet space; I suppose clothes were kept in suitcases beneath the beds. So far as I could tell, there was no provision for families; the drably decorated guesthouses were split up into men's and women's dormitories. Meals were served at fixed hours, and all lights, I was told, went out at 11:00 P.M.

For some people, the resthouses are indeed free, or low-priced. They are the workers whose vacation bill is paid in full or in part by trade-unions or by the organizations for which they work. But there apparently are many thousands of Soviet citizens who don't get that kind of help; for some of them, I'd guess, a stay in a resthouse must be just a dream. The cost, I was told, ranges from about 100 to 150 rubles ($25 to $40) a week per person—a high price for the average Russian, who barely can support his entire family on a wage equivalent to about $40 a week.

By Western standards, the Kiev Rest House offers a vacation only in the sense that one gets away, and has another place to sleep, and has a little time to read—and doesn't have to work. It will *not* furnish any competition for the average American resort.

But then comes the contrast again. The color and excitement that are lacking for vacationing Russians are made fully available to them in the theater, at comparatively low prices.

Soviet ballets, for example, are elaborate, expensive and magnificent, and the productions reminded me of fairy tales. The quality seemed to me to be excellent—and just as good in the Azerbaijani hinterlands as in the larger cities. Russian music, both live and recorded, also is superb. I doubt if there are many violinists better than David Oistrakh, and his records can be heard everywhere.

Soviet opera houses and theaters are among the most magnificent structures in the country. Each is built like a palace of the czarist days, with great classic columns, luxurious red, gold and white *décor,* and handsome creamy-white ceilings from which hang ornate chandeliers. Many of the theaters provide diversion for the customers while they wait for the main show: children's programs, lectures, concerts and the like. I've seen art galleries and restaurants in theaters, and once I saw a 40-piece orchestra whose only function was to play for the waiting audience in the theater lobby.

Fortunes obviously are spent on theatrical productions. In Moscow's famous Bolshoi Theater, I saw moving scenery, at least five times the width of the stage, pass in front of and behind the principals to give the effect of movement. The Russian theater goes in big for stage effects. There's realistic imitation fire; people disappear through the floor; angels soar skyward. One play I saw featured an "explosion." Smoke rolled across the stage, scenery toppled, flames burst out in the background, "corpses" lay everywhere.

A Guided Tour of the Kremlin

The Kremlin affords another surprising incongruity in Russia. Part of the great old fortress must certainly be as hard to enter as the gold vaults at Fort Knox—but most of the Kremlin is wide open to visitors. In fact, a guided tour of the place is part of the standard sight-seeing arrangement for all visitors to Moscow, much as people visit New York's Radio City. The Kremlin is mostly a great museum, with relics going back to the twelfth century.

I have a feeling that my own visit to the Kremlin may be remembered for some time to come. My guide took me to the Chamber of the Supreme Soviet, where Stalin made some of his most important speeches. On impulse, I decided to try out the acoustics of the empty parliamentary chamber—and I'll bet the guards and the bystanders haven't got over their surprise yet. I climbed the rostrum and recited the first phrases that came into my head—the beginning of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Those great words probably never were spoken in stranger surroundings. (The acoustics were fine.)

The inconsistencies of modern Russia aren't limited to the famous or significant aspects of Soviet life. It's the trivial contrasts that have the greatest cumulative effect on the Western visitor. Like the outdoor stands where they serve fresh, glistening tomato juice—out of glasses washed in cold water that looks as if it hadn't been changed since czarist days. Or the unrelieved drabness of cloud-hung Moscow—and the unexpected shot of life the city gets after dark, with plenty of people still in the streets as late as 2:00 A.M.

- Russian crowds are among the pushiest I've ever seen—yet the Soviet people can be as courteous as any in the world, as I became aware when four women stood back from an elevator in an office building and let a bunch of foreign males on ahead of them. (The citizens of Leningrad have a special reputation for being polite. I heard one woman telling a friend, "Oh, he's not shy. He's just from Leningrad.")
- The Soviet people take even the stiffest criticism with good grace; I know, because in my effort to sound out opinion I blasted every facet of Soviet life I could legitimately find fault with, and nobody ever became angry or hurt. But there's one very mild epithet that crushes the Russians: "uncultured." The morning of the big October Anniversary parade in Moscow the woman manager of my hotel tried to bar a number of U.S. and British diplomats who wanted to watch the excitement from my window, just off Red Square. They protested that her attempt to keep them out was uncultured. She let them in, but the word "uncultured" so unnerved her that when she told me about it hours later she burst into tears.
- The late Joseph Stalin was certainly one of the toughest and most ruthless

men of our century—yet at the age of fifteen he wrote a poem (I saw it on display at his birthplace in Gori and had it translated) which in most respects is utterly incongruous, viewed against his later career:

"*A rosebush opened and met with the flowers;*
The narcissus awakened and bowed its head to the wind.
High in the sky the lark is singing
And the glad nightingale repeats the song in sweet voice.
Be beautiful, O wonderful land, and be glad, country of Georgia;
And you, Georgian, with your education,
Assist the development of your country."

- Soviet orchestra conductors wear white tie and tails in the best capitalist fashion—yet bow ties with street clothes are so rare that I met only one man who wore one, and he admitted that people laughed at him for being old-fashioned . . . and a great many men wear no ties at all, even in the fanciest restaurants.
- Russian drivers must take extremely rigid tests to get a license, including a demonstration of their ability to strip an engine—yet once they get on the road they're a threat to life and limb.
- Soviet newspapers run want ads that indicate a shortage of workers, in some categories, at least—yet there are evidences of make-work programs everywhere . . . like the doorman in Alma-Ata's best hotel who never touches the door, but simply yells at people who neglect to close it.
- One of the most marked inconsistencies involves the confusion of most Russians about the literature of the West. Almost everybody I asked knew of American writers like Mark Twain and Jack London, but nobody, no matter how well educated, had ever heard of such modern American authors as William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe or F. Scott Fitzgerald, and few had heard of Ernest Hemingway. The Russians believe Howard Fast, Albert Maltz and Langston Hughes are among the top U.S. novelists today. (One English-speaking Russian asked me, "Do Westerners still use phrases like 'Drat it' and 'Egad'?" It turned out that he was quoting from Mark Twain and William Makepeace Thackeray.)

Soviet Cookery, Good and Bad

- Food in the Soviet Union offers another sharp contrast. The diet of the average Soviet citizen, as nearly as I could tell, is limited, unbalanced and unappetizing by our standards. But a traveler with sufficient funds can get a wonderful variety of food as he passes from one Soviet republic to another. In the Ukraine, I ate delicious chicken cutlets à la Kiev, cooked with melted butter inside the breading; in Kazakhstan, in Asiatic Russia, I had a tasty dish called *mante*—dough cakes filled with highly spiced meat; in Azerbaijan, it was a lamb's-foot soup called *pauche;* in Georgia I enjoyed a dish called *lobyo*—beans and nuts in a red-dish, sharp sauce.
- I visited an elementary school in Moscow. The eight- and nine-year-old little girls were among the sweetest children I have ever seen (one said brightly, "America is under capitalism," another informed me, "America is practical," others said, "Send our greetings to the children of America and tell them to write to us"). But their school is one of the most depressingly beat-up structures in the city, located in a littered back-yard area behind some other buildings. Contrasted with that, however, is the new Moscow State University skyscraper, with its acres of parks, its 112 elevators, its modern lighting and laboratories. (Yet even the brand-new Moscow University building has the same faulty plumbing I found elsewhere in the country.)
- Of all the black-and-white aspects of Russia, one of the most significant—and most difficult to evaluate—concerns Soviet mechanical and engineering prowess. I remember, for example, the Russian-installed elevators in the new U.S. Embassy building in Moscow that were always breaking down. On the other hand, I remember the magnificent technical brilliance of the complicated new electronic equipment in the TV station in Kiev. It looked as good to me as any precision machinery made in the United States; I was deeply impressed.

Then, I remember the New Path Tractor Station near Tashkent in Central Asia, where the director told me about the new plan to increase the Soviet Union's agricultural production—one of the main features of which involved training and pooling tractor drivers at the central tractor stations such as his, instead of letting the collective farms use their own presumably ill-trained drivers. Apparently the new method isn't faring too well, because I was told that the farms in the area were running as much as 18 per cent behind their quota. Also, the Soviet humor magazine, Crocodile, ridiculed the tractor stations in a cartoon showing the entire countryside around one of them littered with damaged vehicles.

But I also remember the great Dnieper Dam at Zaporozhe, one of the most imposing engineering accomplishments I have ever seen. At the power station, six giant Soviet-made turbogenerators were humming away side by side with three turbogenerators made in the United States, with no apparent difference in performance.

The chief engineer took out the original American chart diagraming the electric circuits that control the machinery. Then he showed me another chart, which the Russians had worked out. The circuits were now so simplified, he said, that the complexity and operating cost of the system had been reduced nearly tenfold.

I am not an engineer, and of course it's impossible for me to draw any accurate conclusions from the sights I saw at the Dnieper Dam, the TV station and elsewhere. But to the untrained eye, at least, there is evidence that the same country which can't seem to make such relatively simple machines as elevators and tractors work properly can, on the other hand, do as well as any nation in the world with far more complicated machinery.

What does that mean in terms of Soviet war potential? As a layman in both engineering and warfare, I can give only the obvious answer. If the same hacks who build Russian elevators and repair tractors are turned loose on the equipment of modern war, the Soviet military machine will never be a match for the efficient armies of the West. But if—as we can probably assume from the construction of the MIG-15—the best scientific brains of the U.S.S.R. are at work on the tools of warfare, Soviet military devices should be among the best in the world.

The Pattern of the U.S.S.R.

And that's the pattern throughout the Soviet Union today: efficiency mixed with inefficiency; the old entangled with the new; brilliance and mediocrity, logic and illogic, side by side.

Perhaps the explanation for the contrasts is that the U.S.S.R. is a country in transition. Because it has a long way to go before its standard of living matches that of the West—and particularly that of the United States—and because it is trying hard to do so, it gives the impression of being a boom country.

The people are proud of the nation's reconstruction and development; they feel they're going somewhere—like Americans in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

I saw no signs of unrest among the Soviet people—but then I saw chiefly the surface of life in Russia. I'm not kidding myself. If there had been rebellion brewing all around me, I doubt that I could have seen it. I was denied a chance to visit Soviet prisons and slave-labor camps. But I didn't have to see oppression to know it was there; the testimony of those who have suffered from it is indisputable.

Still, I got the impression that the average Russian is fairly happy with his lot. The people seemed cheerful and full of bounce, despite the restrictions to which they're subjected—restrictions no American would stand for.

The apparent contentment of the Russian man in the street is not hard to understand. In his daily life he's not involved in Soviet oppression (unless he has displeased his rulers—in which case he's presumably no longer a man in the street, but probably is someplace where I couldn't see him). All his life he has known rigid governmental control—as his forebears did under the czars—so he doesn't chafe under it. Finally, he *is* living a better life than he ever did before, even if it isn't much by our standards.

The average Soviet family has a two-room apartment to itself now, instead of having to share a single room with six other people and perhaps a pig. Illiteracy has been stamped out and education is within everyone's reach. Consumer products are becoming more widely available; the people talk of someday owning a television set and an automobile. The future looks good to them, and the present doesn't look bad.

They apparently *don't* expect war—but it's on their minds, as the present "peace" talk indicates.

For a final contrast, I'd like to quote a Briton whom I met in Moscow after he had seen quite a bit of the country. "What do you think about the Soviet Union now that you've been around it?" I asked him.

He pondered. "Better than most Englishmen think it is," he granted after a moment. Then he thought a bit longer, and concluded: "But not nearly so good as most Russians think it is. . . ."

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Now—BREAD

Scientists have found an inexhaustible source of food—an

HORACE BRISTOL

Dr. Hiroshi Tamiya (left) checks temperature in outdoor algae pilot plant in Tokyo, Japan

HORACE BRISTOL

Dr. Tamiya and his wife prepare algae soup. Foods on the table were also made with algae

IN LABORATORIES all over the world, scientists are experimenting with a dark-green substance that may prove more important to mankind than atomic energy.

For overpopulated, poverty-stricken areas of the world, it promises abundance and an end to conditions that spawn Communism and even war. For wealthy countries like the United States, it can provide insurance against the day when there will be more people than the land can support—when prosperous "have" nations become struggling "have nots." For millions of people yet unborn, it can mean health and a normal existence instead of hunger, deformity and early death. For all mankind, in fact, it offers an inexhaustible source of food and energy.

This amazing versatile material for human survival is a powder or paste made from billions of microscopic single-cell plants called algae, one of the earth's early elementary forms of life.

How can this simple substance help solve so many problems of mankind? The answer lies in its myriad uses and prodigious supply. It can be eaten; it contains protein, fat, starch, vitamins and every other food component needed to sustain life. It can be burned as a fuel to supply heat and power; ultimately it may replace coal and oil, which are now being used at such a rate that some scientists believe the supplies economically worth recovering from the earth may be exhausted within 175 years.

Most important of all, algae can be grown in whatever quantities may be required almost anywhere in the world—in oceans, lakes, ponds, even barren deserts. All you need are light, water and a few inexpensive chemicals. Algae have been known to multiply as much as eight times every 24 hours—and they can be harvested all year round. Indeed, scientists of the Carnegie Institution of Washington estimate that only 19 per cent of the earth's total land area might be required to grow enough to fill all the food and energy requirements of the seven billion people expected to inhabit the earth by the year 2050.

Yet a few years ago algae were simply an item of curiosity to scientists—a tool to study the mystery of photosynthesis, that so-far unfathomed process whereby plants use sunlight to convert nonliving chemicals into living edible tissue. Laymen weren't aware of algae at all—unless a few billion cells suddenly bloomed green on a local pond or a mysterious red tide (made up of countless trillions of algae) surged up along the coasts of Oregon or Florida.

First hint of the great role the tiny cells may play in the future came from small-scale test-tube experiments just before World War II. Since the war, developments have come so fast that one scientist has suggested mobilizing all the nation's scientific brains for a program similar to the government's Manhattan Project, which developed the atomic bomb. The suggestion was not adopted, but there are a surprising number of fields of science today in which algae play some part.

The U.S. Air Force's Department of Space Medicine, for example, has asked scientists of the University of Texas to look into the possibility of producing algae as a source of food and oxygen in a space ship. The algae would be grown inside the ship, in transparent tanks exposed to the sun. The crew would eat some of the crop and nourish the rest with nitrogen-rich urine; they would breathe oxygen given off by the algae and exhale carbon dioxide, which the cells also need to survive and multiply. In short, the space ship would contain in miniature the balanced plant-animal life cycle of the earth itself.

The U.S. Navy, too, is interested in algae. It has awarded a contract to the University of California to find out if algae can be used to supply oxygen and remove carbon dioxide from such enclosed working areas as our new atomic submarines, which may have to cruise submerged for months at a time. Other groups of scientists are investigating algae as an incredibly rich storehouse of valuable industrial products.

Experiment with Algae Food Processing

But how about you, the consumer? Can you expect one day to buy algae in your local food store? Quite possibly. American researchers set up a pilot food plant that produced more than 80 pounds of dried processed algae—the equivalent in food value of a steak dinner for 100 people—before it was dismantled. The experiment indicated it would be easy to build a bigger plant capable of turning out millions of pounds of the stuff every year. No such factory has been built because the United States, with its abundance of food, doesn't need algae yet.

Elsewhere in the world, however, overpopulated countries already are turning to algae as a source of life-building protein. Thailand is harvesting 5,000 tons of plankton—comprising both algae and other small marine life—a year from adjacent seas. Japan and Israel have experimental installations, and a few Japanese are now eating this food-of-the-future. The U.S. Navy has lent the Japanese project a helping hand. The Office of Naval Research financed round-trip transportation to the United States for Dr. Hiroshi Tamiya, a top Japanese expert, so that he could study the latest algae developments in this country. Navy officials regard the money spent as an investment for the future. The Navy hopes that development of algae as a food will avert the necessity for sending convoys of food-laden ships to Japan in the event of another war.

"There just isn't enough tillable land in the Japanese islands to keep the 85,000,000 inhabitants alive," one scientist told me. "Without imports of foodstuffs, most of them would starve—and even with imports, there aren't enough protein foods, such as meat and fish, to go around. It's a small example of what the overcrowded world will be like 100 years from now."

Just what are these life-giving cells on which science is counting so much to save mankind?

Algae are the most primitive of all plants. They have no roots or stems and many species float free in whatever medium they choose to inhabit. The types showing the most promise today are single self-contained cells, far too small to be seen by the human eye. A thousand of them could fit on the head of a pin. They swarm everywhere. There are both salt-water and fresh-water species. They live in oceans, ponds, lakes, even in the soil (where they absorb water from the atmosphere)—and they serve as food for shrimp, oysters and some fish as well as microscopic animals.

from the SEA

By BILL DAVIDSON

uel—in tiny water-borne algae cells. They give new hope to all mankind

Each tiny alga cell is a miraculous food factory in itself. It absorbs carbon dioxide gas through its body wall and takes up nitrogen, phosphorus and other nonliving elements from its surroundings. Then, through the magic medium of the chlorophyll it contains, the alga uses the light energy of the sun or artificial light to combine these nonliving chemicals into living protein, fat, carbohydrates and every other food fraction. Each cell fairly bursts with protein (at least 50 per cent of its dry weight), which puts it in the class with meat and fish as a human bodybuilder. Moreover, it also contains vitamins and all the other necessities of diet which we ordinarily get from a variety of animal and vegetable sources. In other words, each alga cell is a miniature meal in itself.

Of course, you couldn't make a whole meal out of a single organism tinier than a small grain of dust—you'd need billions of algae. Fortunately, they usually appear by the billions. They grow and reproduce at an amazing rate. An alga is so low in the evolutionary scale that it doesn't require seeds or mating to bear young. It simply bursts its body wall and divides itself to produce two or more new algae. Under controlled culture conditions, this cell division has taken place as often as twice a day.

If a heavy rain washes a lot of nitrates into a pond, or if decomposition of an unusual amount of foliage in the water suddenly increases the nitrogen and carbon dioxide on which algae thrive, millions of organisms soon become countless trillions. Sometimes an entire pond becomes a dark-green soup. If you scooped up a tub of the soup and evaporated the water, you'd end up with a thick green paste that, when purified, could keep you alive and healthy.

Conditions of Multiplying Duplicated

Scientists have learned how to duplicate artificially the conditions under which algae multiply. They can take a speck of algae cells from any pond, place them in a water-filled culture vessel, give them optimum amounts of light, and pipe in supplies of carbon dioxide and other nutrients. In a few days, a container the size of a tank car will become thick with algae, and the cells can be harvested constantly to provide food for a number of humans.

"We estimate that we can grow 40 tons of algae per year on every acre given over to algal culture equipment," says Carnegie Institution's Harold Milner. "This would be the equivalent of 20 tons of scarce and valuable protein and three tons of equally scarce fat per acre—astronomical figures compared with production rates in agriculture." "Astronomical" is right. The University of Maryland's Dr. Robert W. Krauss reports that soybeans (today's highest protein-containing crop) produce protein in the beans at the rate of less than half a ton per acre per year. Our beef production rate is even lower—less than 250 pounds per acre per year.

But how do algae taste? If people won't eat them, they'll merely pile up as so much waste. However, scientists believe that algae can be found to suit every taste. There are perhaps 10,000 species adaptable to mass culture although only 26 have been investigated to date.

Chlorella, the type used in nearly all food tests so far, has a decided vegetable flavor. I ate some at the University of Texas, where chemist Jo-Ruth Graham harvested fresh cells for me. She took about a pint of green liquid from a glass tank, put it in a centrifuge and whirled it around for a few minutes to separate the cells from the water. The residue was a teaspoonful of olive-green paste, representing several billion live algae.

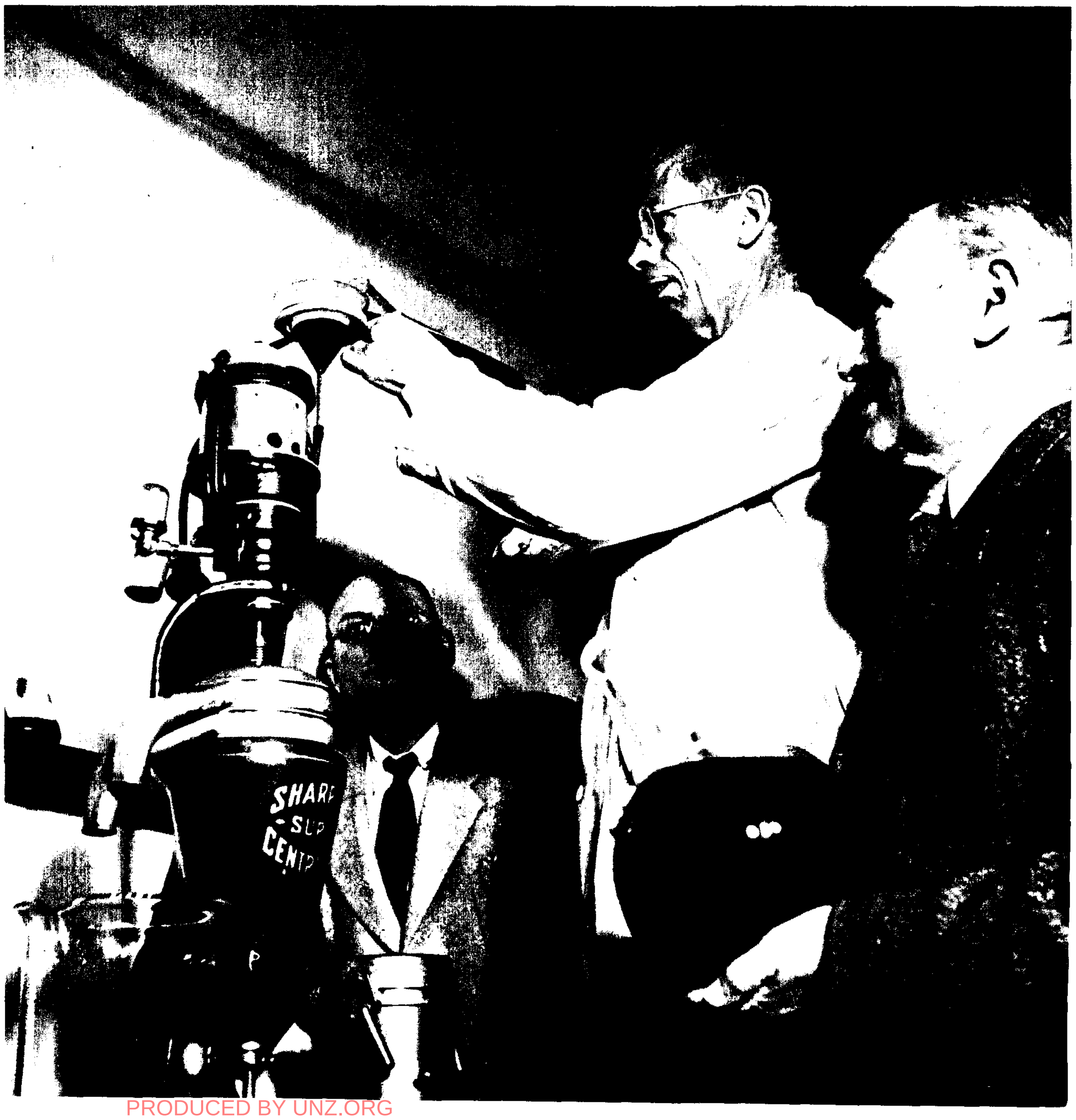
I tasted the stuff somewhat apprehensively, not knowing what to expect. It was bland, a bit oily, and had a faint vegetable flavor that reminded me of broccoli.

Algae, like all fresh protein foods, spoil easily. Unless they are to be eaten at once, the cells usually are dried to a fine powder which can be kept indefinitely. The powder has a different flavor than the freshly harvested cells. Dr. James Walker, a young University of Texas biochemist, gave me some that had been stored in a flask for more than two years. To me, the bright green powder tasted like a mixture of prunes and nuts. Other people have said it tastes like raw lima beans or pumpkin. Some frankly dislike the flavor; they says it's like hay. Processed plankton—including both algae and other small marine life—used in Thailand looks and smells very much like anchovy paste, according to Dr. J. C. Fish, professor of marine biology at Rhode Island State College. Dr. Fish tasted the plankton at a recent session of the Indo-Pacific fisheries council in Bangkok. "I doubt that it would have much appeal to Americans," he said afterward, "but in Thailand, we were told it is proving valuable because the diet of the population is extremely deficient in proteins."

The question of taste doesn't worry researchers unduly at this stage. Artificial flavoring obviously could be added to alter the taste of fresh or processed algae. "Moreover, we may come

Drs. C. Stacy French (left) and Herman A. Spoehr (right) watch as Harold Milner operates centrifuge to remove water from algae solution in Carnegie Institution's lab at Stanford

MASON WEYMOUTH



The cost of building America's first algae plant seemed too high. Bu

ULRIC MEISEL

Texas U.'s Dr. Jack Myers, shown checking algae's reaction to neon lighting, is a top expert in field

across other algae that will taste like meat or fish, perhaps even like pheasant under glass," says the University of Texas' Dr. Jack Myers.

Even with Chlorella, there have been some interesting culinary developments. At a tea in Palo Alto, California, last year, Mrs. Hiroshi Tamiya, wife of the Japanese scientist, whose transportation to the United States was financed by the U.S. Navy, served algae bread, algae noodles, algae soup and algae ice cream to Dr. C. S. French, Dr. H. A. Spoehr, Harold Milner and other distinguished scientists from the Carnegie Institution's Department of Plant Biology. "The food was palatable, even delicious," Milner said later.

Tests on Students in Tokyo

Dr. Tamiya has since returned to Japan, where he has continued to turn out concoctions containing algae. Testing them on sizable groups of Japanese at the University of Tokyo, he found the dishes caught on rapidly. In one experiment, he mixed Chlorella powder with Japanese green tea. It made the brew as nourishing as concentrated beef broth without materially affecting the taste. He also boosted the nutritious content of soups with Chlorella powder; in fact, one tablespoon of the powder contains nearly a trillion algae with the food value of a one-ounce chunk of steak.

Dr. Tamiya makes algae bread in the form of fancy rolls, light green in color. He reported in a scientific paper recently that the recipe contains the following ingredients: 8 tablespoons of Chlorella powder, 4 cups of flour, ½ cup of butter, 1 cup of milk, 7 tablespoons of sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon of salt and 1 yeast cake. "The rolls have an interesting and agreeable taste," Dr. Tamiya wrote. "The addition of Chlorella causes an increase of 20 per cent in protein and 75 per cent in fat. Noteworthy is the fact that by the addition of algae, the foods are made considerably richer in vitamins A and C, which are lacking in ordinary breads."

In other words, you could make a meal out of a half dozen of Dr. Tamiya's algae rolls; they're as nutritious as meat and potatoes. And if you took a large bowl of Dr. Tamiya's algae noodles (4 teaspoons of Chlorella powder with 1 cup of flour, ¼ teaspoon of salt and ¼ cup of water) and served them smothered in Dr. Tamiya's algae sauce (which he has processed to taste like soy sauce), you'd be eating the equivalent of a small steak dinner. Equally nutritious are Dr. Tamiya's algae cookies and algae ice cream. Regarding ice cream, Dr. Tamiya wrote: "Surprisingly large amounts of Chlorella powder can be added to ice creams. Not only is the dark-green color of the algae diluted to a pleasant light green, but also the characteristic taste of the algae effectively accentuates the basic taste of ice cream."

Later on, algae may be cooked directly in stews or breaded and fried like fish cakes. They might even be processed into a form resembling meat. Indeed, many American scientists predict that the Japanese will be buying algae in their food stores soon. Some practical-minded American industrialists agree. Dr. David Mowry, project investigator of the Development Department, Organic Chemicals Division of the Monsanto Chemical Company, predicts that algae will be on the shelves of Japanese stores within ten years.

Thailand, which collects algae and other small marine life from the sea in fine-meshed nets towed behind rowboats, is already using the paste byproduct alone and mixed in other foods.

Algae ultimately may mean the difference between life and death not only for the Japanese and Thailanders, but for famine-ridden millions in India and Pakistan and for hard-pressed inhabitants of the barren, blockaded, overcrowded Republic of Israel.

For evidence of what algae can do nutritionwise, there is the experiment conducted by two Venezuelan scientists, Drs. Jorgen Jorgensen and Jacinto Convit. They cultured algae in bowls of unglazed baked red clay and for four years fed a thick, cooked "plankton soup" (mostly algae, but including other microscopic organisms) to patients with advanced cases of leprosy in a Venezuelan hospital for lepers. The two doctors thought the vitamins in the algae might be a cure for leprosy. They weren't—but the doctors were astounded by the effect of the soup on the general health of the patients. Nearly all grew fat and hearty. One emaciated thirty-three-year-old woman, fed a concentrated form of the soup every day for a year, gained 35 pounds. Drs. Jorgensen and Convit wrote: "In a majority of the cases there was a marked improvement in energy, in weight, and in general health, all of which seemed to result from the plankton soup rather than from any other factor in the treatment of the patients."

The granddaddy of the present algae boom is Dr. H. A. Spoehr, director emeritus of the Carnegie Institution's Department of Plant Biology in Stanford, California, and one of the world's leading authorities on photosynthesis. Shortly before World War II, Dr. Spoehr began investigating the origin of the world's great oil deposits. Some scientists had suggested that oil may be the product of countless trillions of diatoms (a form of algae) which lived and died in the early days of the earth's existence. But that posed serious questions in Dr. Spoehr's mind. Were algae more abundant then because the earth's atmosphere was different? And why did the algae store more fat in prehistoric times than they do today?

Dieting Chlorella with Nitrogen

Dr. Spoehr decided to see what would happen to Chlorella if he placed it in an environment similar to that which we believe existed on earth in early geological times. Scientists think the air then contained 5 per cent of carbon dioxide (instead of the three-hundredths of one per cent to be found today), so he selected a flask containing Chlorella in water and increased the carbon dioxide content to 5 per cent. The Chlorella grew amazingly fast. Not only that but he found he could alter the composition of each cell by varying its diet of nitrogen. When he gave the Chlorella an overabundance of nitrogen, the protein content jumped from 50 to 88 per cent of the total weight. When he withheld nitrogen, the fat content increased from the normal 7 per cent to as much as 75 per cent.

Dr. Spoehr and his associate, Harold Milner, were amazed. Here they had gone back to the basic building blocks of nature and were reconstructing them according to their own wishes. It was a fascinating prospect. Tailor-made organisms, produced in great numbers, could give you more protein or more fat as you needed it. And if the protein and fat content could be altered by changing the algae's diet, there seemed no reason why science couldn't increase other fractions, like valuable carotene for vitamin A and sterol for hard-to-produce cortisone.

Dr. Spoehr and Milner published a report of their work in 1946, and dynamic young scientists like Dr. Robert Krauss of the University of Maryland and Dr. Jack Myers of the University of Texas entered the field. By the winter of 1947-1948 the possibility of growing Chlorella on a large scale for food was being considered seriously. Spoehr and Milner prepared a preliminary analysis of the problem and submitted it to the Carnegie Institution's famous president, Dr. Vannevar Bush, wartime director of America's Office of Scientific Research and Development. Dr. Bush long has believed that man's food, oil and coal will soon run out, and he has urged more direct use of the energy produced by the sun to keep civilization alive. The sort of development suggested by Spoehr and Milner, however, involved applied research and engineering and lay outside the scope of the Carnegie Institution's usual activities. The institution there-

ausage skins suggested a solution

fore turned over this aspect of the problem to the Research Corporation of New York, which contracted with the Stanford Research Institute in California in September, 1948, to study engineering problems involved in the design of a pilot plant. The institute proved on a small scale that a pilot plant could produce algae satisfactorily. Encouraged by the experiment, the Carnegie Institution and the Carnegie Corporation of New York gave $77,000 to Arthur D. Little, Inc., an industrial research organization of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to set up such a pilot plant.

Train Trip Brings Inspiration

It was a historic project, requiring considerable ingenuity. The Stanford Research people had recommended that the algae be circulated in a big steel trough covered by glass. But the steel-and-glass construction plan seemed too expensive. A solution came to Dr. Bush while he was approaching Chicago by train on a business trip. He had been thinking of a friend in the Windy City who made sausage casings. Suddenly an idea struck him: why not grow the algae in a huge transparent sausage casing?

The Arthur D. Little people ruled out sausage casings as too fragile, but decided to try a cheap, pliable plastic polyethylene, from which squeezable bottles are made. It not only proved feasible, but provided a tank that cost about 10 per cent of the projected steel-and-glass model.

The Little researchers took a thin-walled polyethylene tube four feet in diameter, bent it into an oval shape and joined the two ends together. Then they placed it across two parallel tables 70 feet long on the roof of the company's building in Cambridge, poured in about 1,000 gallons of fresh water, and added a small quantity of algae. A pump was installed on the floor below to keep the water constantly circulating; unless the algae were constantly stirred, many would settle to the bottom and would not get enough sunlight to keep them growing. Air with added carbon dioxide was pumped through the tube; nitrates and other chemicals were fed into the water as salts.

The Chlorella circulated in the transparent tube like horses running around an enclosed race track. All day the algae cells absorbed sunlight and chemicals. On clear days each cell might reproduce itself one and a half times; there were six algae in the tube for every two that had been there at dawn. The surplus algae were harvested daily and reduced in a centrifuge.

Directing the complicated operation was rangy, handsome, thirty-eight-year-old Dr. A. W. Fisher, Jr., a chemical engineer for the Arthur D. Little Company. He worked closely with a tall, prematurely gray physical chemist, Dr. John W. Burlew, then acting project director for the Carnegie Institution.

The first day they operated their algae breeder—July 30, 1951—was a scorcher. A 100-degree sun beat down on the polyethylene tube and—despite some elementary cooling procedures—the temperature inside soared within two or three degrees of the mark at which the algae would die. Dr. Fisher rushed to the roof and covered the tube with cheesecloth. Then he stationed an assistant on the roof with a hose to douse the cloth all day with cooling water. A few days later an expensive cooling device was added to the system.

But that was only the beginning of their problems. The tubing began to leak where it had been bent, and the two scientists were constantly scrambling topside to make emergency repairs with tape. "Until we learned how to bend the tube without weakening it," says Dr. Fisher, "we felt like so many Dutch boys holding back the flood by sticking our fingers in the dike."

Then Cambridge was hit by a sudden gale that nearly ripped the tube from its moorings. Dr. Fisher and his crew battened it down, but one 90-mile-per-hour gust sent gravel from an adjoining roof ripping into the sides like machine-gun bullets. Precious algae spurted out a dozen holes before the researchers patched them.

Despite such near disasters—plus one 17-day cloudy period when the Chlorella practically stopped growing—the scientists harvested more than 80 pounds of dry algae from the pilot plant before they discontinued operation in December, 1951. They had proved that they could grow at least 17½ tons of algae per year in every acre of the polyethylene tubing exposed to the sun. They pegged the price of producing algae at 25 cents a pound.

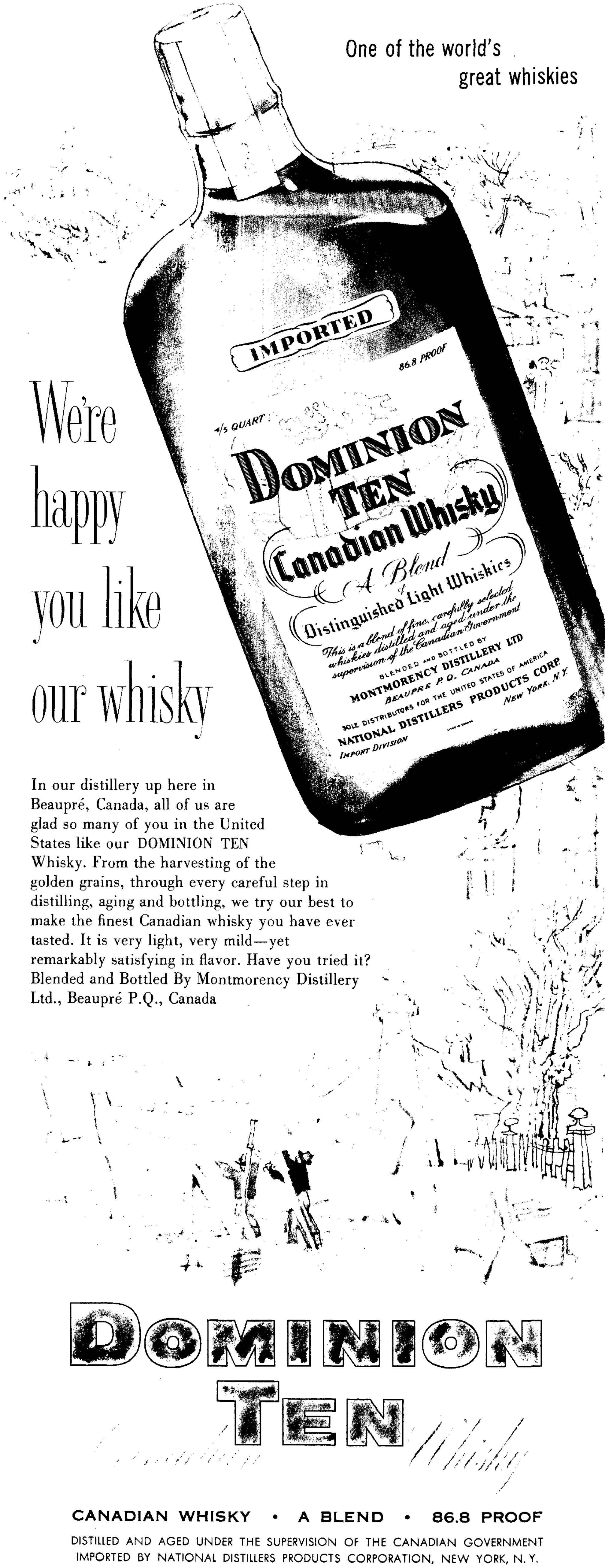
Dr. Fisher worked out a preliminary design for a 100-acre algae plant which could produce 4,500,000 pounds of dry algae per year. The plant, laid out on level ground in an area like west Texas, which has nearly constant sunshine, would consist of row after row of connected polyethylene tubes in open trenches (to reduce the wind hazard). "The material for such a plant is readily available," says Dr. Fisher, "but it would cost $3,250,000 to build."

Efforts to Cut Production Cost

Since the Arthur D. Little experiment, researchers have concerned themselves mostly with cutting down Dr. Fisher's estimated 25-cents-a-pound production cost (35 cents or more to the consumer). Although low compared with almost $1 a pound for sirloin, the cost is high alongside that of vegetable proteins like soybean meal or yeast which sell for a maximum of 10 cents a pound. Dr. Fisher himself suggests that if the costly cooling equipment could be eliminated and the plastic tubes laid on a bed of heat-absorbing salts, the cost of processed algae might drop about 25 per cent.

Dr. Tamiya's pilot plant in the garden of The Tokuwaga Institute for Biological Research in Tokyo has plastic-covered concrete trenches instead of polyethylene tubing. He found that the earth itself absorbs some of the heat of algae culture simmering in the sun. According to Dr. Tamiya, elimination of cooling equipment and Japan's lower labor costs may enable him to make algae for only six cents a pound.

Perhaps the most interesting cost-reducing development has come from Dr. Myers at the University of Texas. "Why not," he asked, "find an alga that isn't killed by excessive heat? Then you wouldn't need any cooling at all." A student-assistant, Constantin Soro-



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kin, searched sun-heated ponds around Austin, Texas, and found a species of Chlorella that thrived in temperatures as high as 103 degrees. Not to be outdone, a second student, William Kratz, found a species of fast-growing blue-green algae in the warm springs of a polio foundation at Gonzales, Texas. Kratz's algae did very well at 110 degrees.

These hitherto unknown forms are now being cultivated in Dr. Myers' laboratory and they are the hope of the field. "If Jack Myers' algae enable us to eliminate all cooling equipment in a projected plant," says Dr. Fisher, "algae might be mass-produced for as little as 12½ cents a pound."

Some investigators go even further. They say there may be nothing wrong with culturing algae in open troughs or even in natural ponds and bays, using little or no engineering equipment except for harvesting. This method would leave the algae susceptible to contamination by other organisms, but the "open-pond" proponents insist no one has proved such contamination would be harmful. "Who knows?" they say. "Perhaps the other organisms may be good to eat, too." Open-pond culture of algae might cut the price to a few cents a pound.

At the University of California, a group of scientists under Dr. Harold B. Gotaas already is growing algae in—of all places—sewage-disposal ponds. The scheme is much more practical than it sounds. The sewage requires extra supplies of oxygen to become "digested" into harmless wastes. The algae supply this oxygen. While being digested, the sewage gives off considerable carbon dioxide, nitrogen and other nutrients on which algae thrive. Result: the sewage is eliminated rapidly and the algae increase spectacularly.

New Ideas of Cattle Feeding

Dr. Gotaas has been using algae from the sewage ponds to feed cattle. He says the cells would enable desert countries like Israel to grow milk cows and beef cattle without even a square foot of pasturage. When heat-dried or cooked, the sewage-pond algae are completely free of disease-bearing germs, and there seems to be no reason —aside from aesthetic grounds—why they couldn't be eaten by humans.

Dr. Hans Gaffron of the University of Chicago had pretty much the same idea when he designed a house for the "not-so-Utopian future." The house would be heated by solar radiation and on its flat roof would be an open algae pond. Here, too, the dwellers would harvest and eat the algae. Their sewage would go back into the pond to nourish the remaining cells and provide a fast-growing daily crop sufficient to supply the family's entire protein requirements.

With so many new developments, which way will algae research move? Nobody can say for sure. Much more engineering work must be done to bring down costs before we can determine which production method is best. Scientists want to find out, too, how to enable the cells to absorb optimum sunlight and reproduce faster. And we have only just begun the next great natural step—taking algae from the sea. Some of the world's vast supplies of salt water also can be used for algae culture. Fresh water already is scarce in many areas; even though it can be recirculated and used over and over again, it will become an increasingly valuable commodity as the world's population increases.

Nevertheless, scientists are already talking about the world's first 10,000,000-pounds-a-year algae plant. "I don't know whether it will be built here or in Japan or in Israel," said Monsanto Chemical Company's Dr. Mowry, "but it will come—and in the next ten years." Even as he spoke, a Dayton, Ohio, firm, Erickson Metal Products, Inc., let it be known that it is setting up a separate corporation to mass-produce algae. The company's president, James Erickson, is interested in algae for use as animal feed—and later, perhaps, as food for humans.

"The hitch," the University of Maryland's Dr. Krauss told me, "is that we don't have a crying urgency for human food here, as they do in Japan. I think we in the United States must find other uses for algae first—then employ the same factories to make food if hunger closes in on us or our allies later on."

What are the other uses for algae? Most important of all, of course, is fuel. Dried, algal oils burn with a slow hot flame, like coal. But with coal costing less than half a cent a pound and the lowest estimate for algae still at six cents a pound, algae culture is not a tempting prospect for a fuel manufacturer today. The same is true for processors of animal feeds; less nutritious but wholly adequate feeds today cost as little as three and a half cents a pound.

That leaves one other possibility—algae as a source of industrial and pharmaceutical products. "It's hard to believe, but each tiny alga cell is a treasure-trove of raw materials," one scientist told me. "Algae contain chlorophyll, all of the vitamins, oils for paints, glutamic acid to make meat tenderizers, sterols to make cortisone and other valuable hormones, pigments for dyes—and no one knows what else. I think it's the job of us scientists to come up with algal products on which big industries can make a profit. Then algae factories will spring up all over the country—and we can continue big-scale research into algae as an emergency source of food and fuel."

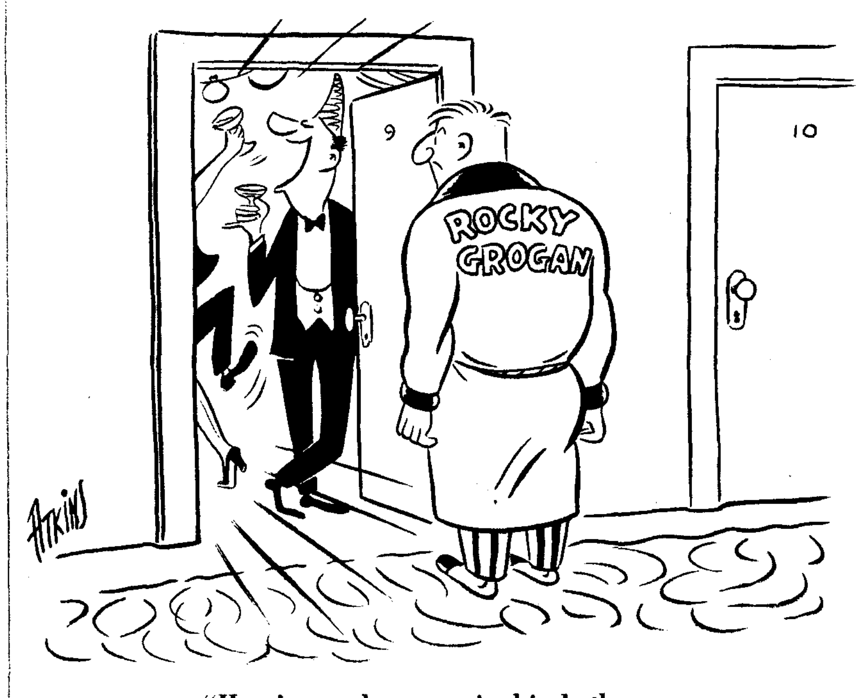
Some big industrial corporations are already striking out on their own in algae research. They have had some of their top brains looking into the subject. So far they have been sparring warily; none is willing yet to make the multimillion-dollar plunge.

Hope for the World's Hungry

Monsanto's Dr. Mowry says, "It's reasonable to assume that in two to three years something is going to break in this field, but we don't know just where." He thinks that with the technical skill gained in producing algae for industrial products, we later can design simple, foolproof algae food factories and give or sell them to hungry areas of the world.

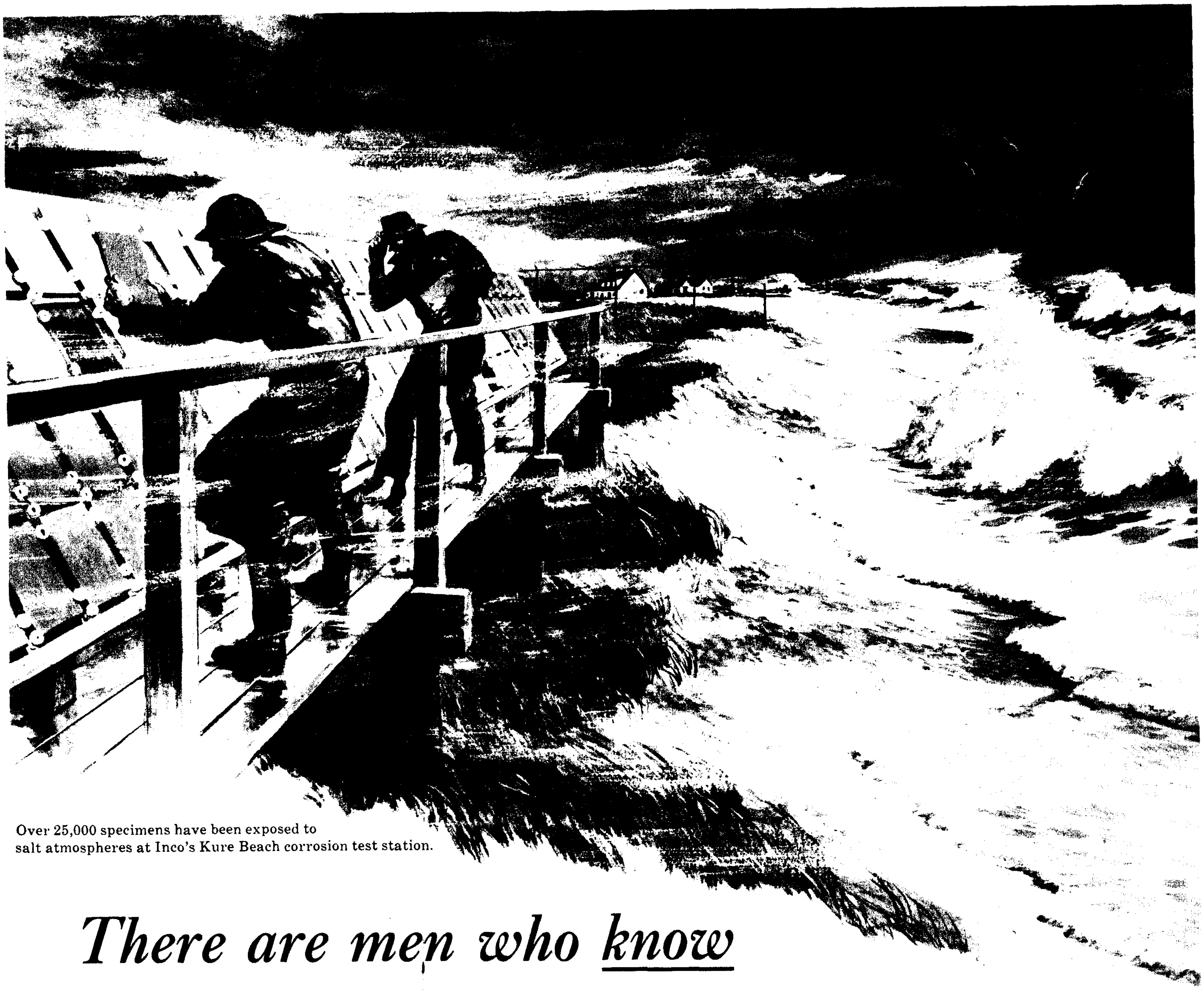
In the meantime, however, the hungry areas are investigating algae themselves. Letters from all over the world have been pouring into the offices of Dr. John S. Burlew, who edited a book for the Carnegie Institution summarizing accomplishments in the field to date. Most come from scientists, but many are written by ordinary people. "It's amazing how religious they are in tone," says Dr. Burlew. "A phrase that keeps recurring in the letters is 'manna from heaven to save mankind.' "

Out of curiosity, I went to a library to see if there was any scientific explanation for the manna mentioned in Exodus. You may recall that after the Lord told Moses, "I will rain bread from heaven for you," manna appeared all over the desert "small as the hoarfrost on the ground." Well, I read in an authoritative science encyclopedia: "The manna of the Bible probably was a lichen. One of the two components of a lichen is always an alga. The algal constituent is usually one of the simple green algae or, more rarely, a blue-green one." ▲▲▲



"Here's another one in his bathrobe complaining about the noise. Shall I give him the old heave ho?"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS



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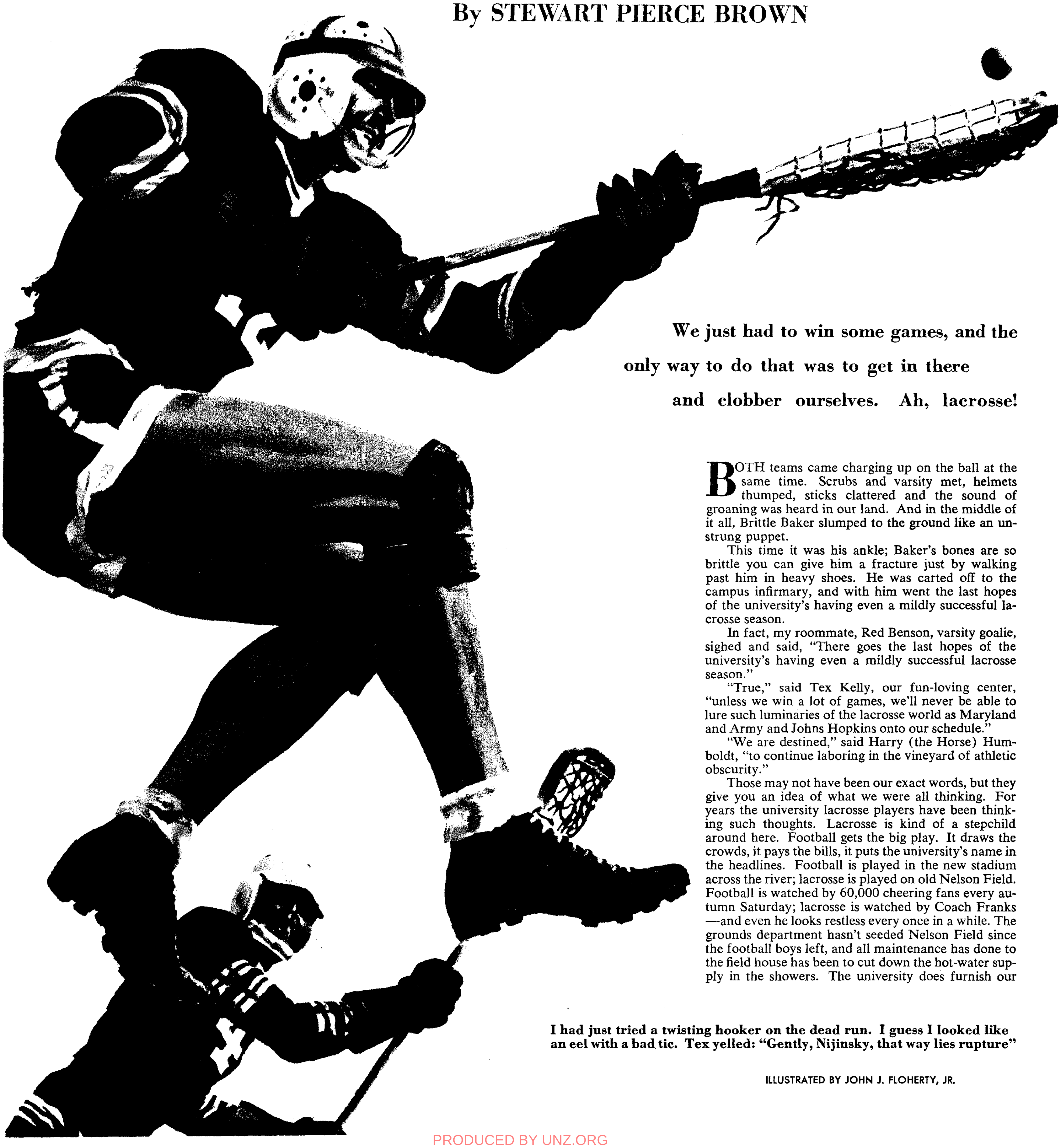
By STEWART PIERCE BROWN



We just had to win some games, and the only way to do that was to get in there and clobber ourselves. Ah, lacrosse!

I had just tried a twisting hooker on the dead run. I guess I looked like an eel with a bad tic. Tex yelled: "Gently, Nijinsky, that way lies rupture"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

BOTH teams came charging up on the ball at the same time. Scrubs and varsity met, helmets thumped, sticks clattered and the sound of groaning was heard in our land. And in the middle of it all, Brittle Baker slumped to the ground like an unstrung puppet.

This time it was his ankle; Baker's bones are so brittle you can give him a fracture just by walking past him in heavy shoes. He was carted off to the campus infirmary, and with him went the last hopes of the university's having even a mildly successful lacrosse season.

In fact, my roommate, Red Benson, varsity goalie, sighed and said, "There goes the last hopes of the university's having even a mildly successful lacrosse season."

"True," said Tex Kelly, our fun-loving center, "unless we win a lot of games, we'll never be able to lure such luminaries of the lacrosse world as Maryland and Army and Johns Hopkins onto our schedule."

"We are destined," said Harry (the Horse) Humboldt, "to continue laboring in the vineyard of athletic obscurity."

Those may not have been our exact words, but they give you an idea of what we were all thinking. For years the university lacrosse players have been thinking such thoughts. Lacrosse is kind of a stepchild around here. Football gets the big play. It draws the crowds, it pays the bills, it puts the university's name in the headlines. Football is played in the new stadium across the river; lacrosse is played on old Nelson Field. Football is watched by 60,000 cheering fans every autumn Saturday; lacrosse is watched by Coach Franks —and even he looks restless every once in a while. The grounds department hasn't seeded Nelson Field since the football boys left, and all maintenance has done to the field house has been to cut down the hot-water supply in the showers. The university does furnish our

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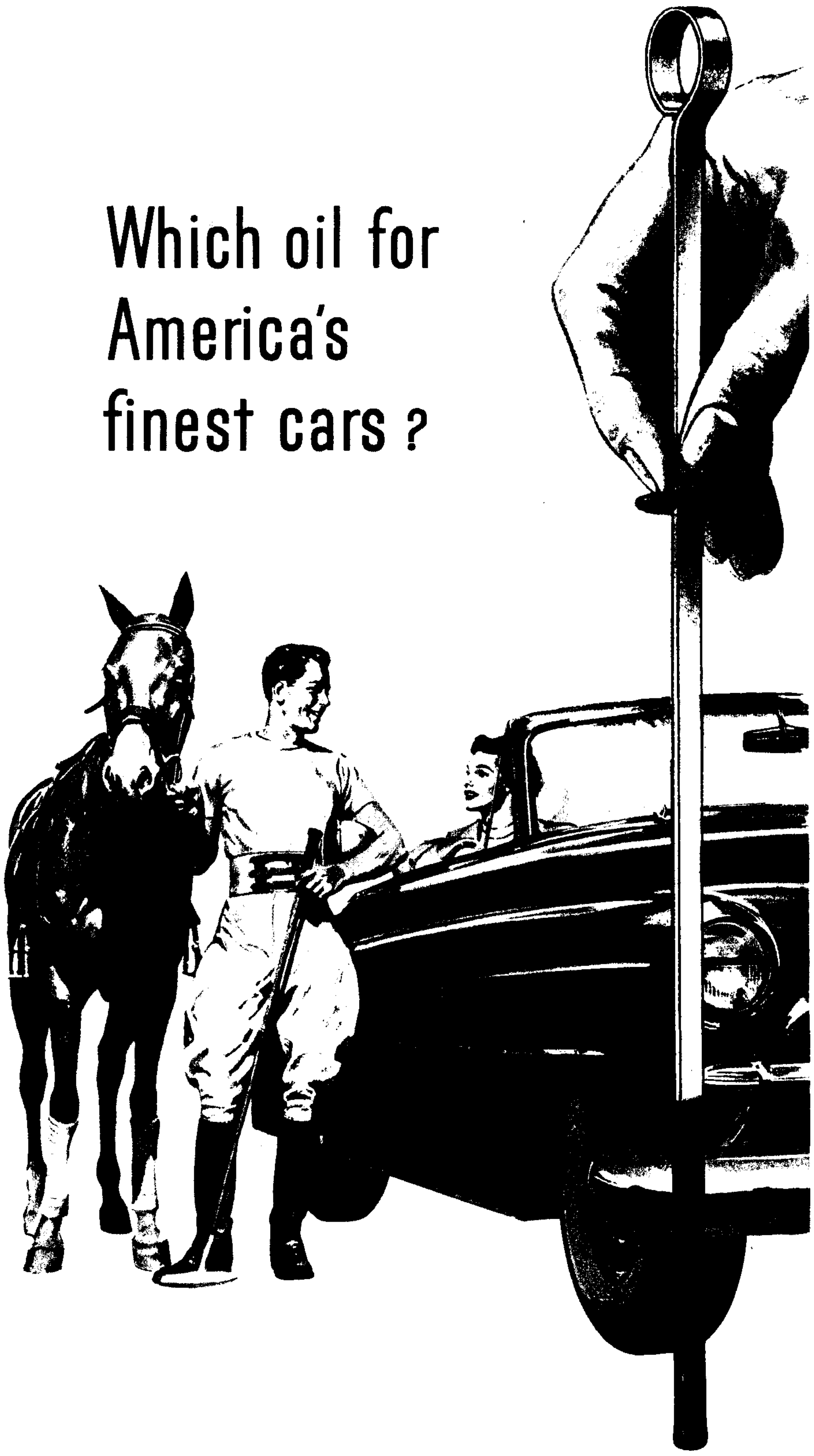
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uniforms, but the Indians who invented the game were better dressed.

You want to know something funny? We don't care. But what we *do* care about is our schedule. We play lacrosse because we like it. We get a terrific charge from being out there on a spring afternoon with a bunch of good guys, whipping the ball around. It's wonderful exercise and it's a lot of fun, but we'd like to play some of the good teams. We're tired of State Teachers and National Institute. We'd like to play Navy, or maybe Maryland—some of the really hot clubs. Even when you play a game for the fun of it you like to play the big boys.

NOW when I say "the *fun* of it," don't get the wrong idea. Lacrosse is a rugged game. Basically, the idea is for one team of ten men to toss a rubber ball between the other team's goal posts, which are about six feet apart and six feet high, with a net behind them. This ball is somewhat smaller than a baseball and harder than a freshman's skull. To move it from one end of the field to the other—110 of the longest, most lung-collapsing yards you ever ran—you carry it with a stick that's a cross between a tennis racket and a snowshoe: a long wooden handle with a scoop on the end, woven of leather thongs. You simply cradle the ball in the pocket of your stick and run down the field and flip it between the posts. You get a point every time you do this, and all that prevents you from doing it as often as you want is the other team.

And they can prevent you by any means short of dropping dynamite down the front of your jersey. They can body-check you, they can hit you with their sticks, they can knock you down and jump on you—or at least that's the way it feels sometimes. Technically it isn't quite that bad. Body-checking is okay, but no flying blocks, like they used to have in football. You can try to knock the ball out of a man's stick with your stick, but you draw a penalty if you hit him on the head. And there's a rule that says no one but the goalie can touch the ball with his hands. Other than that, it's kitty-kick-the-door-down and Heaven help the man who bruises easily and mends slowly.

They tell me the Indians used to play with a human skull instead of a ball, and I've seen many a day on Nelson Field when it looked as though we were about to give the game back to the Indians literally. The other afternoon somebody's helmet rolled off during a scrimmage; somebody else picked it up and asked, "Whose is this?"

"I don't know," Red said. "Whose head is in it?" The point is, the guy looked to see.

But there's a lot of finesse to the game, too, a lot of technique, and a lot of speed. It's really something to watch a couple of good stick handlers sling that ball around, and you haven't seen the ballet in its purest form until you've seen Navy's forward line go passing downfield at top speed in the face of tough opposition. The intricate plays some teams have worked out would make a chess player quit in envy. So what you've got is a body-contact sport that requires speed and intelligence too.

What we *haven't* got here at the university is a chance to play any of the better clubs. We never have had. Practically generations of lacrosse teams at the university have been trying to make the big leagues. Their lack of success has been spectacular.

But with this year's squad, it looked as if we might do it. Hopes among the old lacrosse alumni began to rise, and in the Athletic Office they told us the big teams were ready to be scheduled as soon as we got one good season under our belt. As I say, it looked as though this were going to be the season.

Then wham! Brittle breaks his ankle and our dreams of glory faded slowly away again.

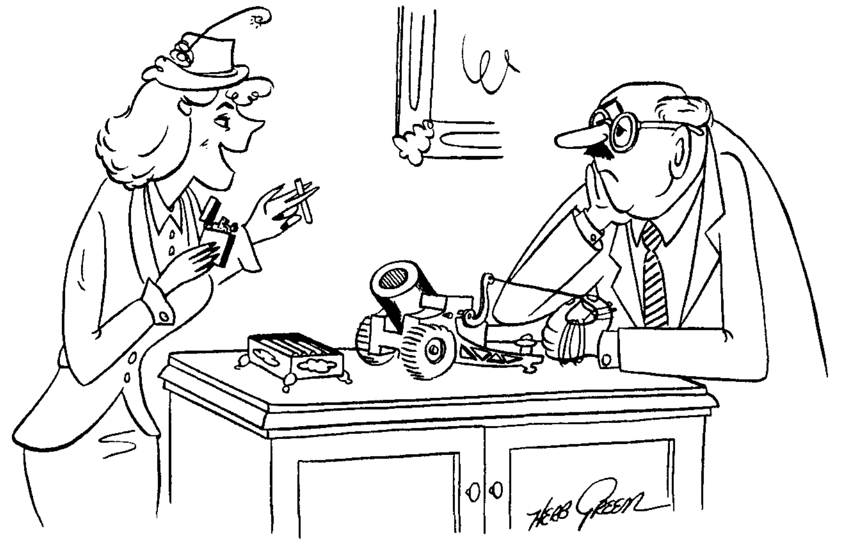
AFTER Brittle had been taken down to the infirmary, we called it a day and clumped into the field house. It was a cold-water mausoleum. Even the Horse was quiet, and when you don't hear that picture-rattling laugh of his, you know the situation is grim.

"Well, it looks like Taxidermist Tech again next year," Tex said finally.

"Cheer up," I said. "Tomorrow's another day," and they threw me in the shower.

But I was right; tomorrow *was* another day and, as it turned out, quite a day. The jayvees scrimmaged us all over the field. Usually we drub them, but soundly; this time, though, they really gave it to us. The big difference was one man: their first attack, a kid we'd never seen before.

This was a real lacrosse player, this boy. He went through the varsity as though we weren't there. He had speed and power and when it came to broken-field running he made Pete Curlow, who got all the football headlines last fall, look like a hippopotamus on ice. Red was arm-weary from batting down his shots at the crease—and Red didn't



COLLIER'S "Thanks, anyway, Mr. Keevil, but I have my own lighter" HERB GREEN stop them all. This kid was really hot.

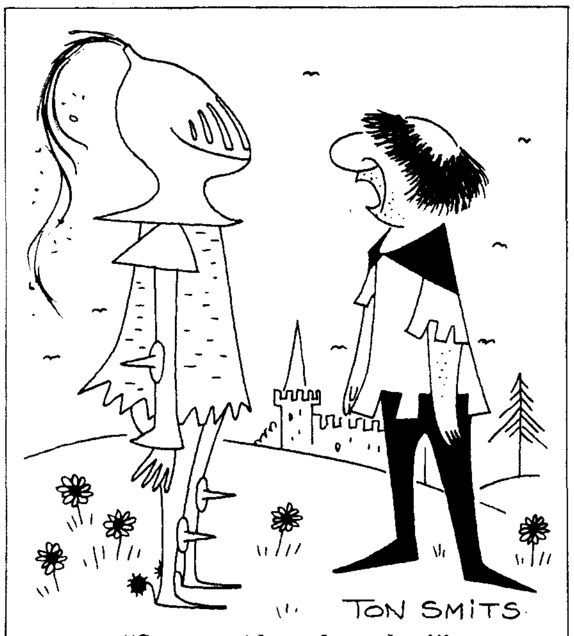
"This kid is really hot," said Red, who has a way with a phrase. The rest of us were so tired we could only nod.

Red motioned to the kid and he came over to our little circle of asthmatics. There was a friendly smile showing through the wire mask on the front of his helmet. He was tall and rangy and he wasn't even puffing. His legs came out of his shorts like a couple of small oak trees and he had a pair of hands on him that made the big leather lacrosse gauntlets look like pigskin dress gloves. I figured he weighed about 190 pounds —189 of it muscle and bone.

HIS name was Bud Jenkins and he was a sophomore transfer. This was the first time he'd been out to practice when the jayvees scrimmaged with the varsity. He was a quiet guy, kind of modest and retiring, yet he had a sort of basic confidence. We pirated him off the jayvee squad right then and there. On the varsity we moved Dick Herren from attack back to cover-point and put Bud in his place at first attack.

It was the fuse we'd been needing. We exploded all over the place. When State Teachers came to town to open the season on Saturday, they were halfway home in the bus before they knew they'd been hit. And State Teachers, as a rule, gave us trouble. I mean, we had a lacrosse team! Nelson Field became the scene of great rejoicing; the Horse was laughing practically incessantly. In fact, the only man on the squad who wasn't doing handsprings was Dick Herren, but even he had to admit we had a better club.

On the second Saturday we clobbered St. Martin's, and we really rolled up the counters too; Jenkins scored six times.



"Step outside and say that!"

COLLIER'S TON SMITS

He was a joy to watch out there. He'd whip straight down the field until he ran into trouble, and then he'd suddenly start hopping and side-stepping. The defense men would be left pounding one another over the head. And if they tried to gang up on him, he'd go blasting right through the middle, like a jet-propelled tank. His stick seemed to grow right out of his arm—he kept that ball in there as though it were tacked, tied and trussed with twine. His goal shots traveled slightly faster than the speed of light, yet he could hang a pass out in front of you as lazily as a marshmallow.

And the best part of it all was, he was no prima donna. He was in there every minute, working hard and fast, and he'd laugh almost as loud as the Horse when anyone else scored. He got a big kick out of just playing lacrosse.

Our third game was with Eastern Military. The Cadets were always tough for us, and this year they were supposed to be really hot.

The two centers faced each other, with the ball between the backs of their sticks. At the whistle they pulled the sticks back smartly and went scuffling for the ball. It rolled off to the right, and Bud scooped it up and shot it over to Tex.

From there on, it was a battle fit for the Colosseum; but no matter how well we played, the Cadets played better. In fact, they began to look a little too hot for us to handle.

But just about then our Mr. Jenkins began to catch fire and the picture changed abruptly. He slammed in two scores, and that started the rest of us going. We finally won 10-4.

So we had three in a row: the Teachers, St. Martin's and Eastern Military. We were warming up just before the National Institute game when Red tapped me on the arm and nodded toward the stands. "Who are those characters in the bleachers, daddy?"

I looked over. "Why, son," I said, steadying myself against him, "those are spectators."

They were, too—about thirty or forty students, strung out along the splintery boards, watching the warm-up in a kind of an amused way. But they were *watching*.

"How did they know there was a lacrosse game here?" Tex asked. "Somebody been indulging in loose talk?"

"I'm not used to playing with people watching," the Horse said. "I'll probably go all to pieces."

Dick Herren shrugged. "The glamor boy's family, probably," he said and walked away.

Whoever the people in the stands were, we gave them quite a show: we walloped the whey out of the Institute 17-2. We didn't even care about not having hot water in the field house after that game.

And that was only the beginning.

THE next home Saturday, there was an even larger turnout. And that night we were all in Tex's room when suddenly the Horse came bursting in, waving the town newspaper and yelling, "We made it! We're in! We made it!" It took five of us to tear the paper out of his hand. We smoothed it out, and down at the bottom of the third column of the second page of the sports section we found the tiny headline: UNIVERSITY LACROSSE TEAM RIPS ACADEMY 11-4. In stunned and reverent silence we read every word of the few brief lines. It was the first time the paper had ever printed anything more than the results of a lacrosse game.

It wasn't the last time though; we got a story every week end after that. And the crowds continued to grow. They even took to cheering, and after the initial shock we got to like that.

After the Tech game Andy Anderrsen came into the locker room and shook hands with every man on the team. He had played back in '31, when our teams were *really* bad, yet in the two worst seasons the school ever had he made All-America second team. He was a legend around the campus.

"Well, boys," he said, "it looks like you're going to put the old school on the lacrosse map at last. I guess we've finally made it. Keep on like this and there won't be a college in the country that'll refuse to play you." He picked up Red's jersey and shook it in our faces. "Just remember that every guy who ever wore this uniform is in there rooting for you!"

Even if he meant only the men who had worn that particular jersey it would have been a sizable cheering section. But corny or not, it was mighty quiet in that locker room after he left.

On the following Monday, Brittle Baker reported that the Athletic Office was trying to schedule Army for us next year, and maybe Maryland too. We were really looking up.

Nobody was kidding anybody: we owed it all to Bud Jenkins and we knew it. Maybe he did too, but he never showed it. He kept right on being the same modest guy he'd been that first day. The only change was that he played better every Saturday, which meant the team played better too.

THEN one balmy spring afternoon, with the flowers nodding in the fields, the birds on the wing and the varsity shining brighter than a chromium-plated dime, Fate hauled off and kicked us in the seat of our collective pants.

On that particular day, Hector Granitson, the university's illustrious football coach, and two of his assistants showed up to watch practice. They stood on the side lines and didn't look at anybody all afternoon but Bud Jenkins.

"We have pirates in the bottom of our garden," Red called to me as we lined up to meet the jayvee attack.

"Maybe Bud'll look bad today," I said hopefully, but I couldn't have been more wrong. The kid was sensational, and after practice, as we headed for the field house, Granny and his men cut him out of the herd and stood talking to him while the rest of us went on to the showers.

I could pretty well guess what they were saying to him. Granny Granitson's speech to a boy on why he should play football for the university is practically irresistible. It's a cross between an Arthur Godfrey commercial and a finance-company pitch. He explains that football is just a plain smart investment. The university takes good care of you: bed, board and a job, over and above your scholarship. When you graduate, there is professional ball, where you can earn yourself a bag of dust in just a few seasons. With that, and what you've saved from your undergraduate salary, you're all set. No dreary years of working your way up, no skimping and saving. You're off to a flying start.

When Bud finally came into the locker room, Tex asked, "What did the body snatchers want, as if I couldn't guess?"

Bud nodded. "They want me to come out for football."

"When?"

"Right now," Bud said. "For spring practice."

For a moment nobody spoke. Finally Red asked, "What did you tell them?"

"I told them I'd think it over to-

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night," Bud said quietly and went in to shower.

Granny knows talent when he sees it; he had Bud in at tailback and the kid was running wild before the week was out.

Our first game without him, as luck would have it, was against the toughest team on the slate: Rutgers, the only name school we met. Needless to say, they took us apart.

The final score was 16-3.

A COUPLE of days later I bumped into Bud and asked him if he wanted to go have a Coke.

"I'm glad to see you're still speaking to me, Mac," he said. "I thought maybe I was *persona non grata* with you lacrosse men."

"Watch your language."

"I'm sorry it worked out the way it did," Bud said. "Granny's offer just seemed too good to pass up."

"Sure. He makes it sound like a lifetime subscription to Fort Knox. How's it working out?"

He hesitated a second, and then said heartily, "Oh, fine—just fine." I didn't say anything and he went on telling me how great it was. "Of course," he said, "they keep you on the go; you don't get much chance to relax. Granny wants to win ball games."

"He's *got* to."

"Yeah, I suppose so," he said, staring into his Coke. "He's been wonderful to me though. Got me a job and all my meals. And next fall he says I'll have a scholarship. Everything's going fine, really." He looked at me quickly, but I kept drinking my Coke. He asked, "How are you guys making out?"

"Oh, great. What we lack in power we make up in sheer inability."

He drained his glass and looked at his watch. "I've got to run. I've got a three-o'clock at Bailey's."

I looked up in surprise. Bailey's is the campus tutoring outfit. "Since when is this?"

"Since football," he replied, with a funny smile. "Can't let classes interfere with football, y'know."

We wound up the lacrosse season with one more loss and a tie. The paper didn't carry any more stories on us and by the last game the crowd had dwindled away to just Brittle Baker and his girl. Andy Anderrsen, that grand old man of lacrosse, we never did see again.

"Probably cut his throat," Dick said. "We might have been able to deliver for him if the glamor boy had stuck around."

"Well, money talks," the Horse said, not laughing.

"Now wait a minute," I said, "any one of us would have done the same . . ." I stopped; I knew I was wrong. And then Coach Franks came in. He gave his end-of-the-season wait-till-next-year speech, and when he finished, everybody dressed and left. . . .

That fall the university had a terrific football team, and Bud was hotter than a mouthful of curry powder. But I wondered about his scholarship; somebody told me he was still doing time with Bailey's.

One afternoon I stopped by to watch the salaried football heroes practice. The number-one boys were taking five, and Bud came over to where I was standing. It was getting dark and there was a nip in the air and somewhere I could smell burning leaves. Across the river the lights of the town winked busily.

Bud sighed. "Nice time of day."

"Nice time of year," I added.

He nodded. "I like fall."

"We've got a hayride tonight with the Pi Phis. Want to come along?"

He looked at me hard. "You mean it? I mean, I understand the guys don't—"

"I'm one of those guys and I'm asking you."

"Gosh, I'd like to, Mac, but I don't see how I can. Anyhow, I'm usually too bushed by nine o'clock to go anywhere."

A whistle shrilled and the floodlights came on. "Into the den, Daniel," I said. "I'll see you soon."

Bud walked slowly out into the bright lights, buckling on his helmet.

A couple months later, when the lacrosse schedule for next spring came out, Army was on it but none of the other big-leaguers.

"Well, that's not so bad," the Horse said, as we crowded around the bulletin board to read it. "We just beat Army and then *all* the big boys will want to play us."

We started practice early. Most of the varsity was back and we got right to work. In fact, about the second or third week out we began to look pretty fair. Not midseason form or anything like that, but not bad, either. We spent most of the time on ball handling, and passing and basic fundamentals, but late each afternoon, just before we quit, we ran a few plays and took a couple of shots.

One day in particular we were really charged up. We kept Red on the hop knocking down goal shots—*everybody* was winging them in there. He began to clown it up, and pretty soon we were all skylarking around, mugging and shouting and taking crazy shots and generally having a ball. You could hear the Horse halfway across the river. Coach Franks didn't try to stop us; he just let us get it out of our systems.

I had just tried a really weird shot: a twisting hooker on the dead run that made me look like an eel with a bad tic. Tex trotted up beside me. "Gently, Nijinsky," he said. "That way lies rupture."

"That shot'll make lacrosse history, son," I told him.

"Well, you're being scouted," he said, nodding toward the gate at the end of the field. Bud Jenkins was standing there, half in the shadow, watching the practice.

"What's he doing, spying?" Dick said, as he raced by after a loose ball.

"Nah," Red said, "he just wants to see how the other half lives."

"Lay off," I said, "maybe he's just curious."

"Okay, let's move it around out there!" Coach Franks called and we forgot about Bud. Later, when I looked back at the gate, he was gone.

WE OPENED the season against State Teachers again. The Teachers looked bigger this year; and when the whistle blew they lost no time in gobbling up the ball and thundering down on Red like a herd of buffalo. He grew four extra arms and blocked three quick shots in a row, but finally they slammed one past him. Later they got two more and then they scored again in the second quarter. We managed to sneak one in, meanwhile, so that at the half we were down 4-1.

In the second half it started to drizzle. Fortunately, the rain slowed the Teachers down more than it did us and we managed to win 5-4. We were lucky.

The next Saturday we managed to beat Eastern Military 6-2, which doesn't look too bad, except that we should have beaten them 60-2. We just couldn't seem to get going. We missed passes, we missed checks, we missed a dozen chances to score. None of us looked good. "Gentlemen," Franks said afterward, "it's my painful duty to remind you that Army is on our schedule this year. Each of you please be sure the Athletic Office has the name and address of your next of kin."

There was no doubt about it, the university's lacrosse fortunes were at a low ebb.

"There is no doubt about it," Red began that night up in the room, but I told him to knock it off. He knocked it off and we sat there in a subzero silence for the rest of the evening.

After those terrible taffy pulls with the Teachers and the Cadets our crowds vanished: Brittle's girl wouldn't come any more. The paper ignored us completely.

Army was only three weeks away, and I got the grippe.

IT HIT me the Monday before the game with good old National Institute. The doctor slapped me into the infirmary, where I had nothing to do but drink orange juice and have nightmares about fire-breathing giants from West Point who handled lacrosse sticks as though they were lead pencils.

After practice each day some of the guys would stop by to read my magazines and eat the fruit my mother sent me. I was always glad to see them, but at the same time I was a little irked too. I'd lie there brooding about the team all day, sweating it out, and then they'd come trooping in at night as carefree as the Bobbsey Twins on a picnic. Every time I brought up the game on Saturday with National Institute, they'd just kind of drift off onto something else.

Finally, Thursday night I flipped. I asked them point-blank: "Listen, aren't you guys just a *little* worried about Saturday?"

Red took a big bite out of an apple that I was saving for my dessert. "No," he said blandly, "not particularly."

"Well, you ought to be!" I shouted. They looked up from their various magazines in surprise. "Do you think we're good or something?" I went on. "Listen, these Institute boys took the Teachers fifteen to eight. We haven't scored fifteen points in two games. I'm telling you, you better quit goofing off or you're going to get your tails trimmed."

They looked at me, then at one another. Tex silently formed the word "fever," and Red nodded wisely. The Horse said soothingly, "Take it easy, boy, you'll be all right."

"I *am* all right!" I shouted.

"There, there, now, you're tired," Red said. "Come on, everybody, we'll let him rest." They tiptoed out of the room in lock step. . . .

Saturday I was still in bed and I drove the head nurse crazy asking her every ten minutes or so if she knew what the lacrosse score was. She never did. She didn't even know there was a game, but finally, around four thirty, when I figured it must be over, I asked her if she'd call the Athletic Office and find out what happened.

"It's all right," she said, coming back from the telephone, "we won, thirteen to two."

"Thirteen to two?" I shouted at her. "You're nuts!"

She glared at me, and slammed the door with a bang.

That night the whole team came over. They crowded into the room and stood there blocking the door, grinning at me.

"Okay, what got into you guys?" I asked. "Where did you suddenly find thirteen points?"

"Abracadabra!" Red said.

They all stepped aside and there was Bud Jenkins, with a fresh strip of adhesive across his nose and the biggest grin of all.

I stared at him blankly.

"Smile, you germ-ridden misanthrope," the Horse said. "Our boy here has reformed."

"Yes," Tex said. "He was once drunk with football glory, but now he's become a brother member of A.A.—Athletes Anonymous."

Bud's grin was practically pushing his ears off his head. Everybody was grinning except me.

"You mean you gave up football for lacrosse?" I asked Bud. He nodded. Everybody nodded.

"He was once drunk with football glory, but now he's—" Red started to say but he went down under a pile of protesting teammates. He shouted for help and the head nurse came in and threw them all out for making so much noise. Bud sneaked back and sat in the chair with his feet propped up on the bed.

"How come?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "I like lacrosse."

"You like football too," I reminded him. "I thought you had it made. A scholarship, All-America, the pros—what happened?"

"Nothing, really, Mac. It's just that they've taken all the fun out of football around here. You've *got* to win ball games."

"Well, we like to win too, y'know."

"Sure, but it isn't the only reason you play. That's the difference."

"Then, Bud, you were at practice all week?"

"Since Tuesday. The guys didn't tell you because we wanted to surprise you, Mac."

"I was surprised all right," I said and we both grinned.

THEN we sat in silence for a while. A nurse's rubber soles squeaked along the corridor outside and off across the campus I heard the bell in Hollins Hall. It had begun to rain, a soft spring sound on the window.

"You know what really did it, Mac?" Bud asked as the bell stopped tolling.

I shook my head.

"The Horse," he said simply.

"The Horse?"

He laughed. "I was watching you guys at practice one day. You were really having a great time of it. And right in the middle of it the Horse laughed all over the place. That did it for me. I'd forgot you could have fun at practice. I'd forgot you could play a game for the fun of it. So I figured it was about time for me to come back home."

And that's how Bud Jenkins wound up playing lacrosse for the university. I'd like to be able to tell you that with him in there we went on to beat Army, but we didn't. It was a good game though, and the Army guys all shook hands with us afterward. They're playing us again next year too, and on the strength of that game—and the fact that we went the rest of the season undefeated—we've lined up Johns Hopkins and Maryland. Yes, sir, it's going to be quite a spring next year. I only hope old Andy Anderrsen comes down for a couple of games. He'll have nothing to be ashamed of.

—STEWART PIERCE BROWN

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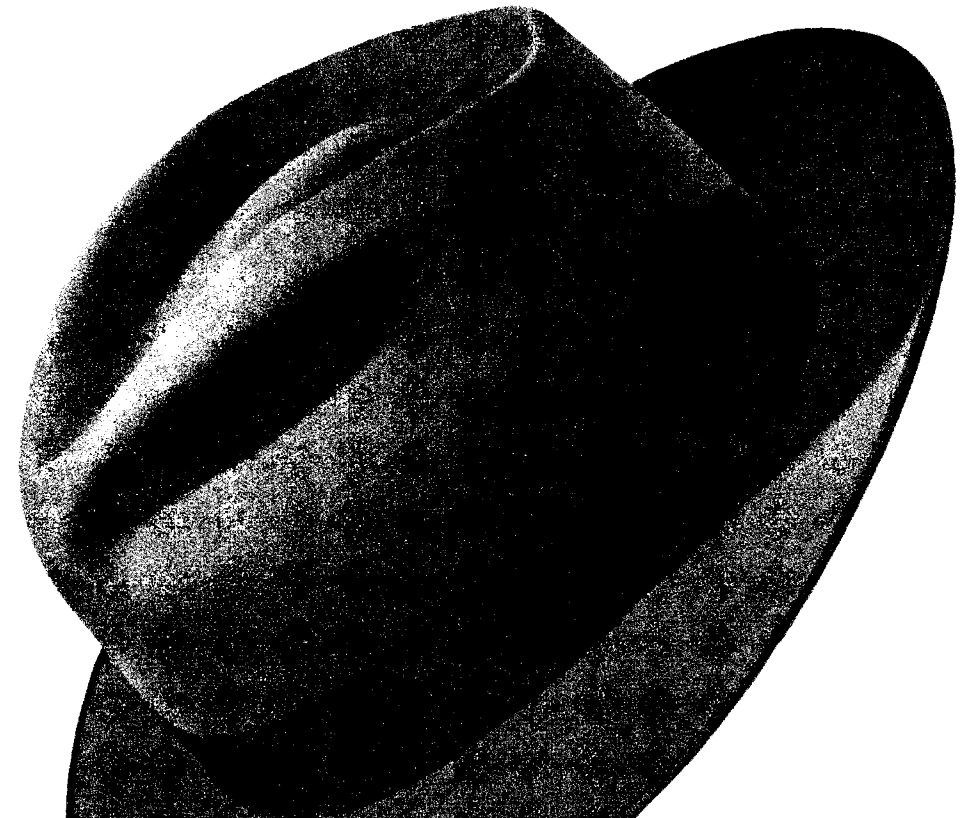

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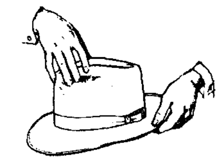

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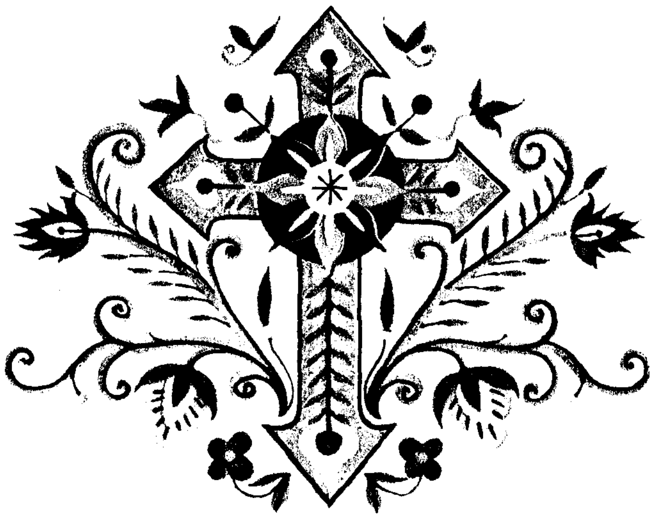

FAVORITE HYMNS

An Easter album of ten religious songs Protestants like best

THE range of religious experience is wide and deep. Religion includes solemnity, sacred passion and serenity; comfort and solace. It creates joy, and it makes people want to sing hymns.

Not long ago, the editors of the Christian Herald, an interdenominational magazine devoted to evangelical Christianity, wondered whether hymn singing is as joyful and popular today as it was years ago. And they wanted to know what hymns people were singing. A poll of the magazine's readers revealed that the preference of modern churchgoers was for spirited gospel songs, rather than for the dignified hymns preferred by hymnologists. Of the more than 600 hymns named by readers, first choice was The Old Rugged Cross, with catchy words and melody. It appeared on 24 per cent of the ballots. Most of the standard, slow hymns, such as Holy, Holy, Holy, polled only a few votes.

Whether you like your church singing fast or slow, you're bound to enjoy the hymns on these pages. They are the hymns which the Christian Herald has found to be the most popular in the United States today. With the complete lyrics and the melody to sing from, they appear here as bright and fresh as a lily on Easter Sunday. ▲▲▲

1

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

Rev. George Bennard

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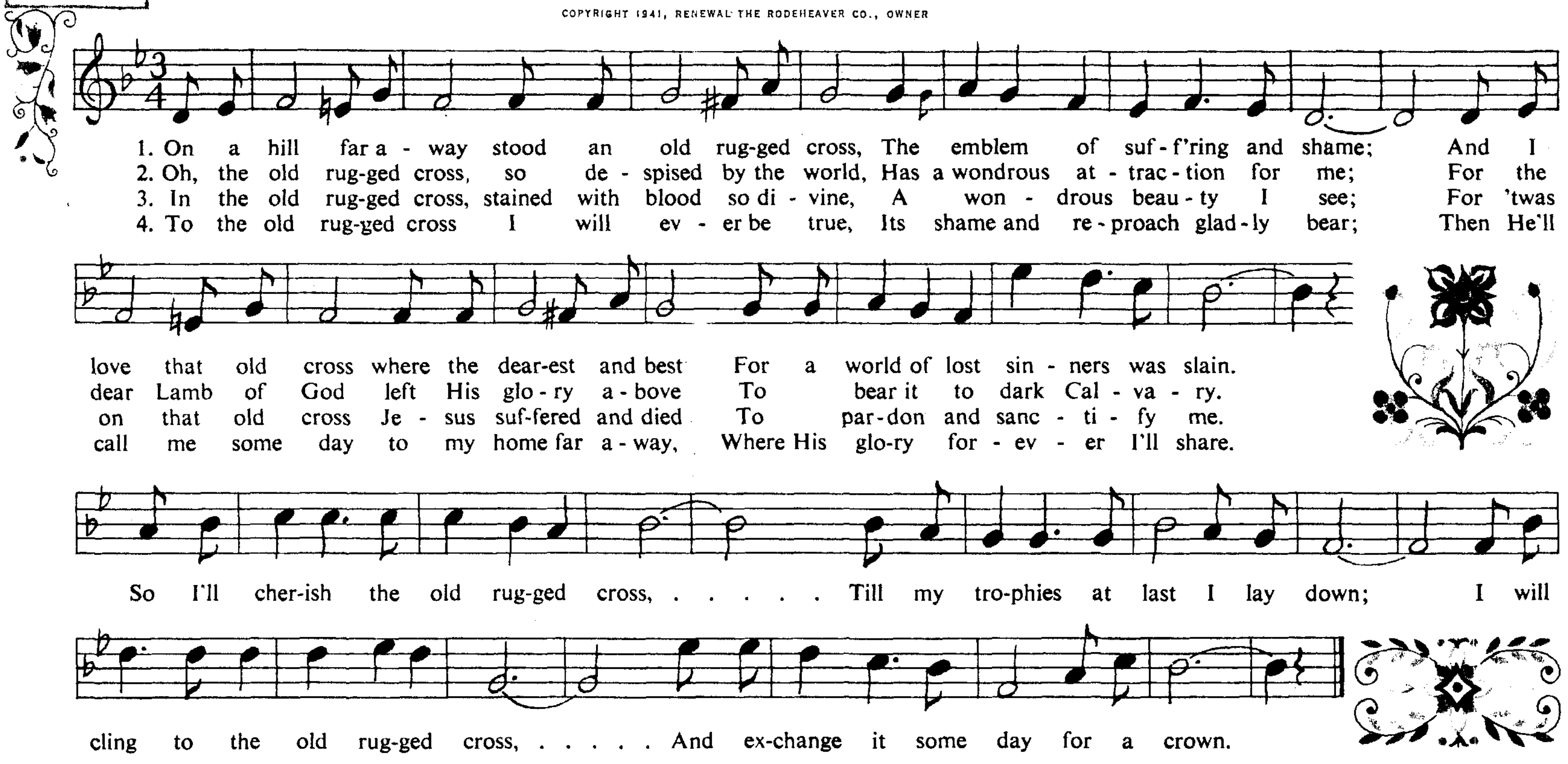
1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The emblem of suf - f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.
2. Oh, the old rug-ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a wondrous at - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died To par-don and sanc - ti - fy me.
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way, Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share.
So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged cross, ... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross, ... And ex-change it some day for a crown.

DECORATION BY JAMES LEWICKI

IN THE GARDEN

C. Austin Miles

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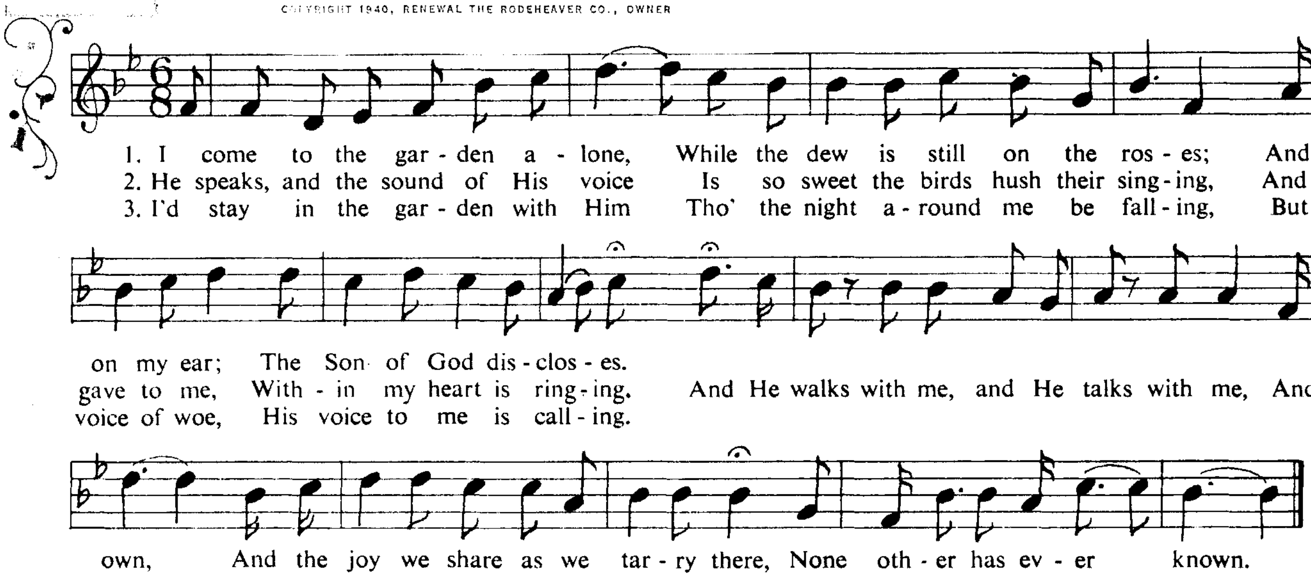
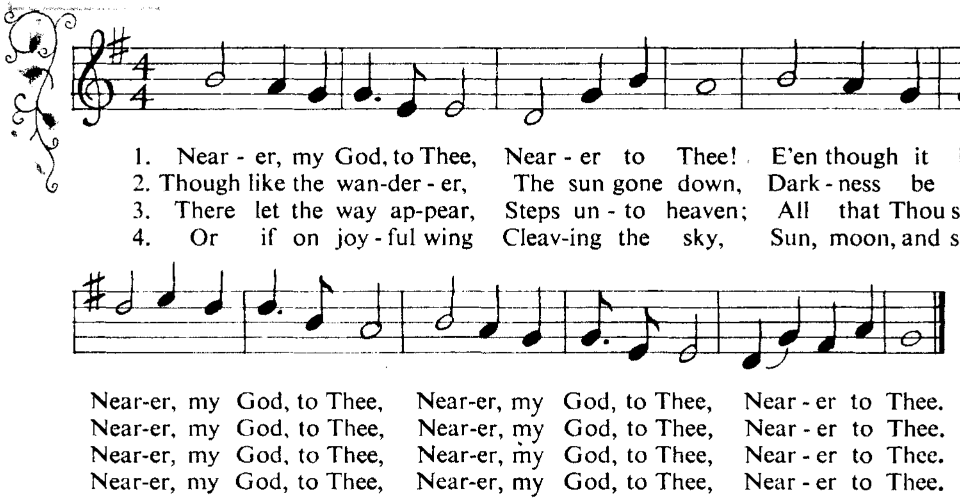

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him Tho' the night a - round me be fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thru the
on my ear; The Son of God dis - clos - es.
gave to me, With - in my heart is ring - ing.
voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.
And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His
own, And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

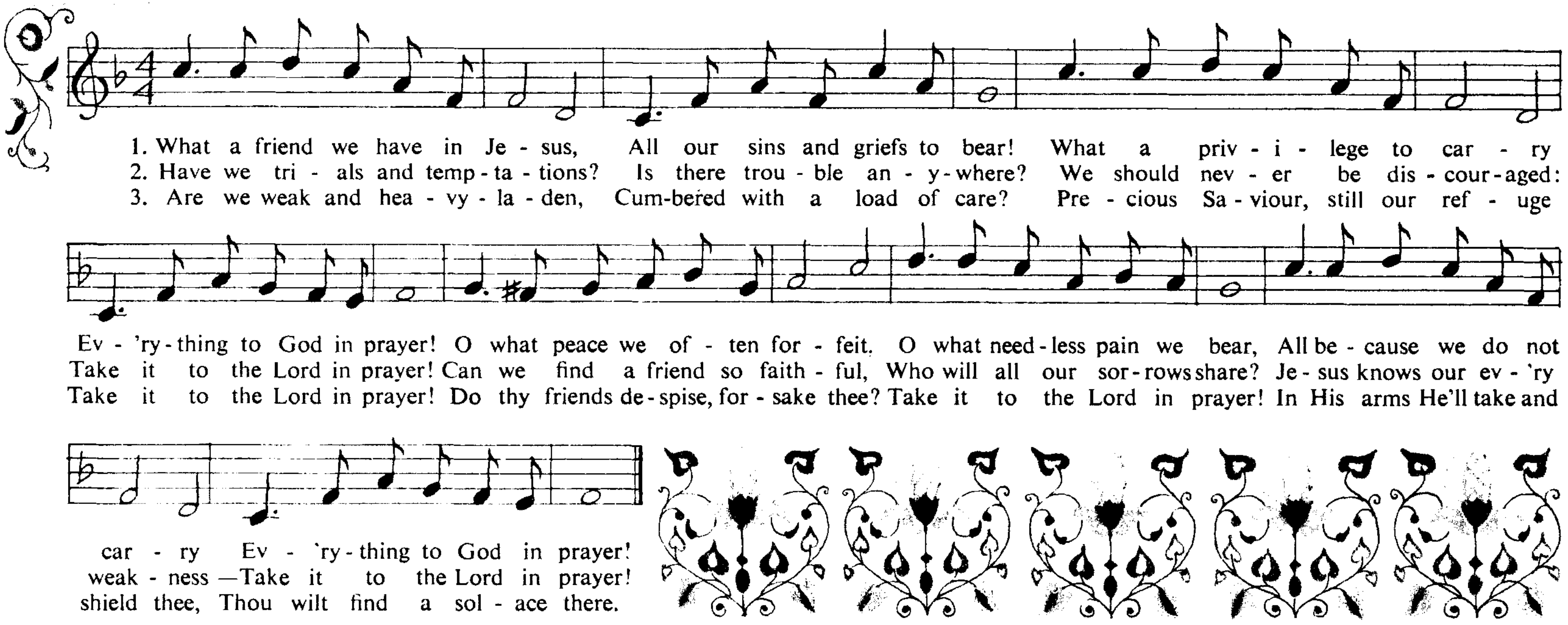
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Sarah F. Adams *Lowell Mason*


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
2. Though like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send-est me In mer - cy given; Ang-els to beck - on me
4. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

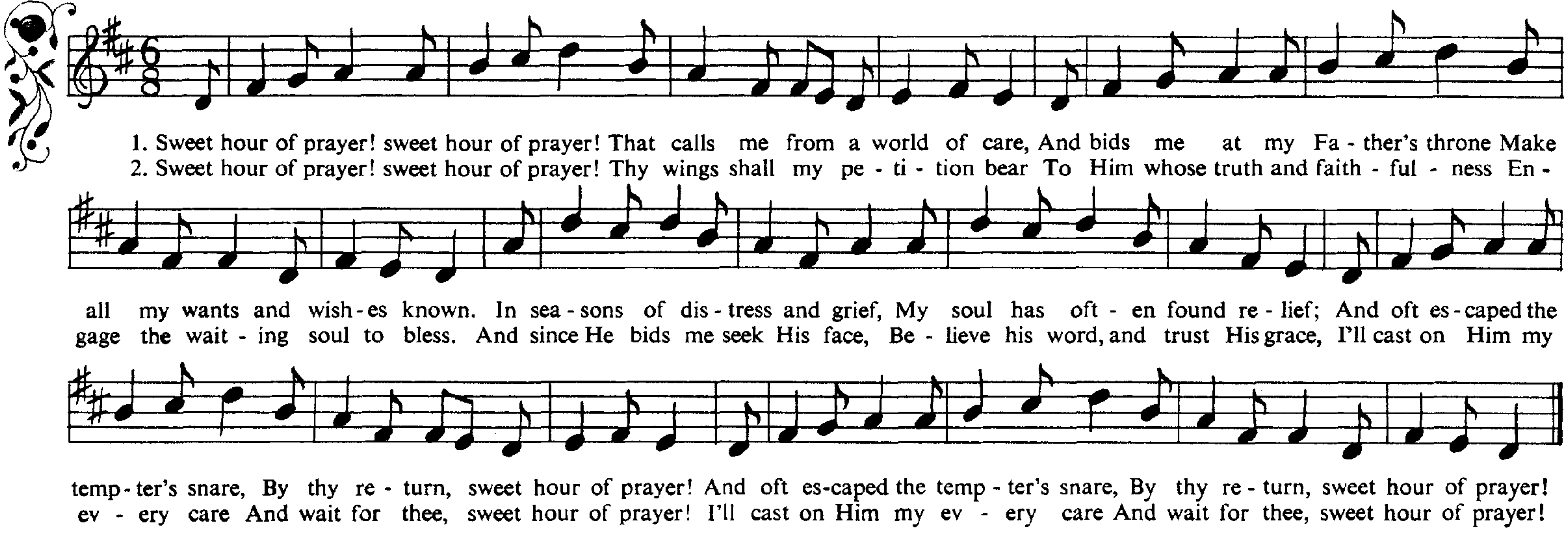
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

Joseph Scriven *Charles Crozat Converse*


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv - i - lege to car - ry
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where? We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged:
3. Are we weak and hea - vy - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care? Pre - cious Sa - viour, still our ref - uge —
Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer! O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear, All be - cause we do not
Take it to the Lord in prayer! Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share? Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry
Take it to the Lord in prayer! Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer! In His arms He'll take and
car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
weak - ness — Take it to the Lord in prayer!
shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

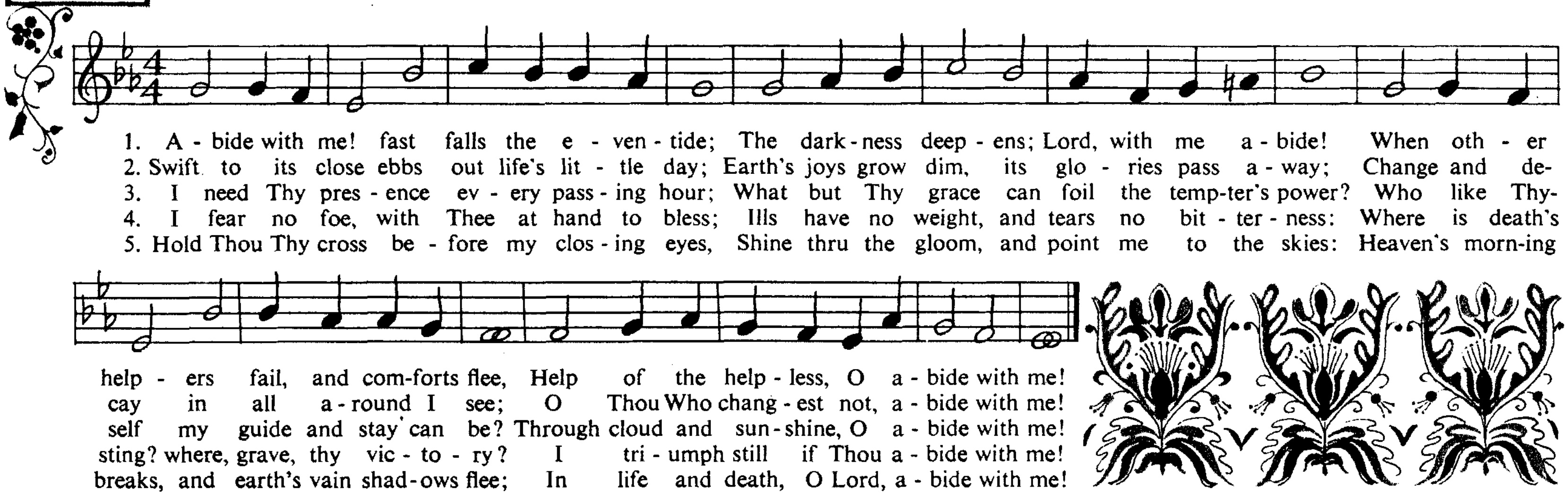
William W. Walford William B. Bradbury

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En -
all my wants and wish - es known. In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief; And oft es - caped the
gage the wait - ing soul to bless. And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve his word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my
temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer! And oft es-caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
ev - ery care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

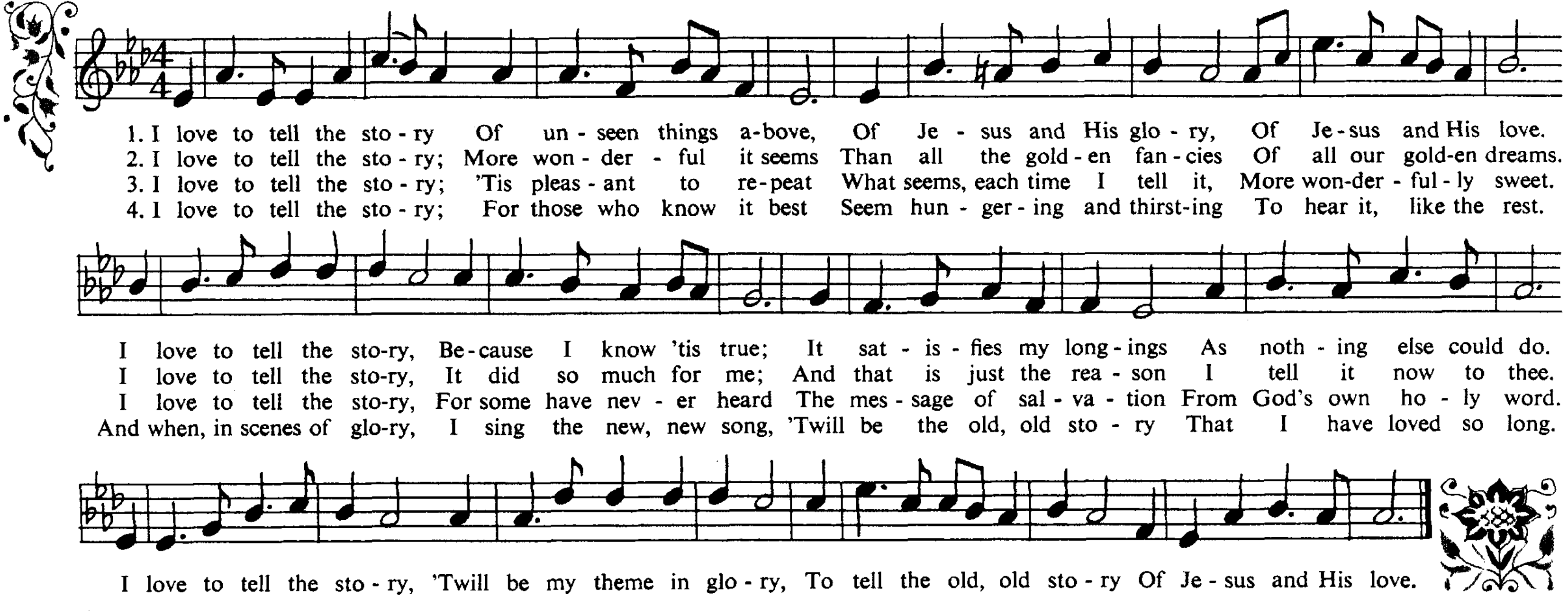
Henry F. Lyte William H. Monk

ABIDE WITH ME


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de-
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the temp-ter's power? Who like Thy-
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness: Where is death's
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes, Shine thru the gloom, and point me to the skies: Heaven's morn-ing
help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
cay in all a - round I see; O Thou Who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
self my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!
breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee; In life and death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

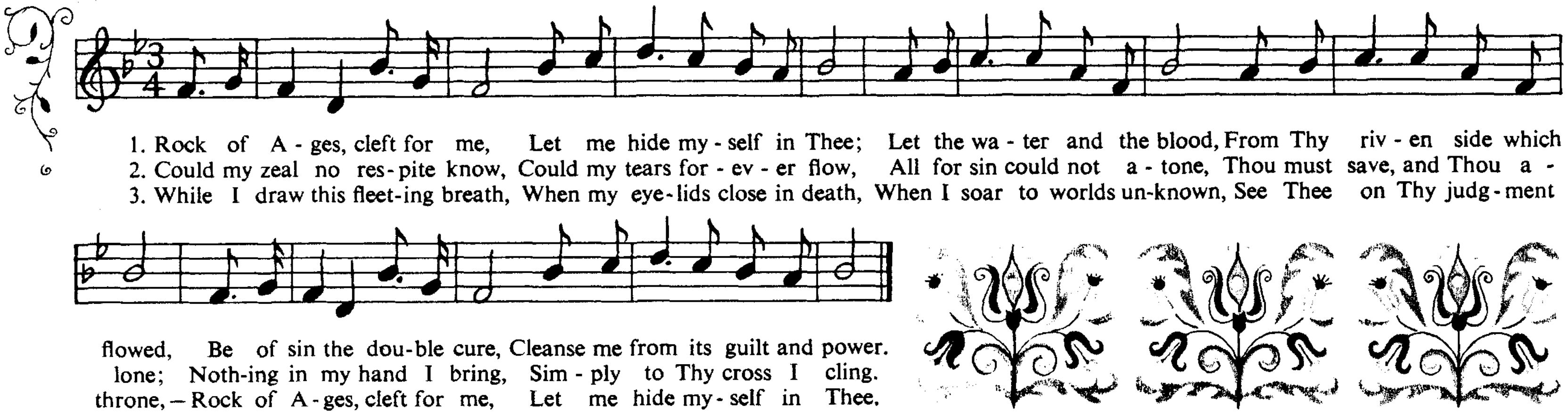
Katherine Hankey William G. Fischer

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams.
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet.
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest.
I love to tell the sto-ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else could do.
I love to tell the sto-ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell the sto-ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

ROCK OF AGES

Augustus M. Toplady *Thomas Hastings*

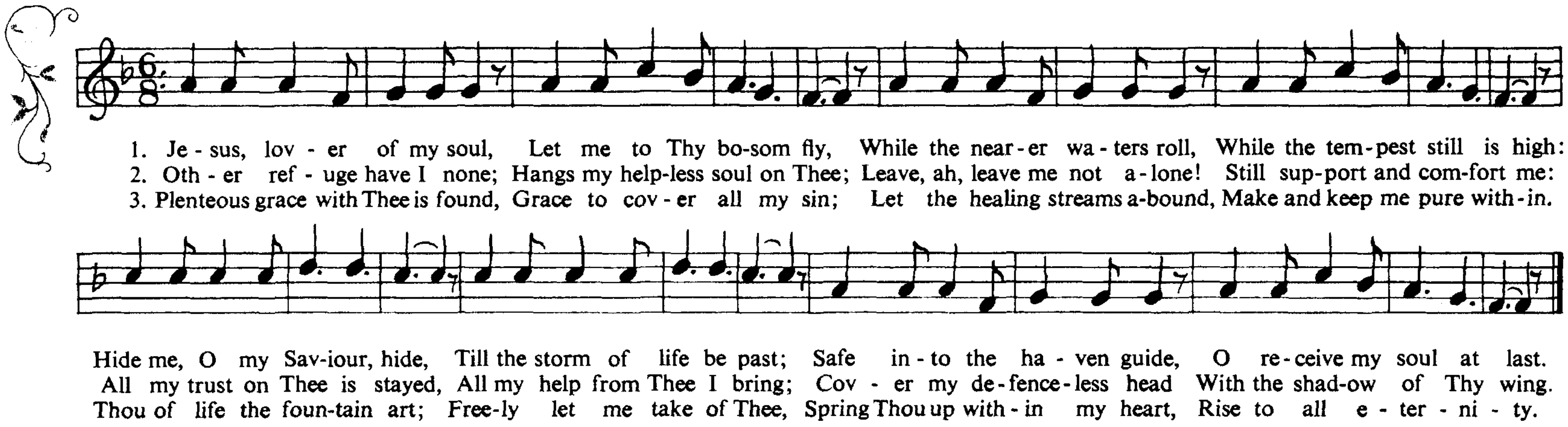


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which
2. Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a -
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment

flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
lone; Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
throne, – Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

ESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Charles Wesley *Simeon B. Marsh*

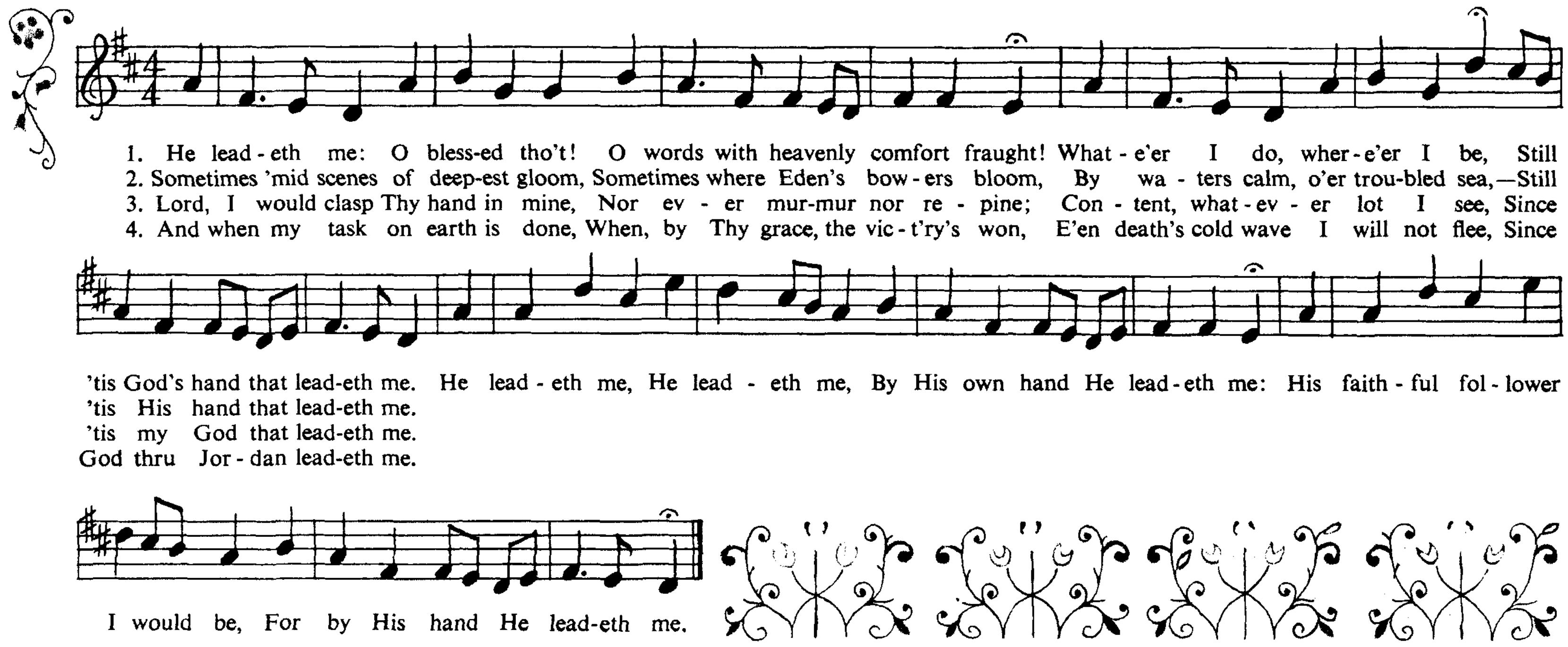


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com - fort me:
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the healing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee, Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

H E LEADETH ME

Joseph H. Gilmore *William B. Bradbury*



1. He lead - eth me: O bless - ed tho't! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow - ers bloom, By wa - ters calm, o'er trou - bled sea,—Still
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine; Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since

'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me: His faith - ful fol - lower
'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
'tis my God that lead - eth me.
God thru Jor - dan lead - eth me.

I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

"Lily arrived without her badge," Keegan said. "About an hour ago the police came; they'd found her badge in a murdered man's car!"

DEATHWATCH at JUPITER

By CAMERON HAWLEY

Author of Executive Suite

THE telephone rang in the deep night, first as an alarm bell in the bad dream he was having. Then it rang again, even more terrifyingly, as he woke and realized the sound was real.

He shook his head, remembering other such calls in the night. They were the repetitious hammer blows of catastrophe—the catastrophe that had been battering away at him ever since he had come out to California to manage the new West Coast branch plant of the Jupiter Television Corporation.

He blinked his eyes and looked at the green-glowing face of the clock. It was ten minutes to three, less than two hours since he had finally fallen asleep.

The telephone rang again and he snatched up the receiver. He swallowed hard, dampened his dry lips, grimaced at the coppery taste in his mouth, finally mumbled, "Hello."

"Just a minute, Mr. Conrad. Mr. Keegan wants you."

Barbara, his wife, asked sleepily, "Trouble again, dear?"

He nodded. A ridiculous question, he thought. Why else would Keegan be calling him in the middle of the night? All hell must have broken loose again. But what more could happen? Hadn't he already been hit with every bad break a man could have?

As he waited to speak with Keegan, his foreman, he closed his eyes, his mind filled again with the hopelessness of his situation. Factories were like ships: some of them were jinxed from the day they were launched. There was no doubt that Jupiter West Coast was a jinx plant.

He'd come out here to California full of hope—as general superintendent, with his own plant at last. He'd wanted to burn up the world, show the New York brass how wrong they'd been about his being too young, with not enough experience in handling personnel. It would take six months to reach top production, they'd warned him. He'd do it in five!

Now it had been eight months—the first week in April, two months past the target date—and there was still not a single week when he had hit scheduled production. Last week it had been close; by Wednesday night he had been fifty-nine receivers ahead of the pace. But he had counted without the jinx. On Thursday morning, nineteen operators were off the line—no explanation, no excuse, nothing; they just hadn't shown up. Of course they were back again on Friday, payday, but by then it had been too late.

They were the real jinx—those bottom-of-the-barrel girls he'd had to hire. And *this* was the spot those bright fellows who'd come out here from the home office had selected as the perfect factory location! They'd dumped him into the worst labor situation on the whole West Coast—new plants mushrooming overnight, every corporation in the country starting a branch factory. Even when he was lucky enough to get a good girl, some other plant stole her as soon as she was trained. The only operators he could hold were the ones no one else wanted: the troublemakers, the absentee artists, the goldbrickers.

But did New York realize that? Did Old Man Starbuck make any allowance for this labor situation? Of course not. All Starbuck cared about was that total figure down at the bottom of the weekly production report. "Jim, I can't understand it at all," he'd said. "We've given you the most modern television-receiver plant in the industry . . ."

Wasn't Starbuck supposed to be vice-president in charge of production? Didn't he know that you couldn't make television receivers with a *plant?* A television receiver was handmade. There were 1,254 component parts in a Jupiter 66, and all of those parts had to be assembled by hand. There were over four hundred separate labor operations, and it took a pair of hands to perform every one of them—a pair of hands and a little sense of loyalty and responsibility.

Starbuck hadn't even listened when he'd tried to explain the problem, but had merely started that corny old speech of his again: the Jupiter spirit, the big happy family, everybody pulling on the same oar. Starbuck didn't know what it was to be up against a bunch of dames who were happy only when they were wrecking the works. He seemed to have no idea that there were a thousand ways to foul up a receiver, and that all it took was *one* wrong connection, *one* sloppy splash of solder or *one* wrong resistor.

Yesterday there had been six miswirings in one chassis. That's what Ed Keegan

He had to make good as manager, but the plant was jinxed. He faced a strike—and a scandal

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was working on tonight, an extra shift to try and catch up.

"Jim?" Keegan's voice on the telephone interrupted his thoughts. "Sorry to bother you, but we've just hit a rough one. Thought I'd better get your slant on it."

"All right."

"Do you remember a wiring operator named Lily Johnson?"

"Johnson?"

"Little blonde kid? Not too bad-looking?"

He said he could not recall the girl. What did Keegan expect, that he could remember every operator on the line, hundreds of new faces every week?

"She was in that bunch of girls we put on right after Christmas," Keegan said. "The only one that's still left."

"Oh," he said vaguely, remembering not Lily Johnson but that riffraff gang they'd tried to train into belt-speed operators. Most of them had walked out after the first day on the practice boards, complaining that twisting wires around contact lugs made their fingers sore! "What about her?" he asked.

"She turned up without her badge for this overtime shift tonight. About an hour ago the police walked in. They'd found her badge in the car of a man who had been murdered."

"What!"

"They've got her in jail. We'll have to do something."

Momentarily, he reacted to the impact of the shock. Then he caught himself, his annoyance rising. Had Keegan called merely to tell him that they'd lost one more girl off the line? They'd lost hundreds of girls.

Do something? What was the matter with Keegan tonight? Of course they'd do something—let the relief man take over her station and try to hire another girl tomorrow.

"—rough deal for a kid like that to face," Keegan was saying. "Scared to death, and no place to turn for help. I thought—well, I didn't want to go off the deep end until I'd checked it with you, but I thought we might help her get a lawyer."

He said nothing, trying to grasp what Keegan was talking about.

"—bunch of the girls are back in the rest room now, chewing it over. Lily's a pretty popular kid, and they figure we ought to give her a chance to—"

A SUDDEN rush of anger blocked his ears. Give her a chance? Had those girls given *him* a chance? He'd worked eleven years to become a general superintendent—and now, thanks to girls like this Johnson, he was on his way out. Starbuck would be here again tomorrow. "I hate to put it to you this way, Jim," he'd say. "But there's no alternative. I'll be out here again a month from today. If you can't get up to schedule by then . . ."

He cut in abruptly on Keegan. "Ed, there is nothing we can do about it."

"I know it isn't according to the book, Jim, but after all she is one of our girls and—"

He slammed down the receiver.

Barbara was fully awake now, sitting up in bed beside him. "What's the matter, dear?"

He hesitated, and then decided he might as well tell her. In a few moments she interrupted him: "But, Jim, she *is* one of your girls. You owe her—"

"What do you mean, one of *my* girls?" he said. "They simply work at the plant—when they feel like it! The company doesn't owe them anything! Do you know how much money we pay those girls? And we give them every employee benefit under the sun. We give them the world with a gold-plated fence around it, and now you want us to supply free lawyers so they can get away with—"

"I'm sorry," she said, and lay back in bed.

He felt the pointless anger suddenly collapse. He wanted to say that he was sorry too, that he shouldn't have blown his top like that, that it certainly wasn't her fault. It was just that she didn't understand. No one did—not even Ed Keegan.

Sure, Keegan wanted to be the great humanitarian. Who didn't? But helping people had to work both ways; they had to help you, too. The plant had to *operate*. "Jim, our whole program of decentralized manufacture depends on making Jupiter West Coast a successful operation," old Starbuck had said. "We're giving you a brand-new factory, the finest small plant in the whole industry. All you have to do is hire the right kind of people, train them, build their morale, get that old Jupiter spirit, everybody pulling on the same oar!"

He recalled suddenly what Keegan had said about the girls ganging up in the rest room, and he felt a surge of panic. That was the way all those wildcat work stoppages in the area had started—a meeting in the rest room, someone coming out with another crazy demand. If it happened at Jupiter, that would really be the finishing touch: Starbuck walking in tomorrow and finding the plant closed down.

HE GOT out of bed, moving as quietly as possible, trying not to disturb Barbara again. In the dark he fumbled for the sport shirt and pair of old slacks that he had been wearing around the house last night.

"Are you going, Jim?" Barbara asked.

"Have to find some way to nip this in the bud."

"I knew it."

"Knew what?"

"What so many people don't know about you. You're an awful fake, darling. You put on such a hard-boiled act but you've really got a heart as big as a barrel." . . .

The night was ominously still. As he left the house, his footsteps were punch-press blows on the sidewalk. The car motor roared like a jet taking off. He saw then that he was almost out of gas, and he swung west toward the highway, looking for an all-night gas station.

When he pulled in and stopped at a station on the highway, two policemen were getting out of a patrol car. The older one glanced in Conrad's direction. An impulse, which he regretted instantly, made him call out, "Officer?" The policeman walked toward his car.

"Officer, I—well, I wonder if you happen to know anything about a girl being picked up tonight for a murder?"

The policeman's face was a coldly cautious mask. "What's it to you, Mac?"

"Well, she's one of my girls and—"

He caught himself, but it was too late. It had slipped out: *one of my girls*. Now Barbara had him saying it!

The policeman looked at him strangely. "Mind letting me see your driver's license?"

He felt a swift shock of surprise. His driver's license? It was in his wallet. He'd come off without it. "I got away in a hurry," he said calmly. "I'm afraid I don't have it with me."

The other policeman had come over and was standing a few feet away. "No identification?" the older policeman asked. "What's your name, Mac?"

"Conrad," he said in annoyance, "Jim Conrad. I'm general superintendent of—"

"You're *what?*"

He swallowed, suddenly seeing himself as the two policemen must see him—an old sport shirt with a torn collar, a stubble of beard, three o'clock in the morning.

"I'm—general superintendent of the Jupiter Television plant," he said.

He opened the glove compartment, got out his factory gate pass and handed it to the officer.

THE policeman turned on his flashlight and examined the plastic badge. When he looked up, his face had softened. "Sorry, Mr. Conrad. Have to keep checking. That's our job." He smiled faintly. "We got the wrong idea at first, when you said she was one of your girls. You meant—"

"Yes," he said lamely, unable to respond to the policeman's smile, wanting to tell him just to forget the whole business. "I don't suppose you know anything about the girl anyway. I just thought that—"

"A girl named Lily Johnson?"

"Yes."

"We know a little about her," the officer said dryly, glancing toward the other policeman. "We picked her up. Took her over to the sheriff's substation. This is a county case, you know. Happened out on the Cross Canyon Road."

"No. I didn't know."

The policeman handed back his badge. "That's the way they ran her down—they found one of these factory passes of yours in the murdered man's car."

The younger policeman came forward, almost as if he were attempting to apologize. "Nice plant you've got over there, Mr. Conrad."

"Yes, it's a good layout," he said.

"I got me a Jupiter—works fine. Good set." The policeman looked at him with an approving smile. "Must be a pretty good company too—the boss getting up in the middle of the night to help out one of his girls."

The other officer nodded his agreement. "She's a lucky girl," he said. "Too many times a kid gets herself in a jam and there isn't a soul in the world that'll bother to give her a hand."

"Well, I—"

"Fill 'er up?" the boy at the gas pump asked.

"You're going to have to trust him," the older policeman said, grinning. "Came off without his wallet. But it's all right, Jackie. This is Mr. Conrad, head man over at the Jupiter plant."

As the boy started filling the gas tank, the officer said, "If I were you, Mr. Conrad, I'd get a lawyer out there as soon as I could. Don't take this wrong, but Lily isn't exactly what you'd call the smartest kid in the world. Unless she gets some help in a hurry she's liable to talk herself into a peck of trouble. Tell you what—we're heading back toward the substation anyway, so why don't you just follow us? We'll get you over there fast."

"Thank you," he said. "That's very nice of you . . ." He was trapped; there was no alternative but to follow the oversized taillights of the patrol car to the substation.

It was ridiculous, insane. He was involving the whole company. It would probably be in all the morning papers for Starbuck to read when he got off the plane. Talk herself into a peck of trouble? No, he was the one who had done that, calling to these policemen.

He gripped the steering wheel in anger and self-criticism. He'd have to go through the motions of seeing the girl. But he'd duck out in a hurry, get over to the plant and break up that washroom meeting, make those girls realize that the company couldn't be held responsible for every little tramp that—

His tires screeched as he stopped behind the patrol car and got out in front of the substation. He fought against the feeling that this was all a nightmare, that he was sleepwalking.

Doors opened, voices spoke to him, someone said: "Lily, your boss has come over to see you."

He was shocked into complete awakening by the heavy metallic clank of a cell door's lock. Up to this moment, everything had been soft-edged with unreality; but now he saw only too clearly the glitter of the green-enameled bars, the black shadows cast by the bare light bulb, the coldly alert face of the deputy sheriff who stood watching him through the door of the cell.

Then he saw Lily—a small girl, her shoulders narrower than the back of the straight chair she sat in, her hands gripping the seat edge. Her face seemed vaguely familiar, not as that of a specific girl but as a composite image of a hundred others.

AT FIRST glance she seemed a caricature of guilt. She wore a slinky black satin dress with a tear at the neckline, and a clutter of cheap jewelry. Her face was pale, her lips too red, and her blonde hair was obviously, and inexpertly, dyed.

"Lily," he said. It sounded strange, more like a warning than a greeting.

"Hello," she said, but it was not a greeting either. It was a word without meaning, the low cry of a child facing the certainty of punishment.

"Lily, I—" he began again, but his voice sounded even stranger now, sirupy and sanctimonious. He saw the girl's lips tremble.

"What do you want?" she said.

He saw then that what he had thought to be an expression of fear was, more than anything else, amazement at his presence. "I—well, Lily, I want to help you," he said.

"Why?"

The word came like the crack of a whiplash, momentarily stunning him. He heard himself say, without thinking, "Well, you're one of my girls—"

She stared at him, incredulous. Then, suddenly and without warning, she sprang from the chair and ran to him, clutching at his shoulders.

Her words came like a torrent. "I didn't do anything bad, Mr. Conrad,

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honestly I didn't! He wanted me to but I wouldn't. He tried to make me stay in the car with him but— Oh, he was awful, just awful, and he tore my dress and—"

She began to cry, and he put his arm around her shoulders. "I know you didn't do it," he whispered—and then, suddenly, he did know. He could smell it now, the pungent odor of stale beer. It was obvious what had happened: one of these beer-joint wolves had been trying to take advantage of her, first showing her a good time and then dragging her out to his car. It was men like that that the police ought to have in jail, he thought angrily, not this innocent girl!

She was sobbing against his shoulder now. "Oh, I thought it was going to be so wonderful out here in California. I had this chance to come and— But it hasn't been wonderful; it's been just awful."

"I know, Lily, I know."

"But you don't know! You can't. Everything's gone wrong —everything—from the very beginning. I had all these wonderful plans, only nothing's worked out."

"I do know," he said positively. "Listen to me, Lily. Now just stop crying and—"

"I can't stop," she said. "You being so nice to me, coming over to help me like this— I didn't even think you knew I was alive."

SHE lifted her head to look at him, her eyes still wet but no longer frightened. "It just isn't true, what the girls keep saying about you all the time. You aren't like that at all."

"Like what?" he said quickly.

"Like the way you look at us when you come out in the plant —like you hated us, like every time somebody makes a mistake you was blaming all of us for it—getting us so jittery we don't know whether to solder to a number-four lug or number-five. Only you aren't really like that, are you? The girls at the plant just don't know you, that's all."

"Maybe they don't," he said. His voice was low, but the echo of her accusation seemed to thunder in his mind.

He loosened the grip of her hands on his shoulders, and backed the single step to the door. "Don't worry, Lily," he said. "Everything's going to be all right."

The iron latch clanked and he was out in the corridor again, automatically matching strides with the deputy, walking back toward the waiting room. When they had turned the corner he stopped, touching the deputy's arm. "Where's a telephone? I want to get her a lawyer."

The yellow pages of the directory seemed blurred. *Attorneys,* he read, and glanced down the long list of names. It was four o'clock in the morning; this list of office numbers was useless. Perhaps Keegan would know of someone, some lawyer who could be reached at night.

He got out a coin and dialed the plant, waiting impatiently until the watchman answered, then waiting again for Keegan. "Where's that lawyer you were talking about?" he said when Keegan answered. "Get him over here right away. This girl's no more guilty than I am!"

There was a moment of surprised hesitation before Keegan replied, but he hardly noticed the silence, hearing only the fading echo of his own voice —"no more guilty than I am." . . .

Outside, the night wind ruffled the ragged leaves of the eucalyptus trees that lined the road. As he waited for the lawyer he paced the gravel path, smoking one cigarette after another, his mind a turmoil of memories.

He had gone up the ladder in a hurry after he'd returned from the Marines in '46—first as a project engineer, then as foreman in the radio plant, into the factory-control office, and finally into a private-office berth in general production. There he had stopped for four long years. When a couple of top jobs had opened up, Starbuck had twice passed him by.

He had been almost ready to leave the company, despairing of ever getting a break, when Starbuck had given him the call to manage Jupiter West Coast. "Jim, I know you deserve a chance and I'm going to give it to you," he said. "I know you're a top-notch production engineer—never had any doubts on that score . . ."

The memory faded out at that point, words that he had let go in one ear and out the other. It had merely been another rendition of old Starbuck's dog-eared speech about morale, getting everyone to pull together—the Jupiter spirit that had made the company what it was.

Now, as he struggled with the unaccustomed task of self-appraisal, he wondered whether those lectures had actually been as corny as they had sounded. Maybe Starbuck had known all the time what his difficulty was. Maybe that was why Starbuck had held him back so long, knowing he didn't have what a man had to have to be a general superintendent. Some men didn't have it—Steve Pocock hadn't. Maybe that was why Starbuck had shown him that entry on Pocock's personnel folder, pretending that he was justifying the decision to give him Eddie Keegan instead of Steve Pocock as his assistant: *Excellent engineer with unusual ability in production planning but lacks ability to generate loyalty and enthusiastic co-operation of subordinate personnel . . .*

Starbuck had been warning him that the same indictment might be stamped on his own summary sheet—and he'd been too blind to realize it!

Other memories came flooding back now. He'd been top man in his class at college, with the Radforth Prize for Production Engineering, but had never held an elective office in the fraternity. And Major Hunt had once told him: "Sure, these men are Marines, but they're human beings too. That's your trouble, Conrad; you keep forgetting that the best plan in the world isn't worth anything if you don't have the men behind you . . ."

Those had been warnings too, but they hadn't hit home; the need for loyalty and co-operation hadn't really touched him—personally—until he'd taken over at Jupiter. And he'd been blind, blaming the boys in New York for the plant location, blaming Starbuck for hounding him, blaming the girls on the line, blaming everyone but himself.

Someone shouted his name from the steps of the substation and he walked back to meet the lawyer Keegan had called, a youngish man named Bradbury, whose heavy-rimmed eyeglasses gave his face an owlish look.

"I want to make it clear, Mr. Bradbury, that this is personal, not company business. I'm doing this on my own. Go in there and see what you can do."

IT WAS almost dawn when Bradbury came out, polishing his glasses, professionally optimistic. "Oh, I don't think there's too much to worry about, Mr. Conrad. All they have on her is finding her badge in the man's car. She claims she was a block away when she heard the shot."

"Then why don't they let her out of jail, Mr. Bradbury?"

"I dare say they will before too long—if her story holds up. The detectives are out now checking her alibi." He put on his glasses, smiling. "I'd suggest you get yourself a little sleep, Mr. Conrad. You look as if you'd had a hard night."

"There's nothing you can do to get her out of jail?"

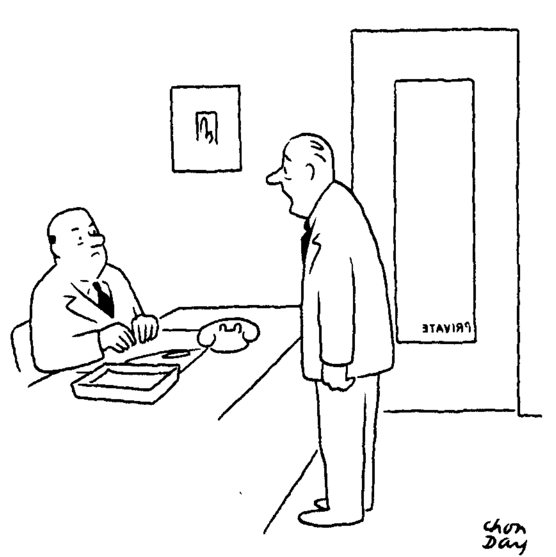
"Not at the moment. I'll call you as soon as I hear anything."

He turned away, feeling defeated, but was stopped by the lawyer's voice: "If you don't mind my saying it, Mr. Conrad, this is all very decent of you. It isn't every employer who would—"

Conrad shook his head and walked quickly away to hide his embarrassment. He didn't deserve any credit for trying to help Lily; the police sergeant had pushed him into it. And besides, he hadn't helped her. The sheriff would have turned her loose anyway, because she wasn't guilty. She had nothing to thank him for. The shoe was on the other foot; he was the one who was in her debt.

He drove home cautiously, aware that the sleepless night had dulled his reactions. Out of habit, he tried to concentrate on the demands of the day that lay ahead of him: nothing had yet been done about that rest-room meeting; Starbuck would be getting in at ten o'clock; the whole plant might be closed down.

Somehow, it didn't seem to matter now. It was too late. Starbuck was right about him—he wasn't the man for the job. He'd had his chance and blown it, and he had no one to blame but himself.



"No, I wouldn't say I *have* to have a raise. It's just that my wife is having a little trouble finding a substitute for margarine"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

The deceptive calm of extreme fatigue settled over him. Maybe it was for the best. He'd be out from under the strain at last, with no more calls at three o'clock in the morning. It wouldn't be easy, starting over again, but he could do it. At least he was a good engineer; no one could take that away from him.

THERE was a light in the kitchen and the smell of brewing coffee greeted him at the door. Barbara was up and dressed, her voice calmly matter-of-fact as she said, "A Mr. Bradbury just called. He said to tell you that the detectives got back right after you left. They've arrested the man's wife for the murder and released your girl."

He nodded, grateful that she didn't pursue the subject. Barbara was a wonderful wife, better than he deserved. There'd probably been a lot of times Barbara had thought the same as Lily about him.

"What time do you have to be at the plant?" she said.

"Doesn't matter too much."

She knew as well as he did that this was the morning Starbuck was coming, but she didn't remind him of it. Nor did she say the obvious: that he hadn't had any sleep. She probably knew that this one last day didn't matter; there would be plenty of time afterward to sleep. Of course she knew—saying what she had when he'd left this morning, trying like everyone else to make him see what was wrong with himself. But at least there'd be a second chance with Barbara.

"Still love me?" he asked, putting his arm around her.

"More than ever," she whispered.

Yes, she knew—and it didn't matter.

He shaved and showered and hurriedly ate breakfast. Then, patting his hip pocket to make certain he had his wallet, he went out to the car and drove to the plant. He was surprised that he could be so wide awake after a night without sleep. The nightmare quality of all that had happened had been lost with the rising sun.

It was only after he got inside the plant that the illusion of dreaming returned. He had come in the back way, through the shipping room; and as he walked the length of the chassis assembly line, something almost unbelievable happened: at each station he passed, a girl smiled at him.

Eddie Keegan came out of the final-alignment booth, meeting him at the end of the line. "Lily called in a while ago," Keegan said. He glanced significantly down the assembly line. "You've got a lot of friends this morning."

"I didn't do anything. Couldn't."

"That isn't what Lily thinks," Keegan said, grinning. "Or what the girls think either."

"Better get home, Ed, and get yourself some sleep," he said crisply. "If anything happens after Starbuck gets in, I'll call you."

"He's here," Keegan said.

"What?"

"Got in town last night. Came out here just as the day shift was coming on. He's in your office now, putting through a call to New York."

He hesitated. "I suppose—well, I assume you told him why I was late?"

Keegan was grinning again. "Nope, figured that was your own business," he said. "Anyway, I had the old boy sidetracked up here, watching final inspection. In case he's still interested, you might tell him that we've been running an hour and twenty minutes now and still haven't had to send a set back to the trouble shooters."

"No rejects?" he asked, amazed.

"Only bad tubes. No chassis that had to go back, nothing you could blame on the girls. They're really on the job this morning."

"Yes, they—they must be," he said.

HE TURNED and walked into his office, blinking at the hallucination that Starbuck was actually smiling.

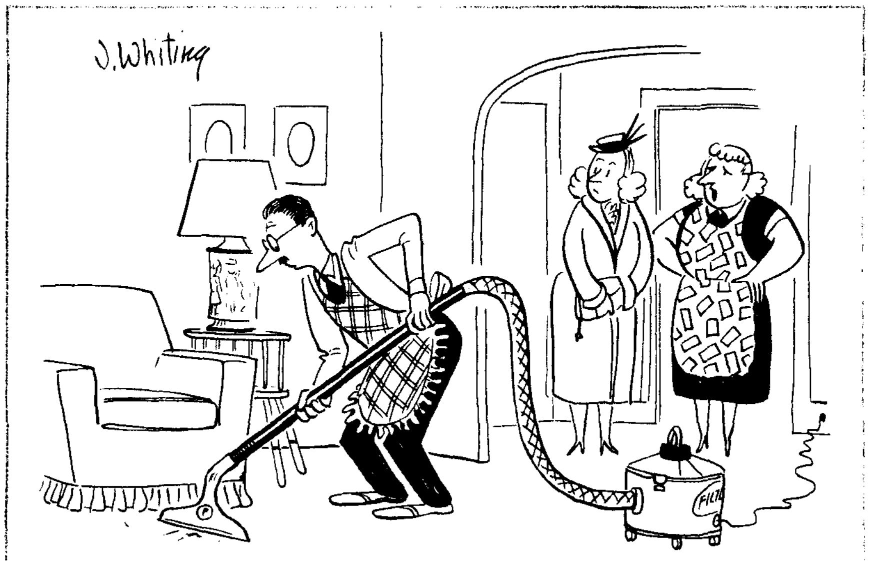
But the big hand that pumped his own was undeniably real. "Don't know what you've done, Jim, but I could feel the difference the minute I walked into the place. Yes, sir, I could just feel it. It's funny—you keep battling and battling, wondering if you're ever going to get that old Jupiter spirit, and then all of a sudden you've got it. Nothing to worry about from now on, Jim. You're over the hump."

He managed a dazed smile. "I hope so," he said.

"Not that I was ever really worried about you, you understand," Starbuck continued, "except maybe once or twice, afraid that you might get discouraged. It takes time to train people—sometimes a lot more than you ever figure on. But it's worth it. As I always say, what's important is attitude. If you've got the right attitude, everybody pulling on the same oar . . ."

Starbuck's voice flowed on—the same old speech, the same words, the same phrases. But somehow, Conrad thought, it sounded different this time. Corny or not, it made a lot of sense.

—CAMERON HAWLEY



COLLIER'S "That man will do anything to get out of helping me with the dishes" JAMES WHITING

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NICK THE GREEK—FABULOUS KING OF THE GAMBLERS

"I Play for the Risk, Not

About $500,000,000 has passed through Nick's hands. How does he stand now? Wher

By RICHARD DONOVAN and HANK GREENSPUN

JOHN FLOREA

Tallulah Bankhead gets tips on roulette from the master gambler. When they first met, Tallu said Nick wasn't a man—he had to be a syndicate

IN THE gold-boom ghost town of Tonopah, Nevada, one recent noon, the desert heat waves were disturbed by the arrival of a big black convertible, which drew up in front of a town café. A blonde girl sat behind the wheel, and a tall, graying, professorial-looking man in a dark suit and bow tie got out. Two aged sourdoughs who sat exuding odors and alkali dust on the café porch watched him go inside. "Actor?" one inquired.

"Nope," said the other, "Nick the Greek."

They rose and creaked off the porch.

Inside the café, Nick the Greek, the celebrated student of Aristotle and Little Joe, and by all odds the biggest-action independent gambler in the history of the U.S.A., ordered sandwiches for the girl and himself. While they were being prepared, he strolled over to kibitz a four-man $100-limit crap game in progress at a corner table. The proprietor recognized him and whispered to the other players. The action stopped.

"Go ahead, boys," said Nick the Greek. "I'm just passing through. I haven't got time to play."

Two hours later, Nick the Greek was $1,500 loser in the game and most of the adult population of Tonopah, alerted by the sourdoughs, was crowded inside, or around, the café. By sundown, when the electrifying news that the world's greatest gambler was in action in town had spread, the wildcat silver miners began to stream in from the hills. By midnight, the girl was asleep in the car and Nick the Greek was fading everybody in sight. At 4:00 A.M., when the crowd had dwindled, Nick the Greek (who sometimes carries as much as $150,000 on his person) paid the dazed proprietor $9,720 in cash, figured his losses in side bets at $17,000, smiled sleepily around and said: "A very pleasant evening for me, gentlemen. Very pleasant."

The room fell silent as it was realized that the stirring action was at an end. Finally the proprietor cleared his throat.

"Mr. Nick," he said, "speakin' for myself and these gents, I just want you to know that it's been a big honor to have you here standin' off the entire city of Tonopah today. It ain't often that we get a chance to see any real high rollers shootin' craps around these parts any more, least of all the king himself. When we do," he concluded huskily, "we know how to appreciate the sight."

This handsome and unexpected tribute had nothing to do with the money Nick the Greek lost that day. The tribute was above money, a genuine sentiment, a compliment in purest form to the man pre-eminent in a field on which much of the economy of the state of Nevada is based. Also, it was historically sound.

In more than 42 years of constant high gambling, Nicholas Andrea Dandolos, or Nick the Greek, has earned the title of king of the high rollers again and again. To begin with, an estimated $500,000,000, or 15 times what it cost the United States to buy the Louisiana Territory and Alaska, has flown in and out of his hands at gaming tables.

Unlike any other gambler or non-gambler, he has made the round trip from riches to total impoverishment an incredible 73 times. In addition to these credits, he has another distinction that has discomfited and amazed the gambling world. He is the holder of a college degree in philosophy.

Café Man's Flattery Irked Him

These accomplishments and honors the Tonopah proprietor undoubtedly had in mind when he began his speech. He doubtless intended to eulogize Nick the Greek as never before. All he succeeded in doing, however, was to make the learned gambler acutely uneasy.

"Along about the third sentence," Nick says, "I could see emotion overcoming the man's better judgment. He was getting a politician's gleam in his eye. Naturally, I fled."

Nick the Greek, a gentleman adventurer with a large head, moody eyes and an ironical turn of mind, is against stirring up the emotional, or lower, man in other men. As a constant reader of Plato, Aristotle and the Racing Form, an epigrammatic philosopher trained to bring a calm air of detachment to bear on chaos, he strives to live on the plane of the intellect. "The head should not be worn for appearance's sake," he maintains. "It was intended as a sounding board for reason. It is not a gong."

Believing as he does, Nick the Greek feels that reason should always triumph over emotion.

"Man is a wagon pulled by two jackasses," he told some students of his life recently. "The steady jackass is reason; the one always trying to jump the traces to get at the jennies is emotion. You've got to gentle that off jackass, boys, if you ever expect to get the wagon out of the barn."

Nick the Greek has struggled manfully to gentle emotion in himself. He has done this, in part, by assuming the pose of a cynical and stonehearted *boulevardier,* coldly sharpening his epigrams on a bleeding world. Unfortunately, people, with their sure instinct for the bogus, have seen straight through this pose, and those who know him have united in regarding him as among the softesthearted of men.

Not long ago, for example, an aged, retired roulette dealer whom Nick the Greek had been supporting surreptitiously for years exposed him in an interview with a Las Vegas paper. The dealer also revealed that Nick the Greek has supported hundreds of other people in his lifetime.

Nick the Greek was highly incensed. He denied knowing the dealer. "Who's he shilling for?" he cried. "The community chest?" He claimed to squeak with miserliness. "I have left many a room to avoid sharing the air," he said. When his protestations only amused his informed associates, he was finally forced to retreat to Los Angeles until things cooled off.

"It was a case of mass hallucination," he said recently, still firm in his let-'em-eat-cake pose, "frightening to behold."

Although the hallucination may have been on Nick the Greek's side in this instance, it is usually the other way around, with Nick casting the cool, sad eye of logic at a world trying to stand on its head. Behind his façade of watchful calm, he secretly regards every man as a kind of carnival roustabout with his head stuck through a hole in a canvas while the implacable moundsman, fate, fires baseballs at it.

"A lifetime of ducking," he says, wearily, "and then along comes the beanball and they have to stick in another roustabout. Heigh, ho!"

As an urbane and educated man, Nick the Greek does not exactly believe in fate. In conversation, he often puts it in the witchcraft category, along with belief in luck, the wearing of amulets, and so on. On the other hand, he does not exactly run fate down, either. Something, he feels, must have been working for him all these years.

While dozens of other high rollers have appeared, played a year or two, busted out and vanished, Nick the Greek, at sixty-one, has never closed

the Money”

e was in 1911 when he made his first bet

down—a fact which sometimes seems to amaze even himself. “The Big Pit Boss must have been dealing me out of his sleeve,” he says soberly.

Other gamblers feel that something stronger than fate has dealt to Nick the Greek. Despite his lifelong habit of taking lonely midnight walks through such jungles as Chicago with up to $100,000 in cash on him, he has never been robbed, or heisted, as were so many of his competitors. Although he has lived the greater part of his life in the shifting and violent semiunderworld of gambling, he has never been kidnaped, manhandled or shot at. His immunity to the hazards of his profession has extended even to the police. Although he has operated mostly in states where gambling is illegal, he has never been arrested.

Possible Reasons for Immunity

The trade explanation of his immunity is that he has always operated as an independent gambler, played on his own money, avoided tie-ups with gambling houses and hoodlum syndicates, kept his mouth closed about what he knew and paid his markers, or debts, on time.

His own explanation is not so pat. “A trout fisherman fishes for sport, not for meat,” he says. “I play for the risk, not the money. This attitude creates mystery in the mind of the opposition. Nobody wants to put a mystery out of action. They want to see how it comes out.”

After pitting the best of gambling brain power and courage against the percentage for more than 42 years, Nick the Greek has come out even. “Right now,” he says, “I stand financially just about where I stood when I made my first horse bet in Montreal in 1911. It's a natural development. Flip a penny long enough and you'll always get the same number of heads and tails.”

He does not blame fate for this inconclusive showing, but he does blame it for saddling him with his greatest burden—celebrity. All his life, he has studiously avoided public mention. He has never before consented to be written about or photographed. “Notoriety is about as useful to a gambler as a police whistle,” he says. Despite all his efforts, however, rumor and curiosity have sought him out so relentlessly that he is now one of the most famous and legend-ridden, seldom-seen men alive.

His trade name, which was given him by the Racing Form in 1912, after he had impoverished just about all the horse players in Canada, has been a chief cause in bringing celebrity down upon him.

“I have never cared for that name, any more than I've cared to be known as a gambler,” he said recently. “Every pickpocket fetched by the law wraps himself in the cloak of a gambler. As for the name, it's common. In one day in Las Vegas, I was introduced to seven other Nick the Greeks from around the country, all tinhorns or candymakers. When I first met Tallulah Bankhead, she accused me of being a syndicate.”

Nick the Greek has pictured the better life as one in which he would be free to gamble, legally and privately, some 20 hours a day (he usually sleeps four hours). But celebrity has foundered him. For two generations, he has moved in a large and merry company of the famous and infamous—Stanley Ketchel, Ace Hudkins and Jack Dempsey, to name a few fighters; O. O. McIntyre, Mark Hellinger and Walter Winchell, who wrote one of his first columns about Nick the Greek; muscle enterprisers Al Capone, Legs Diamond and Dutch Schultz, with whom he had a gingerly acquaintance; movie makers Carl Laemmle, Sr., Howard Hughes and Joe Schenck; various masters of sharp practice, including Yellow Kid Weil and Swifty Morgan; Ray Ryan and Blondie Hall, the Plantagenets of Texas oil; countless actors and actresses, ranging from George M. Cohan, W. C. Fields and John Barrymore to Ava Gardner; Dollar John, Half-Dollar John and Two-Bit John, the gambling brothers from New York, and so on and on.

“To these people I owe some of the most pleasant interruptions of my way of life,” says Nick the Greek.

Kibitzers Menace His Privacy

The law of natural attraction which has drawn so many other celebrities into his company has also drawn hosts of noncelebrities. The number-one menace to Nick the Greek's playing privacy has been the kibitzers, those indefatigable spectators who get their adventure out of other men's daring. Nick the Greek has always tried to be reasonable about kibitzers. He has even tolerated *tst*-ers, the apprentice kibitzers who fidget on the outer fringes of table crowds, shaking their heads in dismay at the action and going *tst! tst!* every so often. At times, however, they have tried him severely.

When he was badly whipsawed in a stud-poker hand last spring, a voice from the *tst*-er circle observed: “If it was me, I sure wouldn't have called *that* bet.”

Eyes flashing, Nick the Greek turned on an innocent kibitzer standing behind him and asked him to move on.

“Don't talk to me!” snapped the kibitzer, gesturing with a thumb toward another man. “Talk to the *tst*-er! I *know* the game!”

Although kibitzers have always dogged him relentlessly, Nick the Greek can recall only one other time when he attempted direct action against one. He was running a crap game as a favor to a sick friend in Detroit. The game had been going for two days and was down to the shills, or those people paid by Nick's friends

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A person of superior stamina, Nick has played faro bank for eight day

to give the game an appearance of action. Since no live ones were expected, Nick wanted to close up and go home. But he couldn't because a habitual kibitzer was sitting and watching everything, as he had been for some 36 hours.

"In desperation," says Nick the Greek, "I finally produced a pair of preachers. Preachers are dice with no dots on them. They are used mostly down South, where many crapshooters are wondrously skilled in making two dice roll from the hand in any way they want them to. The introduction of a third, dotless, cube into the shooting hand makes it impossible to palm the real dice, thus keeping the crapshooter pure."

Rolling with Two "Preachers"

Without attracting the kibitzer's attention, Nick the Greek told the shooter to roll two preachers instead of the real dice next time, and then passed the word to the shills. When the shooter rolled, Nick called: "Five's the number. Who's gonna get on the five?"

The kibitzer stared hard at the dice and rubbed his eyes. On the next roll, Nick cried: "Big eight. Five's your number."

At this call, the kibitzer rubbed his whole face and stood up. "Pardon me," he said, "but did you see any numbers on those dice?"

Nick the Greek regarded the man with amazement. "Numbers on the dice?" he said. "What else?"

At this moment, the shooter rolled again, Nick called a four, and the kibitzer gave a small cry and got down on his knees to stare at the dice close up. Then he arose, ashen and unsteady, and began to feel his way toward the door. En route, Nick the Greek took his arm solicitously.

"Don't touch me!" the kibitzer rasped in a dead voice. "I seen my last game. My eyes are going."

Nick the Greek's reputation as a kind of human curio, winding through life with a set of dice in one pocket and a copy of Plato's Dialogues in the other, has made him irresistible to many other people besides kibitzers, of course. He has friends on the philosophy and history staffs of three California universities who often make free of his time. "These gentlemen give me just about the only exercise I get for the cramped back legs of my brain," he says.

But Nick is more sparing of his time with writers—who gravitate toward him as though he were a plot bank—and with others who are driven to investigate him largely out of curiosity. This resistance to writers and the rest of the general public is a learned reaction. For years, he operated in basements, lofts, the back rooms of cigar stores and in hotel suites, among other places, where any rap at the door might mean a raid. Legal gambling in Las Vegas has released him from this strain, happily, but the old wariness remains.

"Even here, I have only to hear a woodpecker working on a limb and I automatically start secreting the evidence," he says.

Nick the Greek has lived more or less permanently in Las Vegas since 1943. In that time, even with the small house limits on games, he has managed to win and lose a respectable $10,000,000 and more. Since he doesn't play roulette, twenty-one or slot machines because of the percentage they carry against him, he has packed most of his action into three principal exercises, namely, faro bank, poker and the various dice games, excluding chuck-a-luck.

When he moves into action, Nick the Greek brooks no nonsense. His manner is calm and authoritative. He goes on a diet of fruit juice, milk, chicken sandwiches and cigars, and rarely leaves the table for any reason. As a man dedicated to the ascendency of the mind over the flesh, except in some instances, he tends to take his physical blessings for granted. Although he has lived at a pace that doctors say should have entombed him years back, his stamina is still one of the wonders of his profession.

In a recent action, unequaled anywhere for sheer endurance, Nick the Greek played faro bank for eight days and nights with only one brief break and ended up losing only 13 pounds. This historic action began on a Thursday morning in Las Vegas' Golden Nugget club. After three days at the faro table, Nick the Greek had a considerable growth of beard and thought he detected slight flaws in his play, possibly traceable to fatigue. The fourth day, detecting more flaws, he decided to go home to his small, inexpensive bachelor room in the Hotel Last Frontier and get some sleep. He was $24,200 loser at the time.

Nick the Greek, a man whose sense of time and place is dulled while he is in action, saw that the sun shone as he rode to his hotel. Once there, he undressed and climbed into bed, noticing that it was exactly 11:00 A.M. He fell asleep at once. As he slept, clouds darkened the sun.

Thirty minutes after lying down, he awoke with a start, reared up, peered at the clock, saw that it was eleven thirty, arose and peeked out the window at a gray and cheerless day. Reasoning that he had slept the clock around, an unprecedented accomplishment, he yawned, stretched and marched humming to the bathroom. Three quarters of an hour later, he was back at the faro table at the Nugget. The rest seemed to have picked him up. In the next four days and nights he won back what he had lost and $33,600 besides.

Nick the Greek's greatest business accomplishment, without doubt, is that he has never failed to meet a marker. That is the main reason he is considered the highest of the high rollers. More important than a simple marker is a debt called a principal. A principal must be paid at a certain hour on a certain day—no excuses, short of death, accepted. Since Nick the Greek lives, it may be assumed that he has always met his principals.

On a recent occasion, however, the unimaginable almost happened. At the end of a long losing streak, when he was busted, Nick the Greek acquired a $5,000 poker debt. That was on a Tuesday. He promised to deliver the money the following Thursday afternoon at six o'clock. Then he got in touch with a friend who owed him $28,000. The friend promised to deliver the money the next day, Wednesday. That was that.

It was ten o'clock Thursday morning before Nick the Greek remembered that the principal was due in eight hours and that the friend hadn't shown up. Phone calls failed to locate him. Calls to Nick's other debtors produced only bankruptcy pleas. Since it was not Nick the Greek's habit to ask for a loan, he began to contemplate the impossible. Counting his cash, he found $35. Clutching this money firmly, he walked into Las Vegas' Horseshoe Club and sat in on the faro-bank game. It was then 12:30 P.M.

In faro bank, players may bet the house on every turn of a card from the dealer's casebox. On early deals, when not enough cards are out to permit players to figure which ones remain, bets are light. As the dealer gets down to the last, or case, card, however, odds on the players' guessing right go up steeply, as do the bets.

Nick the Greek's luck was good. Fighting the $200 limit, which the house gave him alone, he won $500, then a thousand, then $1,500 more. By three o'clock, he had $4,000 in front of him and $1,000 to go. Then he hit one of those inexplicable, nerve-fraying plateaus of gambling—a period when he won a little and then lost it back, time after time, standing perfectly still while only the clock moved.

Nick on Poker

"Poker is a psychological struggle in which no mechanical rules apply. Big cards make for a safe hand, but most pots are won on poor cards and smart play; I will open on deuces or worse. I watch what my opponents do with their cards and try to read emotion in their faces or actions. With veteran players, of course, face reading is useless. Good poker players have a lot of educated ham in them: they will show nervousness when holding three aces, calm when holding a handful of rags. If you get a tell on this routine, they switch it"

Lady Luck Kept on Frowning

At four o'clock his total cash stood at $3,800. He was beginning to lose. At four thirty, he was down to $3,500; at five to $3,000. He got up and walked to a drinking fountain.

"Is the action good?" a friend asked.

"Fine," he said, smiling. "Great."

At five ten, Nick the Greek had $2,800 in front of him. In the next 25 minutes, he lost $250 more. At 20 minutes to six, when the dealer was about to turn the last card in the deck, Nick the Greek made him a proposition. "How would you like to bet me $2,500 on the case card?" he asked.

The dealer said he couldn't—house rules. Nick the Greek turned and made the proposition to a high-rolling Nevada rancher sitting next to him.

"I think the case card is a king of diamonds," Nick the Greek said.

The rancher sat sunk in thought, figuring back over the cards that were out. "I got you," he said.

The case card was a king of diamonds.

At four minutes of six, just after he had delivered the principal, Nick the Greek stood staring down on a typical, sport-shirted, sun-suited Las Vegas crowd from a downtown hotel window. "Call the State Guard," he muttered testily. "We are invaded by marmosets." Morosely, he raised his sights to sweep the baking greasewood desert and the red iron mountains surrounding the town. For the thousandth time, he asked himself how a man from Crete, a man who had seen Athens and Olympus, had ever got so far from his beginnings. For the thousandth time, he blamed the ancient Greek inventor, Archimedes.

"Archimedes reasoned that with a proper lever, a man might move the earth," Nick the Greek said, recently. "I reasoned that with some dice, a pack of cards or a little reliable race-track information, I might change the economy in whole sections of the country."

This thought first came to Nick the Greek in Montreal, in 1911. Behind him were 18 years of sheltered life in his native city of Rethymnon, Crete, and in Smyrna, Turkey, where he was brought up. His father, a rug merchant, had given him just about everything he wanted. His godfather, a wealthy shipowner and merchant, had sent him through a private school in Smyrna and the Greek Evangelical College there. His godfather had also equipped him with a $150-a-week allowance and the idea that he was a young princeling, and had shipped him off after graduation on a young gentleman's tour of Europe and the United States.

While visiting family friends in Chicago, young Nicholas Dandolos had met a girl he instantly decided to marry. "After we had a quarrel, I went to Canada to punish her," he says. "But the punishment was mine. In Montreal one day, I got a letter saying the girl had died."

Nick the Greek has never married, he says, because he has not been able to replace this girl. His reaction then was to stay drunk for weeks and to begin gambling heavily and without reason.

"When most people begin gambling for therapeutic purposes, they go busted and that is that," Nick the Greek says. "But I had the divine madness—every other bet I made at the Montreal race track paid off."

After some months, Nick the Greek met Phil Musgrave, one of the leading jockeys of the time, and his play became more professional.

"Musgrave was privy to some arresting horse information," Nick the Greek says. "Fortunately, understanding of the odds came natural to me, so with his assistance I continued to win."

In six months, Nick the Greek won more than $500,000, or enough to make his play a daily story in the Racing Form and himself a seer to most of the horse players of the Western Hemisphere.

The horrors of celebrity followed immediately. At western Canadian tracks, shifty-looking fellows who did

traight, losing only 13 pounds (and winning $33,600)

not know him tried to sell him "Nick the Greek's Tip Sheet." Wherever he made a bet at a track, the odds on his horse went down. To beat this problem, he set up an organization with men to bet for him in Chicago, Detroit, New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles and other points. News of these faraway bets, negotiated by wire, usually did not get back to the track in time to affect the odds. His profits and his fame multiplied.

New Games Learned in Chicago

When Nick the Greek returned to Chicago after a year on the Canadian race circuit, he had $1,200,000 in cash, an international name he did not relish, a partially restored, but still moody, spirit and the beginnings of a lifelong addiction to gambling. While considering his next move, he began to investigate some of the more interesting forms of chance on Halsted Street in the Blue Island, or Greek, section of Chicago. He took a trouncing from seasoned practitioners in each new game he tried, stuck with it, learned the games, and came back to impoverish his trouncers.

Soon Nick the Greek was one of the notable young men about the Loop. Ladies of all callings exerted themselves to catch his eye. He was also Chicago's leading free-lance gambler. He would play anything, any time. "I was a little too enthusiastic, perhaps," Nick the Greek recalls. "After playing poker for 24 hours, I'd go down to a Greek restaurant and play backgammon for 12 hours with an old street peddler I knew."

By 1913, Nick had begun to send gifts of money home to his parents. His father was delighted to know that his son, who he presumed was in the shipping business, was doing so well. But when he got one check for $20,000, he was troubled. America must be some country.

"In 1914, my mother sent my father to Chicago to see to it that I quit fooling around and got married," Nick the Greek recalls. "After all, I was already twenty-one years old. As the head of the house, my father had the duty of picking the wife. My father was very solemn and had a big mustache; he was all propriety and business. When he got to Chicago, the first thing he wanted to see was the shipping office where I was supposed to work."

Since young Nicholas Dandolos' place of business floated, so to speak, and since Dandolos, Senior, classed gamblers with murderers and arsonists, here was a problem.

"There was nothing to do but admit that my old shipping firm had met with reverses and that I was looking around for a new situation," Nick the Greek says. "I showed my father all over town in a handsome rig. When I had to be away, looking for the new situation, I hired a friend for $25 a day to keep my father occupied with sightseeing and away from my business associates, such as Suitcase Johnson, King George and Joe the Hearse. But I was bound to get tapped out in that action."

The elder Dandolos enjoyed Chicago, but he had his mission and so he sought around among the families in the Greek section until he found a girl he thought suitable.

"He was just building me up to the girl's parents, telling them all the good news about me," Nick the Greek recalls sadly, "when they told him the good news about me in return. He was outraged; he called the engagement off. Then he went to see a friend of his who ran a restaurant and asked him to put me on as a waiter. When we parted, I had a napkin over my arm and had just served him dessert. He told me that if I worked hard I might have my own restaurant someday. I said I had every hope for the future."

By 1915, when he began to travel out of Chicago to find action, Nick the Greek's business life had become set in the pattern it was to follow for years. He visited all the race tracks in season; he played poker with the coldly efficient gamblers of Chicago, Detroit, New York, Boston and other points. About this time, he made a contribution to American gambling which some have praised and others damned. He brought craps out of the back alleys and made it respectable.

Nick the Greek had discovered craps in a Chicago basement and had been fascinated by it. One evening he proposed a switch to dice to some of the businessmen, manufacturers and professional gamblers who were his steady opponents. They gave it a try and immediately large amounts of money began changing hands with bewildering speed. Nick the Greek himself lost more than $400,000 in three months. He was delighted.

In New York, where his fame had already spread, the gambling gentry followed him around, for wherever he went the action was high. At the Piping Rock Club, at Saratoga, one day, he horrified the management by taking a pair of bones out of his pocket and challenging the svelte clientele to a few passes.

The clientele responded. Presently the management put in a crap table. What the Piping Rock chose to do was socially correct for the nation. From then on, craps was in.

In the Whirl of Social Life

All levels of society began to adopt Nick the Greek at this time. His conversation was admired along the North Shore of Long Island; his worldliness was appreciated at Jack's Restaurant, the gathering place of the prominent bookies, show girls, sages, playboys, hoodlums, brokers, reporters, touts, plain-clothes men and heiresses who made Broadway their all-night home. He lived in a suite at the Astor and never emerged after sundown out of evening clothes; even when he dined alone, he wore a dinner jacket and ordered champagne, which he drank daily for years.

"I rarely dined alone, of course," Nick the Greek says, happily. "I had too great an eagerness to get out and live. For some reason, I presumed that living took place only outside of one's room. When I got out of the room, I then felt I had to get outside of myself to live.

"An old notion," he says. "Ran me ragged until I learned better."

Table gambling was now occupying more of Nick the Greek's time than he thought wise. Also, he was spending thousands every month, and giving thousands away to retainers who lay in wait for him in doorways, lobbies—anywhere they might make a touch. He was spending up to $125 a day just to keep himself and his followers in cigars.

Feeling the need for sun, he started frequenting the tracks again. By this time, Nick the Greek's appearance at any track was a signal for all the habitual horse players present to gather and eavesdrop. For relaxation, it was Nick the Greek's practice to start occasional false rumors about horses among the eavesdroppers.

His Rumor Came Home to Roost

"At Belmont one day," Nick the Greek said, recently, "I happened to mention to a tout that a certain 20-to-1 shot on the card was a lot faster than the bookmakers supposed. Then I sat back to let this information make the round of the stands, which it did. Unfortunately, when the information got back to me, it had been so embellished by the imagination of every other horse player present that I didn't recognize it. The story now was that the 20-to-1 shot had been secretly clocked the morning before at near-record time for a mile and a quarter. In my excitement, I took my money off the favorite and put it on the long shot, which naturally ran last. After that, I reformed. A man who can't remember his own rumors is hardly a man to start them."

In the early 1920s, when Nick the Greek was back in action in New York, the focus of bachelor attention was the Ziegfeld Follies. Nick the Greek knew the whole chorus, personally. He was something new to the girls. He took them everywhere, plied them with flowers and gifts, danced them around with the skill of Fred Astaire and even listened to their conversation. More astonishing, he did not press them for repayment. Bedazzled by his thoughtfulness and courtly airs, many of the girls took him for the marrying kind and began to pursue him with a terrible fixity of purpose. But these chases always came to nothing.

On one occasion a girl from Chicago, positive that she had an assurance of wedlock to go on, came to New York to close the deal. Nick the Greek swept her up at the station. They embraced; they talked of the future. Nick the Greek took her to her hotel and helped her unpack in high excitement. As he was helping, a bellboy arrived with a call for him. It was a business call. Excusing himself for an hour or two, he said he'd be back that evening.

That evening, he sent a friend over to present his further excuses and take the girl to dinner. The next day, he sent the friend again, all expenses paid, to show the girl New York. Six days later, when the crap game finally broke up, he himself went to the hotel. The girl had checked out. In fact, she had married the friend and was already in housekeeping in the Bronx.

"Impatience!" Nick the Greek snorted recently, still nettled at the memory. "Impatience is the ruin of this world!"

The last of three chapters on the life of Nick the Greek appears in the next Collier's, out April 15th

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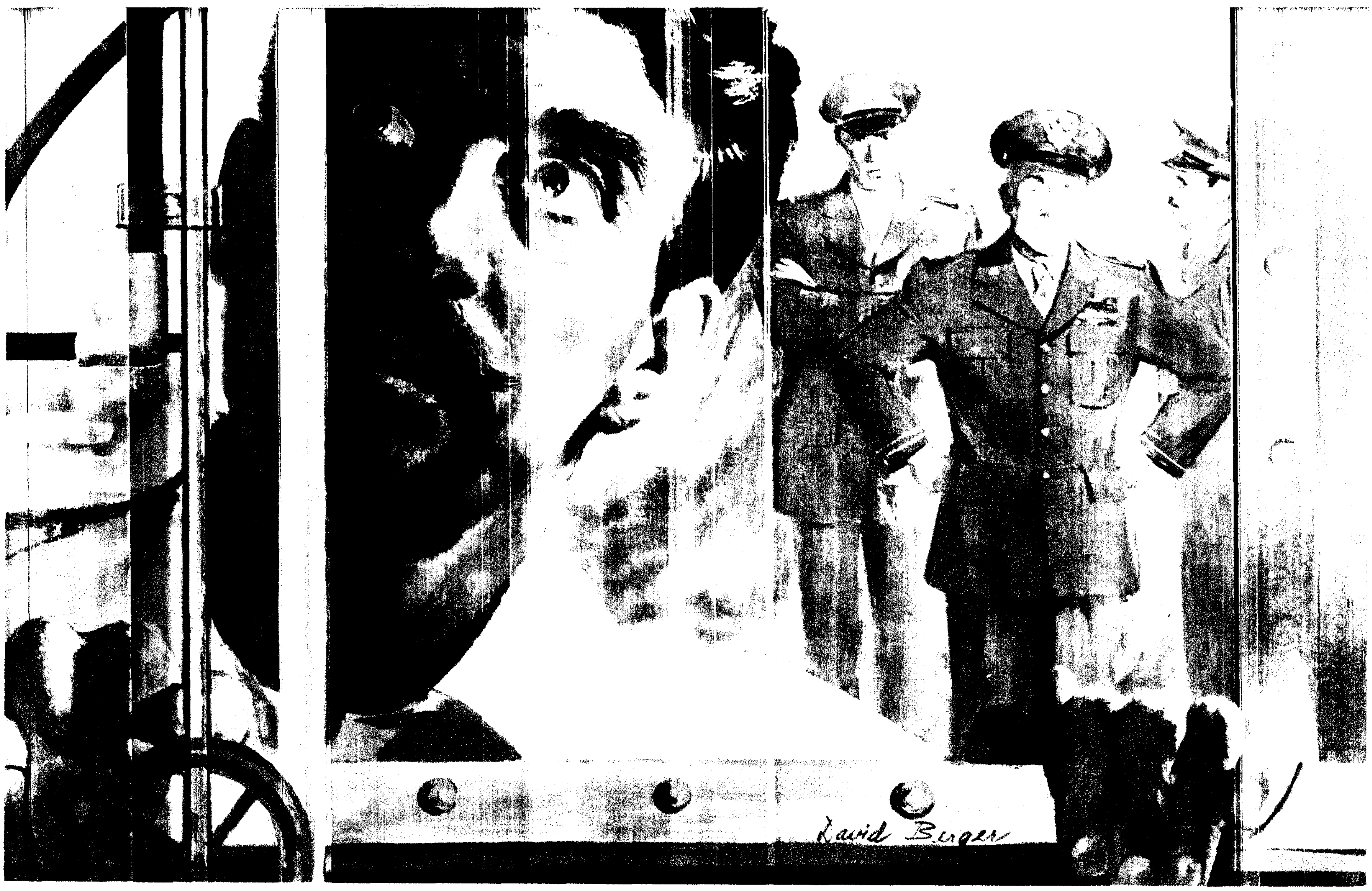

When I'd last seen the casket, it had been moving; now it had stopped. When we looked into it, I saw why. Tom turned away, dazed

DARK DOMINION

By DAVID DUNCAN

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There was very little time left. Would the jealousy of one man wreck our chance to launch the space ship?

The Story: Only six weeks remained until the Black Planet took off; then the veil of secrecy would be lifted and the world would be told that the first space station had been built and launched—that it was now revolving around the earth, policing it, ready to destroy any nation that threatened peace. For five years, I, PHILIP AMBERT, had directed the building of the space station at the Magellan Project, a secret base located near the coast in central California. As our work neared completion, tensions within the Project grew. WARREN OSBORN, in charge of rockets and fuel, wanted to leave—he had been offered a prestige position on the outside. GAIL TANAGER, a young research assistant, had fallen in love with AARON MATTHEWS, who was to command the space station—and would never return. And TOM HERNANDEZ, our nuclear physicist, had come across an alien substance in his stockpile of uranium that no one could identify. It had incredible density and it seemed to be a liquid—otherwise we knew nothing about it. We suspected it was a new element and named it Magellanium in honor of the Project. On an afternoon's excursion with my wife, SUSAN, our son, LOUIS, and our two security guards, I discovered a cave in a remote section of the Project. It seemed an unimportant event at the time, but it pleased me in its lack of pertinence. But then the Project claimed me once more. Gail confessed that Aaron had violated security rules and shown her the inside of the Black Planet, but what bothered me most in her story was something she did not say: Gail seemed determined to use Aaron's love for her for some ulterior purpose.

THE SECOND OF FOUR PARTS

I DID not sleep well that night. I was bothered by Gail's and Aaron's relationship, and I was oppressed by a sense of doom: Magellanium, swelled to mountainous proportions, threatened to crush the world and all its inhabitants. And then when I woke up I found Susan sitting in the bedside chair, pencil and notebook in hand, watching me apprehensively.

"What's wrong?" I said, sitting up.

"Nothing, I hope. You've been talking in your sleep."

"What have I been saying?"

"Figures. You've been babbling like a calculating machine with a loud-speaker on it. They seem to apply to something called Magellanium."

"Oh. What were you writing?"

"I've been taking down what you said. I thought the figures might be important. Just what is this Magellanium?"

'I'll explain that later," I told her. "What are the figures?"

She glanced in her notebook. "You said a cubic foot of this Magellanium would weigh twenty-eight hundred tons, a cubic yard seventy-seven thousand tons, and a cubic mile four hundred trillion tons. It has a density ninety thousand times that of water and four thousand times that of platinum."

"Do you mean to tell me I really said that?"

"Oh, that's not all. According to your dream calculator, the weight of the earth is sixty-six hundred quintillion tons. Is that right?"

"I don't know," I said. "I may have read it somewhere."

"And according to the same authority the volume of the earth is two hundred and sixty-eight billion cubic miles. That being the case, a block of Magellanium two hundred fifty miles on a side is equal to the entire weight of the earth, and a piece of Magellanium the size of the earth would weigh almost a tenth as much as the sun. I didn't get that figure because I didn't have room on the page for all the ciphers. Here, is it valuable?"

"I wouldn't trust these figures until I'd checked them with the machine, and there's not much point in doing that."

"But what's this all about?" Susan asked. "Is it just a dream?"

"No, it's something Tom has in his laboratory." While she made breakfast I told her all I knew about Magellanium. "But for Pete's sake, don't quote me. The stuff is so queer that for all I know

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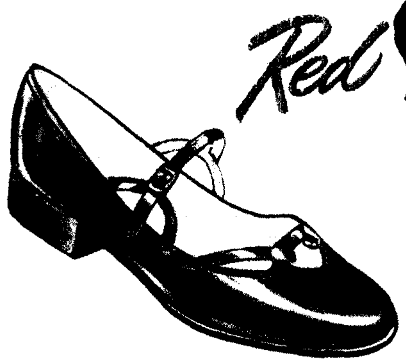

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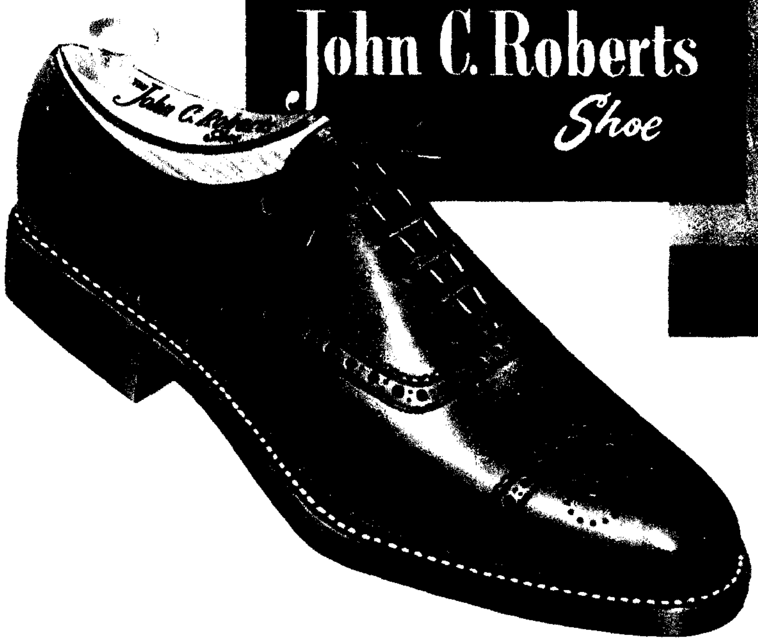

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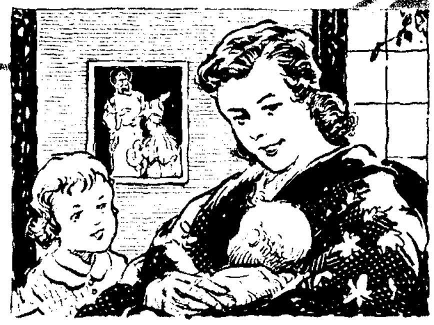

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Women generally, of course, are opposed to divorce. Many of them regard it as a grave social evil. Catholic women not only share this view, but know that according to God's law, divorce with remarriage is a serious sin.

Catholic women may be tempted, at times, unlawfully to limit the number of their children to fit the family income. But the Church reminds them this is a violation of God's law. Likewise, the *obligation to provide religious training* for their children is not a matter of choice. It is a clear duty.

Sincere people of all faiths, it is true, are devoted in their church attendance and conscious of their need to worship God. But for all Catholics, including women, these are regular obligations which they can never shirk. Attendance at Mass on Sundays and Holy Days, Confession and Communion at least once a year, and fasting and abstinence, are not merely religious exercises which a Catholic may observe or ignore. They constitute elements in the required Catholic "way of life."

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it may have evaporated overnight, and in that case everyone will think I've gone crazy."

"But you said Gail saw it."

"Gail is incapable of thinking about anything except Aaron right now."

I was hoping to stop at Q Building to see Tom Hernandez before going to my own office but General Humphrey called and asked if I had time to stop by and see him. So I went directly to the security office.

HUMPHREY was a squat, powerful man in his sixties with the gloomy expression of a Saint Bernard dog. He ran his office with exceptional efficiency but his personal behavior always gave me the impression he was tired of all the nonsense in life and wished it would leave him alone. He looked up when I came in and said, "Osborn came to see me last night. He wants a release from the Project. Wants to accept a position with some foundation or other."

"Yes, he told me about the offer."

"So he said." An expression of pain crossed Humphrey's face. "Damned ulcers acting up again. Wish this show would get over. What'd you tell him?"

"I told him it wouldn't do any good for me to recommend a release, but that I thought the position might be held open for him if I let Washington know the situation so that someone there could get in touch with the Gledshaw Foundation for him."

"I can't even let you do that," Humphrey said. "There're only a few weeks left and there's too much at stake to take any risk at all. Osborn signed up for the duration and it's got to stick. He's no different from the rest."

"Then he'll have to forget the appointment."

"That's right. There's no use in your giving him any encouragement at all."

"All right, if that's the way it is."

"That's the way it is." I thought he'd finished what he wanted to tell me but after a moment he went on: "You fellows have your job to do and there's no sense in worrying you with reports from the outside. But no security is perfect. There have been plenty of people wondering where men like you and Osborn have disappeared to. Stories are always coming out in foreign papers—sometimes in our own papers. Feelers. The papers circulate a rumor hoping to get a denial."

"I suppose so."

"None of your responsibility, of course. All you have to do is see to it that there isn't any delay in getting that ship off the ground the moment it's ready to go. I tried to explain that to Dr. Osborn."

"I told him that too."

"Uh-huh. He was pretty unreasonable. Lost his temper and made some nasty charges. He said that you'd been mismanaging Project funds. Wait now, don't get excited. He specifically mentioned an expenditure you approved for Dr. Hernandez, which he said had no justification at all."

"That's not in your department, General."

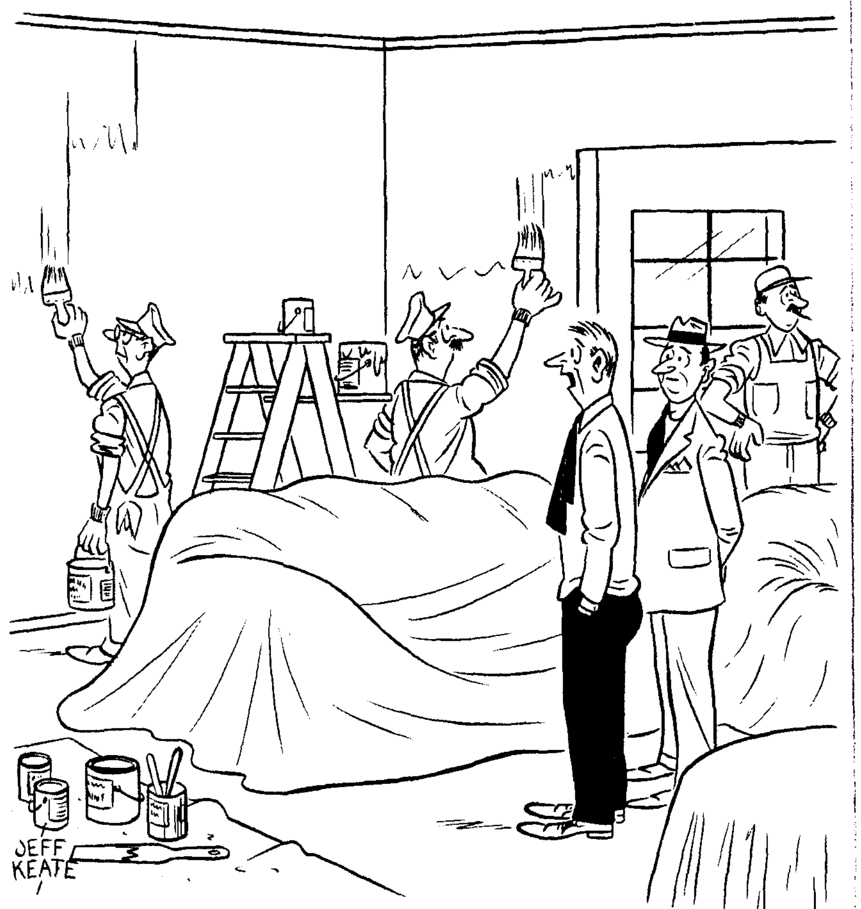
"Hernandez' experiment isn't in my department, but Osborn implied this could delay the completion date. Hell, Ambert, I'm only mentioning it to you. I have to check these reports."

"All right. You've checked it. Hernandez is doing magnificent work."

"Glad to hear it," Humphrey said glumly. "I suppose you're sore now because I've told you all this. But I told you because Osborn made me sore when he was here last night. I don't like being called names any more than the next man." He shifted in his chair. "As Project Director, you're his boss. I was hoping that you could think of a way to keep him out of my hair."

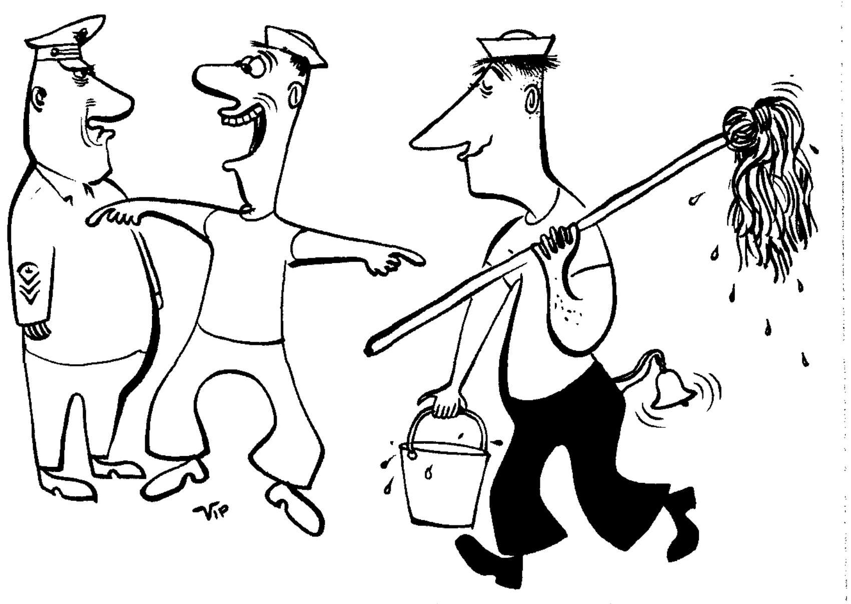
"I'm afraid there's no way I can make him shut up. We're not on very good terms."

"He made that pretty clear. But do



"Counting the cost of paint, the time involved and damage to furniture, I figure we saved about a hundred dollars by not doing it ourselves"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



COLLIER'S "Look, chief . . . Bell-bottom pants!" VIRGIL PARTCH

what you can. He's a civilian and I'd rather you took care of the difficulty yourself. If I should lock him up for calling me names, he could really make it hot for me once he's released from here." Then he added, "Not that I won't lock anyone up if I decide it's necessary."

That was all he had to say to me. I left him and went on to Q Building, more angry than worried by Osborn's behavior.

DR. WARREN OSBORN was a brilliant man in the field of rockets and guided missiles. He was also insatiably curious about what his fellow scientists were doing; but we all had the impression that it wasn't an objective interest that drove him to keep abreast of our research so much as the necessity for making himself invulnerable against the type of criticism he ladled out so generously to others.

When I first met him, I had a sort of schoolboy admiration for his contempt of authority and the single-mindedness with which he pursued his own interests. He said to me once, "I'm not a lawless man, Ambert, merely an intelligent one, and intelligence must never betray itself. When laws and rules are stupid and serve no purpose, the man who recognizes their stupidity is duty bound to disregard them. It's the only way to prevent dolts from governing our lives."

Chief among those he considered dolts were professional military men, and this attitude wasn't improved when his wife deserted him while he was at Los Alamos and ran away with a buck private from the project garrison. Osborn was both handsome and vain, and no insult could have been more cruel.

But I didn't realize how deeply he hated the military until after Aaron Matthews' arrival. Aaron was a Navy officer. He came to the Project only about a year before the time of which I write—a man chosen by destiny from among the millions to become commander of the world's first space station. His crew of two hundred young men arrived soon afterward and lived in solitude in a barracks across the valley from the Project center.

As director, it was my job to meet Matthews when he arrived and to introduce him to the Black Planet. Aaron immediately disarmed me. From the first, he, who so obviously enjoyed life, dedicated himself to the ship that was to remove him literally from the face of the earth. From the moment he entered its giant enclosure he seemed to possess it.

"There's really only one important fact to know," he said. "Will it work?"

"It works on paper," I said, but he'd unerringly tapped the Project on its most vulnerable point. One of the first facts any student learns is that men don't invent principles; they discover them and put them to work. But discovery takes experiment, and in the case of the Black Planet the final, conclusive experiment couldn't possibly be performed prior to the launching, because the launching itself was the final experiment.

Aaron smiled at my answer. "I wasn't doubting. It *has* to work." His quiet assurance made me like him immensely.

Not long after Aaron's arrival, Susan and I gave a small dinner party at our apartment, inviting several people we thought Aaron should know. Paul Basich from meteorology was there with his wife, along with Edgar and Marie Duval, and Ruth Franklin from biology. Tom Hernandez was there too.

Warren Osborn and Gail were also invited and I was surprised to see them arrive together. Osborn had made a bid for Gail's attention several months before but with no success, and I wondered if she'd had a change of heart.

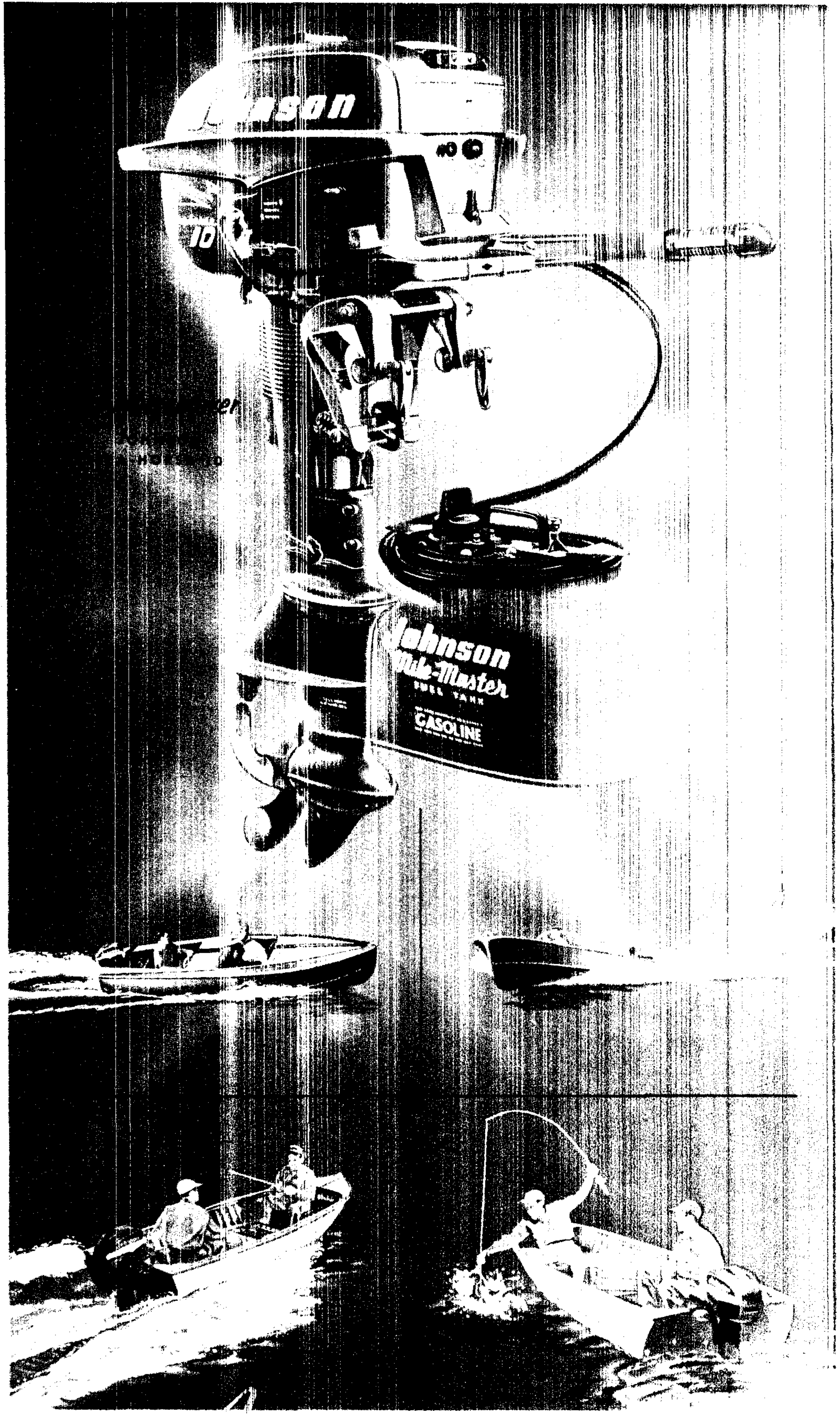
SHE hadn't. I was in the kitchen mixing drinks when Gail and Susan came into the adjoining dining room. "Where have you put me?" Gail asked. "I hope it isn't next to Dr. Osborn. I can't stand him. He knew I was invited so he just casually dropped by and said he'd bring me. What could I do?"

"I understand perfectly," Susan said. "He's so damnably sure of himself. He thinks one glance from him and you'll faint into his arms. Then, when you don't faint, he laughs and says, 'Ah, so you're afraid of your own biology!' How can a brilliant man be so stupid about women?"

"Because a woman once insulted him, darling. And besides, brilliant men are as stupid as any, where women are concerned—except Philip," Susan added loudly for my benefit.

She tried to seat Osborn as far from Gail as possible but it didn't work. He ignored the arrangements and sat next to her. Directly across the table from them was Aaron.

Since his arrival Aaron hadn't seen much social life. He'd been busy getting oriented, but now he found himself facing Gail Tanager and he liked what



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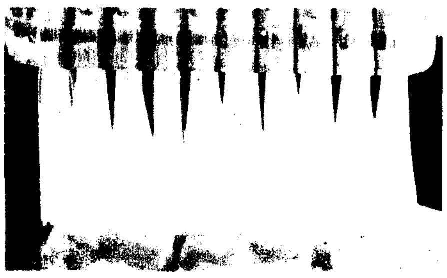

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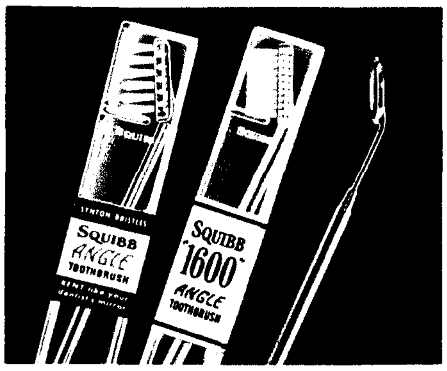

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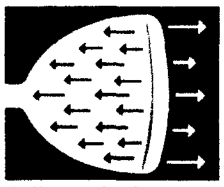

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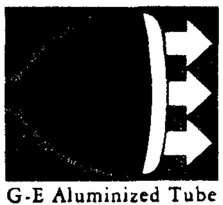

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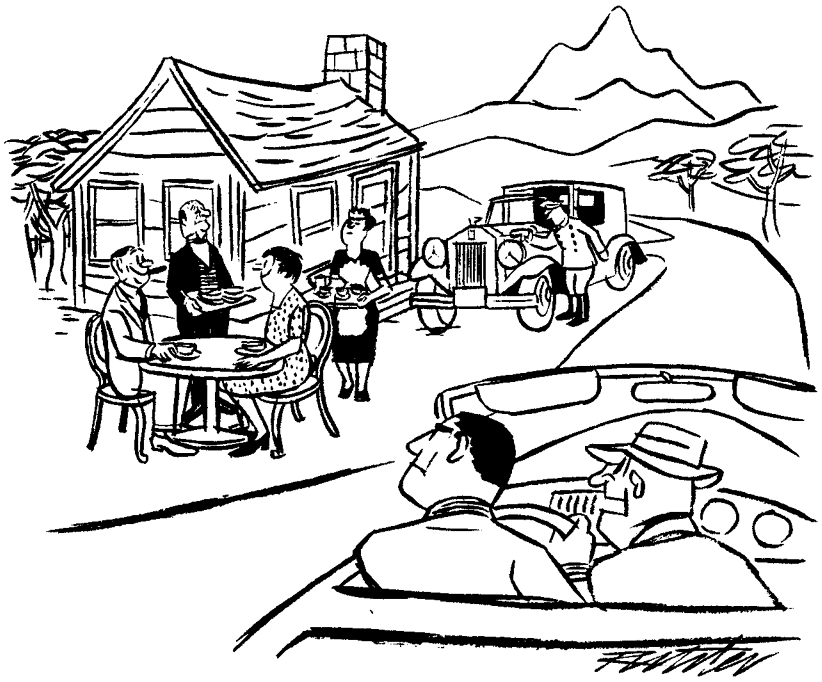


"Boss, I've got a hunch he found the dough we hid away in his orchard"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

he saw. He didn't seem able to take his look from Gail's face. And Gail's reaction was thoroughly feminine. Her face glowed with a pleased self-consciousness, her conversation became more eager, her wineglass was emptied almost as quickly as it was filled.

Osborn began to show annoyance, and apparently he felt compelled to assert himself. As dinner progressed he became more and more attentive to Gail, leaning toward her possessively now and then to correct some statement she made, much as an older husband might correct a young wife.

USUALLY we sat about the table long after we'd finished eating, but tonight Susan got up abruptly. "Let's have dessert in the living room. Spread out a bit." Everyone seemed ready for a change of scene, and as Gail stood, Osborn linked an arm with hers. However, she'd had enough.

"Thank you, Dr. Osborn," she said clearly. "I think I can manage to get into the living room by myself."

Aaron, smiling, came around the table to her side. "Let me make sure you get there safely." He offered an arm which Gail accepted with relief.

"You might make it that far, Matthews," Osborn said quietly. "I hope you're as eager for your trip to heaven." For a moment the tension was awful as the two men faced each other. I then led Osborn into the kitchen for a drink. "Have some brandy," I said. "The girl just isn't interested right now."

"That's been made embarrassingly clear," he snapped.

I hoped the incident was over. But back in the living room Osborn not only stayed away from Gail, he isolated himself entirely. His eyes held a saturnine gleam which seemed to grow brighter as Aaron started giving an amusing version of the tests and examinations preceding his appointment. Osborn waited for a moment and then spoke with a tone of sincere amazement. "Am I to understand, Commander, that you owe your appointment to your success in taking a few paper examinations?" He shook his head in wonder. "Amazing! It's so like the military to put their trust in a mere accumulation of facts. The mechanized mind."

"I understand that the examinations were devised by men who thought of themselves as scientists," Aaron said.

"I know the type," Osborn said. "Vocabulary scientists, I call them. They've devised a method for separating the wheat from the chaff so they can preserve the chaff. But of course the man who commands the space station must be of that caliber, a man of servile disposition who'll never question orders from below."

"Stop it!" Gail cried. "Stop it!"

Osborn smiled and turned to her. "Really, my dear, you should leave the commander alone. You have no business trying to influence a man whose assignment is the military domination of the world. You might—"

"Warren," I said, "shut up. We're trying to have a party."

This drew his attention to me. He looked at me balefully a moment. "I won't shut up, Ambert," he said. "As director of this project you've been in a position from the first to insist that the primary purpose of the Black Planet be one of research. Instead you've played politics to hold your job, and turned some of the best scientists in the world into a bunch of educated slaves." To my relief he got up and left after that. I was nowhere near as calm as I tried to appear, so after he was gone I loaded everyone with more drinks than anyone should have had and the party came to life. Gail and Aaron left together.

Personality conflicts weren't unusual. Many of us had been cooped up together for five years. And when flare-ups occurred we tried to forget them as soon as possible. But not Osborn. He continued cool toward me from the night of the dinner party.

His real trouble these last months was that his department no longer occupied the center of the stage. When the problem of projecting the Black Planet into space was our big problem, Osborn's requirements had received precedence over everything else. But with that problem solved, emphasis had shifted to making the space ship a place where human life could exist. Osborn was in the background and didn't like it.

It occurred to me now that the Magellanium might give him a new interest in life. I envied him the opportunity of working on it with Tom—and at the moment I was in no mood to do him a favor—but it was certain I couldn't spare much more time myself. I'd have to make sure this was agreeable to Tom, of course. The Magellanium was his. With this in mind I entered Q Building.

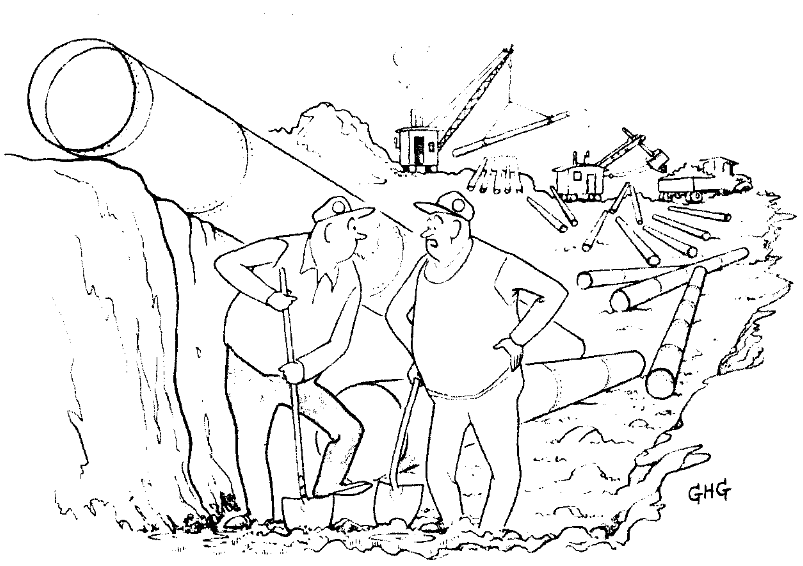
TOM was standing in the center of the big room, his hands clasped behind his back, his gaze fixed on the floor. He turned when he heard my footsteps and looked at me accusingly. "Have you been in here without me?"

"No," I said, surprised at his tone. I glanced around to see what could have upset him, looking first for the casket containing the Magellanium sample. It was no longer against the north wall where we'd left it. For an instant I thought perhaps I had imagined the entire episode, and then I saw the casket some twenty feet away against the west wall. "You've moved it," I said. "Why?"

"*I've* moved it? That's what I'm accusing you of! I just got here about five minutes ago."

We stared at each other a moment, then at the casket, both of us struck by the absurdity of our accusations. "No one could have moved it alone," I said. "The casket itself weighs half a ton. Surely there hasn't been a gang of men in here without permission."

He pointed to the floor. "And even so, why would they move it in a curve? Why not push it in a straight line?"



"The boss offered to promote me to a desk job but I turned it down—couldn't stand the financial sacrifice"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

This was the oddest part of all. The path the casket had followed from its original resting place to its present position was plainly marked on the floor. The corners of the casket had cut deep grooves into the asphalt tile. Curiously, the path—from north to west—had taken the casket beneath one of the laboratory tables, and had sheered off a metal table leg, which had been bolted to the floor.

AT THE same instant, we both went over to the casket, unbolted the lid and looked in. The Magellanium was still there, although it too had moved. The steel crucible containing it wasn't in the center of the casket where we had put it, but was against the side of the casket next to the wall. It might have been jarred into that position if the casket had somehow been tilted.

"But how did they do it?" Tom asked.

"A more interesting speculation is *why* would they do it? What earthly purpose has been served by moving the stuff?"

Tom looked back at the grooves on the floor, his face thoughtful. He got a meter stick and made a few measurements. "I'll answer your last question," he said, straightening up. "There's no 'why' about it. No one has been in the laboratory and no human moved that casket. Look at the lines on the floor. Every one of those curves is an ellipse—a perfect ellipse. I'll take some finer measurements later, but I'll swear I'm right."

I got down on my hands and knees and followed the grooves along the floor like a bloodhound on a cold scent, and immediately one more peculiarity became evident. The casket had cut deeply into the floor at the beginning, going all the way through the asphalt tile and scratching the concrete beneath. But as I progressed, the grooves became steadily more shallow until—where they passed beneath the table—they were no more than faint scratches on the surface of the wax. Then the grooves gradually became deeper again until, at the point where the casket stopped moving, the tile was once more deeply scored. I showed this to Tom.

"It's as though the casket became lighter or was subjected to a lifting force in the middle part of its journey."

"I don't know about the casket becoming lighter," he said. "But your theory is in keeping with what we know about the stuff *inside* the casket."

"There was no variation in weight as great as that."

"I know. But we didn't continue weighing it for a full twenty-four hours. We put the stuff to bed a little before ten and went home."

"And what about the weight of the casket itself?" I said.

We paced around thinking for a while, and finally began laughing at our own bewilderment. "I'd like to spend the next week here," I told Tom. "But I can't. About all we've established so far is that Magellanium doesn't appear to be dangerous."

"I'm certain of that."

"At least there's no indication of disintegration. So you'd better call your staff back to work."

"I'll do that this morning."

"Incidentally, how do you and Osborn get along?"

"Well, I haven't enjoyed his remarks about my experiment, but we've never come to blows—if that's what you mean. Why?"

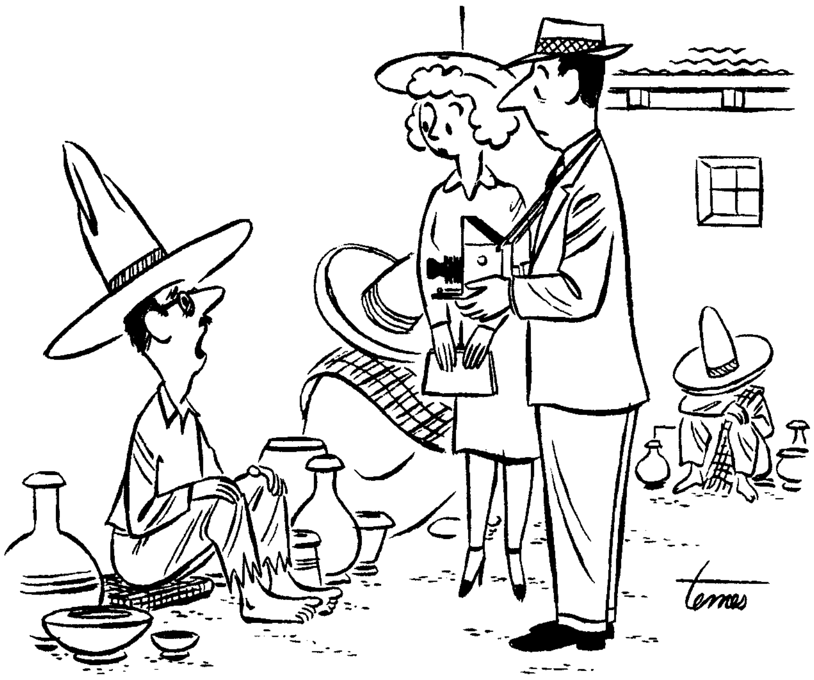
"He's had a big disappointment—an offer of a fine position outside, which of course he can't accept. But I think if he had the opportunity to work with you on the Magellanium it would make up for his loss. That's only part of my reason for suggesting it. I also think he might have some ideas."

Tom thought it over and smiled. "At least I'll have the pleasure of showing him I'm not a total failure. Go ahead; send him over. When he really gets obsessed with a problem, you can't shake him loose until he's solved it. And it looks as though the Magellanium is weighty enough for both of us."

I THANKED him and went over to my own office where I telephoned Osborn. I told him I'd like to see him whenever he had the time.

His voice sounded suspicious over the telephone. "I'm pretty busy getting my work in shape so I can leave," he said.

That was a poor beginning but I



"Well, I became so absorbed in taking pictures and buying film that suddenly I found I was without enough money to buy myself a ticket back to Jersey"

COLLIER'S MORT TEMES

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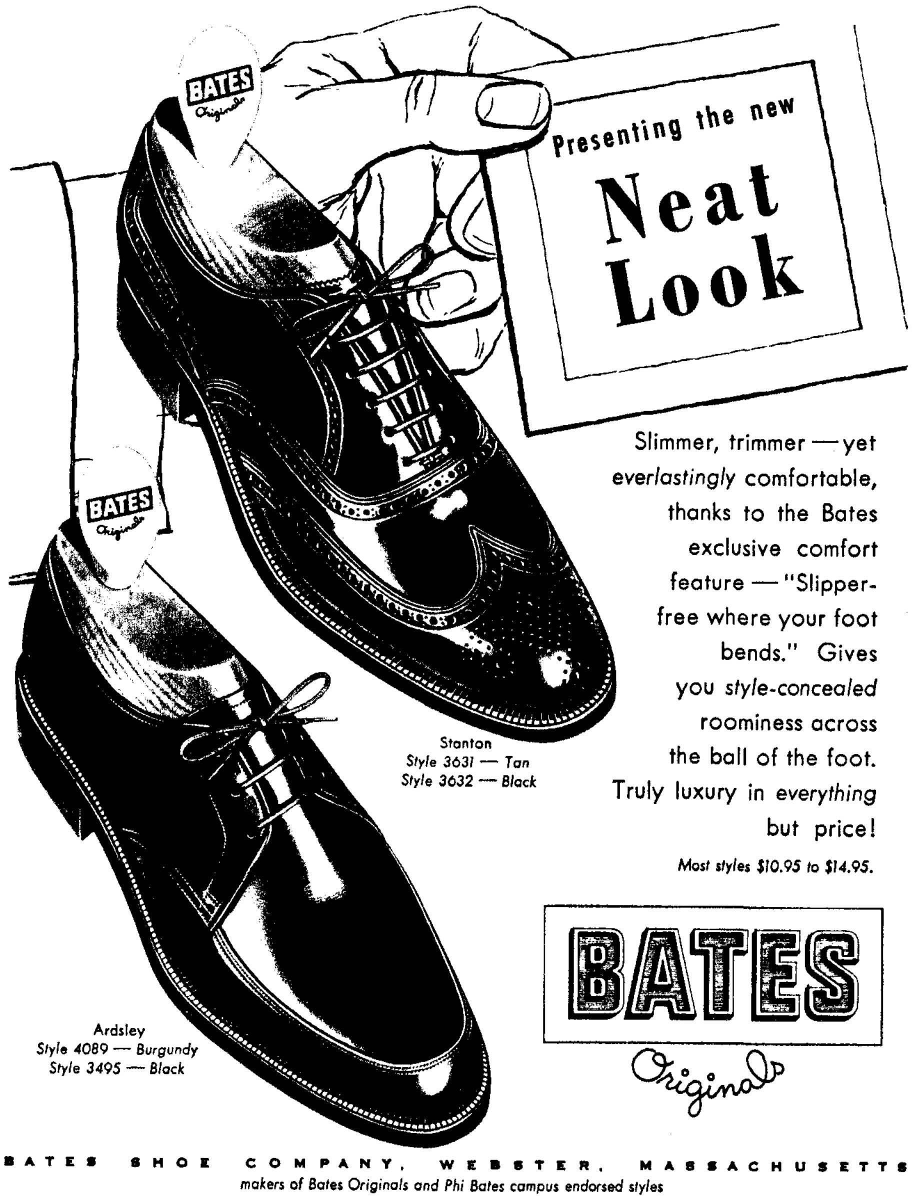
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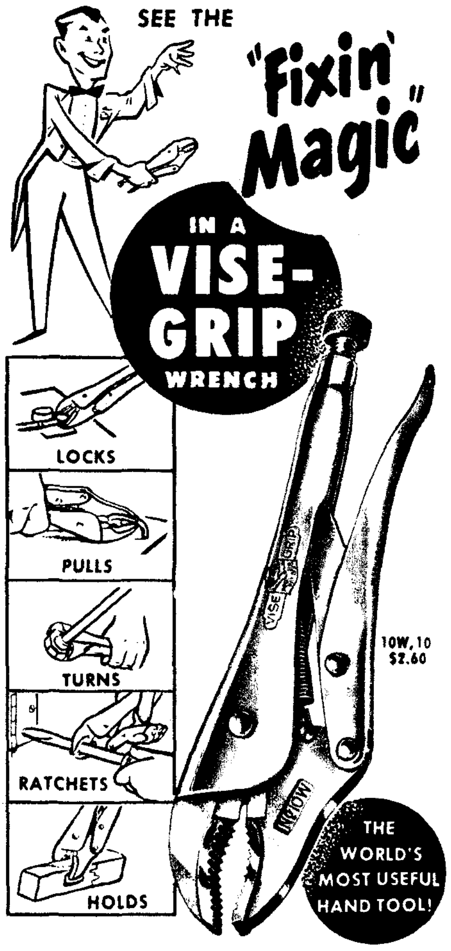

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didn't argue. "Make it this afternoon then," I suggested.

"Is it important?"

"I think it is."

"Can't you tell me over the telephone?"

"No. It's something you'll have to see with your own eyes."

"All right," he said. "Four o'clock."

AT NOON I went back to the apartment for lunch with Susan. The floor was strewed with sleeping bags, folded tents, a camp stove, lanterns, coils of rope and other paraphernalia; and sitting in the midst of it was Susan, her face smudged and a gleeful light in her eyes. She had a notebook in her hand and was checking a list of items against the piles of stuff around her. It looked as though she might be planning a month's hunting trip. She glanced up and said, "Well, do I have everything?"

"It certainly looks like it," I said. "Where are you going?"

"Camping, of course. I've cleared with the Security Office and it's perfectly all right as long as one of the guards goes with me."

"I forbid you to go camping with Leo or Elmer. They don't seem the type, but they might turn into Casanovas if I weren't around."

She laughed and pulled me down beside her. "Not so loud. The apartment might be wired. Anyhow, they can hear you right through the floor when you start booming that way."

"The apartment isn't wired. I check it once a week."

"All right, then. What do you think of my equipment? I got it at the PX in Security. They have everything. Now please, Philip, look it over and see if I've forgotten anything you'll need."

"Anything *I'll* need?" Then as I noticed the rope ladder, the flashlights and balls of twine, I caught on. "The cave!"

"Goodness, you're slow today. Something must be worrying you."

"No more than usual, but go ahead and tell me about this."

"All right, here's the plan. I explained at the Security Office that Louis is very interested in geology and that we've found a place where we can dig for fossils. But I told them we never had much time to dig because it took so long coming and going, so wouldn't it be all right and very fine for Louis if we camped overnight once in a while? You know how gooey everyone is where children are concerned, so that's that. Now it's up to you to figure how we'll get out of the tent in the middle of the night and explore your cavern."

Her enthusiasm was contagious. I took the notebook from her hand, turned to a blank page and drew a map of the sinkhole as well as I could from memory. "You'll have to engineer this yourself and I'll try to join you later in the evening. Leo can set up the tents for you, but you'll have to show him where they go. If he wonders why you choose a sinkhole for a campsite, tell him you like the trees or something. Now, the tent should go here"—I marked an X on the map—"the back of it as close as possible to the rocks. There's a crevice you can't miss."

"So that's where the entrance is. Any danger of Leo spotting it?"

"I doubt it. It looks like a blind alley full of bushes. But don't you try exploring it alone. You might get hurt or lost. If I don't get there, just have a good night's sleep and let Louis chip at the rocks."

We called Leo and Elmer up to the apartment, told them we were going camping overnight and put them to work packing the equipment. If anything, they were more pleased with the idea than Susan; it would be a break in the monotony of waiting around. Susan planned to leave as soon as Louis was out of school, and I promised to join them as soon as I could that evening.

Back at the office I worked away at routine jobs until my secretary buzzed and said Osborn had arrived. He came in and said defiantly, "All right, I'm here. What's on your mind?"

"I wanted to talk to you about Tom's experiment. It hasn't turned out according to his theory."

"Am I supposed to be surprised?"

I ignored his sarcasm and went on, "He did, however, get another result which has us both baffled."

"Yes?"

"He's found what may be a new element, a man-made element like plutonium, except that this doesn't resemble plutonium in any way other than being a product of the laboratory."

"And why is that so baffling?"

"You'll have to see for yourself. We've named it Magellanium."

"That was original."

"Look, Osborn, I'm in dead earnest about this. So far as I'm concerned, it's the most interesting development since the Project started. This is new. Everything else has been applied technology."

"Did you call me in here to make me envious of Tom? If so, you're wasting your time."

"No. I called you in here to tell you I wanted you to help him. I realize you're bound to be skeptical but that's what's needed. I've already asked Tom if he'd like your help and he said he'd be delighted."

"You mean he wants to pick my brain?"

"Call it that if you wish. You'll get credit for whatever you contribute."

"Just as I have in the past?" he asked bitterly. "How much time do you expect me to spend with Hernandez?"

"I can't say. All I'm certain of is that once you've seen and experimented with the Magellanium, you'll be so fascinated we won't be able to tear you away. I'm having a hard time staying away myself."

He looked at me for several seconds and then he said, "You're so obvious it hurts, Ambert. Why don't you come out and say that your real purpose is to sidetrack me?"

"Sidetrack you from what?"

"From getting my release from the Project. You don't think I've given up, do you?"

"I'd hoped you had."

"You're mistaken. I have no intention of giving up." He laughed contemptuously. "When did Tom isolate this so-called Magellanium?"

"Two days ago."

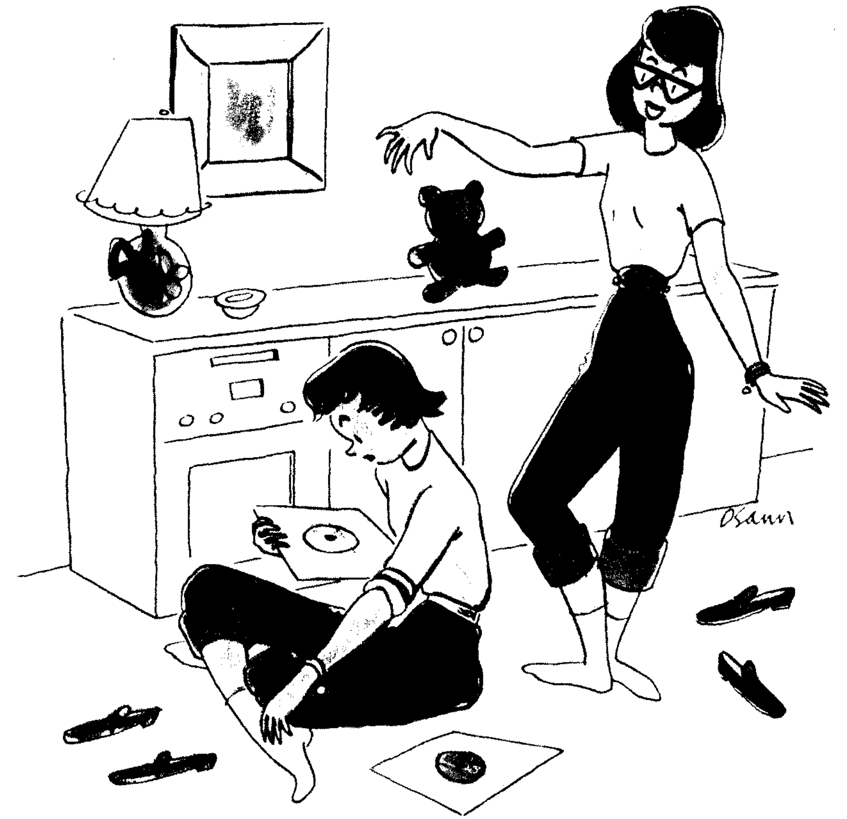
"Exactly. But it never occurred to you to consult me at the time. Or is it possible that Hernandez has discovered nothing at all? You'll not get me off your neck as easily as that."

THE man was absolutely infuriating, but I decided to make one more try. "I'll not argue about it," I said. "But will you do this one favor for me? Will you come with me to Tom's laboratory now and let us show you the Magellanium? That's all I ask. Then you can make up your mind whether or not you'll work with him."

From the haughty expression on his face, I thought he was about to refuse; then he hesitated and a shrewd look came into his eyes. "I don't mind doing that. Q Building is on the way back to my own office. Shall we go?"

Osborn and I walked to Q Building in silence. It was only when we got there that I began to realize what a poor diplomat I was. Gail was at work in the laboratory. I should have called and had Tom warn her Osborn was coming. She and Osborn saw each other at the same time, and Osborn's face flushed beet red. Gail frowned, gave me a withering glance, and turned

TIZZY



"Roger goes for that long-hair music—like Cole Porter stuff"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

SACRED
TOP SACRED

COLLIER'S FRANK B. MODELL

back to her work. It wasn't an auspicious beginning.

To Tom I said, "Warren doesn't want to commit himself until he's read the record and tried a few experiments of his own."

Osborn said wearily, "I'll look at the record first. Experiment may not be necessary."

"It's on the table there," Tom said.

We left Osborn studying the procedural record of Tom's experiment while Tom and I joined Gail and Hank Kuka. They had spent several hours making accurate measurements of the scratches on the floor and Hank was now calculating the exact curve, in the hope of getting a clue as to the direction from which the moving force had come.

IN SPITE of his attitude toward Tom's work, Osborn took a long time studying the report. He leafed through it rapidly until he came to the section dealing with the increased specific gravity of the uranium pile. Then he concentrated on the pages with the expression of a man in a poker game.

Osborn finally finished reading and put the clip back on the sheaf of papers. Then he folded them and put them into the inside pocket of his coat. Tom and I went over to the table. "What do you think?" Tom asked. "Ready for a demonstration?"

He ignored Tom and turned accusingly on me. "I wouldn't have believed it of you, Ambert," he said icily. "When I talked with you at your office I was tempted to give you the benefit of the doubt and assume that you really wanted my services. It's quite clear now, however, that you and Hernandez have gone to a lot of effort to arrange a deliberate hoax—hoping, I suppose, that I'd fall for it and destroy my reputation."

Tom said in amazed disbelief, "But, Warren—you haven't even looked at the Magellanium yet."

"Don't worry, I'll look!" he said, and then again he turned to me. "You must be insane if you think that any competent physicist or any intelligent layman would accept a single word or figure in this report." He walked across the room to the lead casket. "I might as well see all of your act." He glanced carelessly down into it.

"So that's Magellanium," Osborn said. "Don't bother to weigh it for me or show me any of your hokeypokey. I don't doubt that it will behave as you say it does. Many an intelligent man has been led astray by spiritualists, dowsers, levitationists and poltergeists when he's so foolish as to let them perform for him, and magicians still make a good living by seeming to do the impossible. However, magicians are honest about it and admit their art is trickery. That's more than I can say for you, Ambert!"

"Warren, will you slow down and—"

He interrupted me angrily. "From now on, will you address me as Dr. Osborn? If, indeed, it ever becomes necessary for you to speak to me again. I'm not going to work under your directorship any longer. I'll not become a party to the deceit and treachery undermining the work of this Project!"

I could no longer ignore his insolence. "On the contrary, any work you do *will* be under my direction."

"But I shall do no work from now on. My contract says only that I stay here for the duration; it doesn't specify what services I'll perform, and in any event, I'll certainly break the contract. In the meantime I'll have the pleasant occupation of making a report of my own—a report on you, Ambert. Before I've finished, you'll wish you'd never heard of the Magellan Project!" He turned abruptly and stalked out.

We all stood there in angry silence. Tom's beard was quivering and Kuka's fists were tightly clenched. Gail was speechless. Finally Tom shrugged and said, "As I remarked earlier, once Osborn becomes obsessed with a problem, there's no shaking him loose."

I called the apartment to stop Susan from going on her camping trip, but she'd already left. I wasn't going to be able to join them. As long as Osborn refused to work with Tom, I intended to stay with him myself—all night if necessary. In view of Osborn's accusations, we had to discover what Magellanium was. I told Tom I'd be back about seven thirty.

TOM was alone when I returned. He had a new consignment of uranium concentrate and the apparatus was all set up again to produce more Magellanium. From the control panel of the pile came a drowsy hum like the wings of some giant insect. Tom sat with his feet on the table, tugging at his beard, lost in thought.

"We're getting somewhere," he said, looking up. "Item one, it does seem to be a liquid. Item two, the curves on the floor are *not* perfect ellipses. Item three, the stuff has continued to lose weight until now it weighs a mere hundred and eighty pounds. Item four, I'm making more of it."

"All right. Take them one at a time now."

So he did. After my departure that afternoon Tom and Kuka had put the sphere of Magellanium on the press

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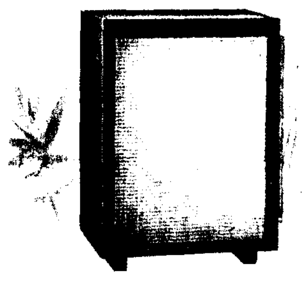

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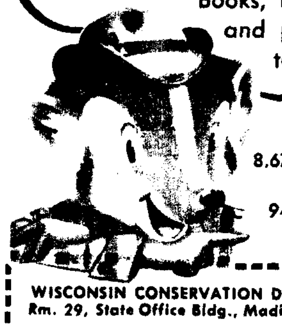
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and tried to find out how much pressure it would stand without crushing. It wouldn't crush but it did change shape. Under a pressure of sixty tons it flattened slightly and became a spheroid. Under one hundred tons the flattening was enough to be observed with the unaided eye. Then they removed it from the press and it returned to its original shape. They put it under the X ray to look for resultant lines of strain, but they found nothing, for the simple reason that X rays wouldn't penetrate it.

"I wouldn't expect a solid to return to its original shape after that much pressure," Tom said. "This is consistent with its being a liquid of very high surface tension."

I WENT over the computations Hank Kuka had made from his measurements of the curves. He'd located the two focuses for the curves on the floor and had then measured a series of radii. The result showed that instead of an ellipse, the general path was a section of a spiral. In other words, if the curves on the floor had been completed, they would never have returned quite to their starting place; they would have inscribed a series of ovals like those we used to make in grammar school when we were learning penmanship—except that these would have been exactly backward from the kind on paper, moving from right to left in reverse rotation.

"It suggests some connection with the rotation of the earth and the movement of the earth around the sun," Tom said. He had me go over the instrument panel to double-check that everything was set as it had been during his original experiment. Then we settled down to wait until it was time to weigh the Magellanium again. We planned to do this at intervals all night and thus get a complete picture of its periodic change.

Far away we could hear the staccato beat of the riveting hammers putting the final touches on the Black Planet, and the higher, steady sing of the electric saws cutting through the braces that had connected the ship with earth while it was being built. The launching ceremony, like everything else concerning the Black Planet, would be secret. There'd be no flag waving. The signal would come from Washington—aside from that, the outside world would play no part. There'd be only one signal because only one attempt at launching was possible. We either succeeded or failed, and either outcome was final.

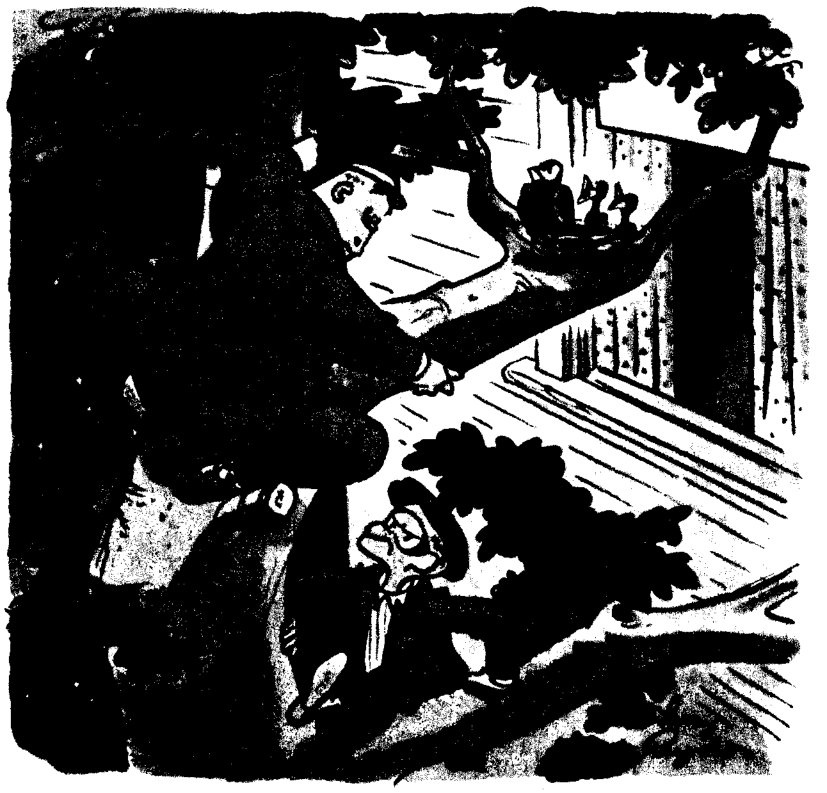
We expected success, of course, and in that case the men aboard *might* live to return to earth again—though no method of return had been devised—but the Black Planet itself would never return. Its destiny was space, to circle through empty skies, for untold ages, perhaps until the species that created it had joined the giant saurians and were replaced by a more adaptable form of life. It was an awesome thought to imagine an empty space ship revolving senselessly around the earth and slowly retreating through the ages, as the moon is retreating, and then drawing close to earth once more. Or perhaps some unpredicted force would alter its orbit and send it flaming across the skies in the form of a meteor, until, consumed by its own fire, it vanished finally in a shower of sparks. Would a child point and say, "See the pretty shooting star!"?

Suddenly I glanced at the clock. "Darn it, Tom, we've missed the ten-fifteen weighing ceremony. Might as well do it now." I looked at him and was shocked by an expression of wild consternation on his face. He was staring past my shoulder, pointing.

"Ambert! Look!"

I turned, and felt a cold chill run through me. There was no doubt about it. That thousand-pound casket with the incredible weight of the Magellanium inside it was sliding ponderously toward us across the floor.

BUTCH



"The branch reaches the winder, all right; but another little problem has come up"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

FOR a full ten seconds neither of us moved, unable to believe, yet having to believe what we saw. The actual motion of the casket was so slow that it might have escaped notice for some time, but what couldn't escape notice was the fact that it was now at least two feet out from the wall where it had been placed. Obviously it had been sliding forward in its weary glacial speed for quite a while before Tom noticed it. We went over and knelt down for closer inspection.

At this range the motion was easily apparent. A garden snail could have just about kept up with it. Its progress was almost silent. Bending close we could hear the faint crackling of grit crushed against the floor, but the forward edge and corners of the casket plowed across the asphalt tile so slowly that the fibers were crushed before they could snap. Because the casket hadn't been placed in its exact former position, new lines were being cut parallel to the old ones.

I put my foot in front of the casket to see if I could slow it down or stop it. I couldn't. I got down on my knees and put my shoulder against the casket, and still could not even slow it. Then we unbolted the lid and looked in.

The sample of Magellanium was still lying in the little steel crucible, but the crucible itself was now pressed tight against the forward end of the casket. We debated taking the crucible out but decided not to. It seemed of more immediate value to allow the casket to make whatever journey it would. But because the Magellanium was in a different state now from any previously observed, I made another test for radioactivity. It was still negative.

Meanwhile Tom had got a meter stick and a stop watch so he could determine the speed with which the casket was moving. We were so intent upon this that I let the telephone in Tom's office ring several times before I finally went to answer it.

It was General Humphrey, and he sounded annoyed. "So I've located you, Ambert. A man in your position should always leave word of his whereabouts."

"There's a P.A. system in all the laboratories. What's the trouble?"

"Didn't want to use the P.A. I'm over in Security and want to see you."

"Now?"

"Right now."

"Is it important? I'm terribly busy."

"It's damned important or I wouldn't be hunting all over the Project for you."

"Humphrey, we're in the middle of some observations that we may never have an opportunity to make again. If it's really urgent, why can't you come over here?"

There were a few seconds of silence. Then abruptly he said, "Maybe I'd better!" He hung up.

TOM had finished his preliminary measurements and run off the calculations on the machine. His result, in ordinary language, showed that the casket was moving at the rate of 7.5 feet per hour. By measuring its distance out from the wall, he calculated that the motion must have started at approximately 10:06 P.M.

"That's providing the speed is constant," he said. "I don't know yet. There may be a gradual acceleration." This was the next point he wanted to determine, so he kept on clocking the speed at one-minute intervals. I was more interested in the direction of the movement. The fact that it followed a path identical in pattern to the one of the previous night proved that no random force was at work. The power that moved it before was operating once more and in exactly the same way.

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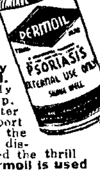

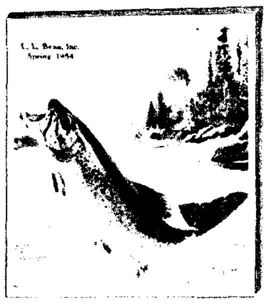

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The Magellanium was being attracted or repelled by some agency, but all I was able to determine immediately was that it had no connection with the magnetic poles of the earth. My speculation was cut short by a sharp rapping on the outside door.

It was General Humphrey. With him were two grim-faced aides, Colonel Catwell and Major Griffin. I suspected they were annoyed because I hadn't rushed over to the Security Office at Humphrey's bidding, and so I invited them into the laboratory to show them why I couldn't come. But Humphrey said we would stay in the office. He sat down and indicated his two aides were to do the same. "You might as well sit down too, Ambert. There's a lot to talk about."

HUMPHREY took a brief case from Catwell, opened it and drew out a sheaf of papers. I recognized the papers at once. They were a copy—or part of a copy—of the record of Tom's experiment, the one Osborn had taken with him. I began to understand.

"When I talked to you this morning," Humphrey said, "I told you I'd been having trouble with Dr. Osborn. I told you I didn't like to mess around with your men unless it was a matter of security, and I expected you to take the hint and straighten Osborn out yourself."

"I tried—and failed. What's happened now?"

"I don't like the situation a bit, Ambert. Osborn was back to see me again. Making the same charges of mismanagement, only stronger."

I blew up at that. I told Humphrey I didn't give a damn what Osborn said or didn't say, that I wasn't going to waste time listening to a lot of nonsense, that I was surprised he'd pay attention to it himself. As I finished talking, I noticed that Colonel Catwell was taking down in shorthand everything I said. "Just what the hell is this?" I asked.

Humphrey sighed. "When two of the Project's top men get into a beef that threatens to involve a lot of other people, I've got to step in. I'm trying to find out who's right and who's wrong."

"Then hurry up and ask what you want to know."

Humphrey didn't like being prodded, and, if anything, my impatience only made him slow down. "Dr. Osborn said he was concerned over the possibility of being implicated in serious trouble if he stayed here."

"Trouble over what?"

"Over your activities." He indicated the sheaf of papers. "This."

I didn't quite know what to say to that. It's always the most ridiculous charges that leave you speechless, because you can't believe they're being made seriously. I started to ask him if he was trying to pick a quarrel when he cut me off with a curt gesture.

"You don't need to tell me I'm not qualified to judge. I know I'm not."

"Under the circumstances, Dr. Osborn is hardly qualified either."

"I know that too. What's your opinion of Dr. Basich?"

"What's he got to do with it? Has Osborn been talking about him too?"

"I asked you a plain question. What's your opinion of Dr. Basich?"

"I have a good opinion of him!"

"Capable? Honest?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks. And your opinion of Dr. Strauss?"

"The same."

"And Dr. Klein?"

"So far as I'm concerned every one of them is not only professionally competent but a damned fine fellow to boot. What about them?"

"I wanted your opinion," he said, "and you've given it. Now understand this, Ambert—I didn't take a word Osborn said at its face value, but when I asked him for evidence to support his charges, he gave me this." Again he thumped the copy of Tom's record. "I read it myself and found it highly improbable, but as I said I don't consider myself competent to pass on such matters. So I asked the three men for whose honesty and ability you've just vouched—Strauss, Klein and Basich—to serve as a panel and give me three separate opinions on this report from Hernandez' laboratory." He was speaking slowly now. "Each of those three men studied it and gave me a written statement. I have them here. And without exception, each man stated that standing by itself the report was entirely unacceptable and that in his opinion this substance called Magellanium could not exist as described. In short, they supported Osborn's contention that the whole report must be a fraud."

I got up. "Humphrey, if a week ago someone had showed me that report, I'd have said exactly what your board of experts did. A man would be an idiot to accept those statements without physical proof. But you could have saved yourself a lot of trouble by coming to me directly and letting me show you the stuff instead of collecting opinions on the record of preliminary findings. I know you want to be methodical, and you need a record of the case if it should develop into something serious. But so long as you've got the record, let me finish it for you without wasting any more time."

I OPENED the door and called Tom. He came into the office, looking curiously at the three visitors. "A simple problem," I told him. "I want the general and his aides to come into the laboratory and examine the Magellanium. I want them to see what it's doing to that casket. Then we'll take it out and weigh it for them. I want each of them to see it, touch it and try to lift it. And tomorrow I'm going to call a full staff meeting and let everyone in on our findings so far. Maybe we won't be able to give them any conclusions but at least we'll be able to stop these rumors about a hoax. It's your discovery. All I need is your permission."

Tom thought the matter over a moment and nodded. "Might as well. So long as word of it's getting out anyway." He started back into the laboratory, then paused, and turned to Humphrey. "But I want one matter clear. Osborn took one look at the stuff and walked out. If you men want to understand what we've found, you'll have to do better than that."

"Don't worry," said Humphrey. "I'm ready to be shown. In fact I'll be damned happy to be shown."

So the five of us entered the laboratory with Tom leading and the general's aides bringing up the rear. We went across the room to the casket. It was only about a four-second walk, but I began to get a queasy feeling even before we reached it. Something had changed. When I'd last seen the casket, it had been moving; now it had stopped. When we looked into it, I saw why. Tom turned away from me, dazed. The Magellanium had done something entirely new. It had disappeared completely!

—DAVID DUNCAN

(This is the second of four parts)

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Once the pride of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Barney dropped all the way to semipro ball in Herman, Nebraska, at $100 a game. His record? Four won and three lost

WARREN REYNOLDS

[illegible] strongest arms and [illegible]
has a major-league [illegible] his credit. Yet at twenty-nine [illegible]

By REX BARNEY with BILL ROEDER

"SO ALWAYS give it the best you have, fellows, whether in baseball or in life. Thank you."

The junior champions of the church league and their proud parents applauded. Before I could sit down, one of the boys raised his hand for a question. I had an idea what was coming, but it still hurt. "Mr. Barney," he asked, "how come you're not pitching any more?"

I tried to be funny; I even grinned. "I'm like the fellow who dropped out of the parade," I said. "I just got tired of walking." They all laughed, and I mumbled an excuse to the dinner chairman and hurried out. I didn't want people to see me crying.

I'm eating my heart out. I should be winning 20 games a year for the Brooklyn Dodgers, but I spent all last season working in a brewery, tossing beer kegs instead of baseballs. I'm in my prime; aged twenty-nine, experienced, condition good as new. I've never had a sore arm in my life. I can throw a ball right now as hard as I ever could—which means, if all I've heard is true, that I can throw it as hard as anybody in the world.

The only trouble is, I haven't been able to throw it over the plate. I tried for 10 years. Experts coached me. Fans sent me advice. Except in flashes, nothing worked. I'd have control for a game or two, maybe even for a month or two. But then it would start again—ball four . . . ball four . . . ball four. I still hear those words in my sleep.

I have a complex, they tell me. A mental block. Baseball men seem to think I'll never get over it. The Dodgers gave up. First they sent me to the minors. Then they put me on sale in baseball's bargain basement, the player draft.

For the last two years, any other big-league club could have picked me up for $10,000. There were no takers. A club will shell out as much as $100,000 to sign a boy who has no experience at all, can't throw as hard as I can and may be just as wild. But I'm too big a gamble.

One of Baseball's Bitterest Ironies

I don't begrudge the new kids their big bonus contracts. It's just that I think I'm worth a risk too. There must be somebody, somewhere, who can make a winning pitcher out of a fellow with all the ability I have. It doesn't add up that I could strike out Joe DiMaggio in a World Series, pitch a no-hitter against the New York Giants and still find myself back in the bushes when I was twenty-seven years old and in perfect shape.

I went deeper than the bushes. I dropped from the Dodgers all the way down to a semipro team in Herman, Nebraska. I got $100 a game in Herman, and no wonder. I was a big attraction. "Hey, Wild Man," the fans used to yell at me, "how many you going to kill tonight?" I pitched against teams like the House of David, but I was no sensation. Won four, lost three. You don't have to be DiMaggio or Stan Musial to wait me out for a base on balls.

I failed in Brooklyn. I went to Fort Worth and set a Texas League record in my first game: 16 bases on balls. Even in Herman, the plate looked no bigger than it did anywhere else. I got desperate and tried some amateur psychology on myself. I quit baseball for a year.

Pitching wasn't helping any, and I thought maybe my wildness would disappear if I got my mind completely off baseball. I'd get a fresh start the following year. Well, now I'm ready for it. I saved some money, quit my brewery job in January and moved down to Vero Beach, Florida, where the Dodgers and their farm teams train every year.

I played basketball with the town team to stay in shape while I waited for the baseball clubs to report. When the Dodgers arrived, I asked for permission to work out with them, but I was turned down. They didn't want a has-been interfering with their well-organized spring drills. So, St. Paul,

ANYBODY HELP ME?

a Brooklyn farm club, got first crack at me because that's where my contract has been reposing the last two years. If the Saints can't use me, I hope to be available to any other club that wants to give me a chance—that is, if anybody wants to take a chance on me.

The year off was torture. I was silly to think I could forget about baseball. But at least I've stayed in shape. I got a job doing heavy work at a brewery in St. Paul. I scrubbed walls, heaved kegs, loaded 100-pound sacks of grain onto trucks. I used to be known as a clotheshorse. At the brewery I went to work in old denim pants, a T-shirt, a cap and a beat-up pair of shoes. The temperature in the drying room runs as high as 130 degrees. That's where I spent most of last summer. I often thought of how we complained about having to play an occasional afternoon game in the hot sun in St. Louis.

Those Terrible Blues in the Night

Forget about baseball? Heck, last year I found myself going to the games in St. Paul every time I had the chance. I'd sit there with a couple of friends, just another guy enjoying himself on his night off, gobbling peanuts and rooting for the Saints. Then I'd go back to my room and toss all night, wide awake.

Maybe I'd have seen some little thing, perhaps a pitcher shaking off a sign, that brought back a memory of my days in the big leagues. Maybe I'd be thinking about my broken marriage. My wife and I have separated, which means also that I'm separated from my little girl and my little boy. I don't believe that has anything to do with my baseball problem, or ever had anything to do with it, but I know it hasn't helped my state of mind.

Reading the sports pages, I'd see where Enos Slaughter, say, got a hit that won a game for the Cardinals. Right away I'd recall the times I faced Slaughter in a tight spot. I'd see myself getting him out in such and such a game; I'd see him getting a hit another time. Very often, whether it was Slaughter or somebody else, I'd get a picture of a man trotting to first base. Ball four.

It hurt to make speeches—even when nobody asked the question I've come to hate. Usually my talks would be given for boys' groups, and any connection between kids and baseball bothered me for some reason. I couldn't pull myself away, though.

If I happened by a sand lot where a pickup game was going on, I'd hang around for an hour. I'd look at the kids and remember how as a youngster I used to play until dark every day, pretending I was in the majors instead of the Omaha Midget League.

The World Series last fall hit me harder than anything. I worked nights that week, so I could watch it on television. Once, I think it was during the Saturday game, I broke down. Fortunately I was watching in the house of a friend who understandingly got up and left the room for a while. I just sat there sobbing. It tore my heart to realize that fellows with no more ability than I have, and maybe less, were pitching for my team in a World Series while I was halfway across the country waiting to go on the night shift at the brewery.

Of course, I haven't been forgotten. Letters still come to me from people who are certain they can cure my wildness. I hear from teen-agers, housewives, doctors, old ballplayers, even men in jail. Almost always, the solutions are variations of something I've already tried, like working on my control in easy stages (first pitch from 10 feet away until I can get the ball over consistently, then 20 feet, and so on until I get back to the regulation distance). One lady wrote: "Have the catcher wear a bright red glove so you can't miss it."

I've been the subject of an awful lot of intended humor. One time, even I had to laugh. I was refereeing a basketball game and I called one that the home fans didn't like. As we marched to the foul line there was a heavy silence in the stands. Then a voice boomed solemnly, "Ball four."

I know my problem strikes some people as absurd. At least once a day, some friend, casual acquaintance or perhaps even a stranger who recognizes me will say, "Why is it that you can't get the ball over the plate? It seems so simple."

So simple. That noise you just heard was what's left of my hollow laugh. A smart old Brooklyn pitcher named Whitlow Wyatt once told me that the best pitch in baseball isn't a curve or a fast ball or a change of pace. "The best pitch is a strike," Wyatt said. I've been trying to throw strikes for 12 years.

Once upon a time I didn't know I was wild. I began pitching when I was fourteen. Before that I had been a catcher—why, I don't know. I couldn't throw hard enough to reach second base. I used to throw to the pitcher, and he'd turn around and relay it to second. My throwing strength must have developed very suddenly. One year I was catching and the next year Harry Williams, an old major-

WIDE WORLD

The greatest moment of Barney's meteoric career came the night of Sept. 9, 1948, when he bowled over the New York Giants without giving up a hit. He permitted only two walks, too

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One player quit baseball rather than face Barney

leaguer who coached our kid teams, said I could throw harder than any of the others, so from then on I was a pitcher.

I pitched for Creighton Prep and for American Legion teams in Omaha and I was a sensation. Skip Palrang, who was my coach then and who is now athletic director at Boys Town, used to urge me to practice my control. "You're going to be very fast," he said, "and the one thing a fast-ball pitcher has to worry about is getting the ball over the plate. Work on it." I didn't pay much attention. In high school, I just threw the ball and the hitters swung and missed. My control seemed fine to me.

When I was seventeen, I discovered I'd been kidding myself. A scout sent me to Detroit to be looked over by the Tigers. I pitched batting practice, firing the ball as hard as I could in the hope of making an impression. To my amazement, the Tigers didn't swing. Hitters like Charlie Gehringer, Doc Cramer and Barney McCosky looked my stuff over and then looked toward Del Baker, the manager. I could see they were annoyed.

"Hey, Del," I heard McCosky growl, "get us somebody who knows where the strike zone is, will you?"

"Strike zone." It was the first time I had ever heard the term. Ever since, I've been trying to find out where it is. Almost all young pitchers have that problem, but I think my case was complicated by the fact that I was so much faster than the others. My speed drew a lot of attention to me. It also made my wildness all the more spectacular, and very early in my career I knew that I was thought of as not only extremely fast, but also extremely wild.

In 1943, my first year in organized baseball, I played for three different clubs and each time it took only one pitch to establish myself as a wild man. I broke in with Durham, North Carolina, which was then a Brooklyn farm club in the Piedmont League.

A Casualty in the Press Box

The press box, unfortunately for one of its occupants, was directly behind home plate. My first pitch rocketed over the batter's head, tore through the protective screen and hit a sports writer in the face, giving him (and my control) a black eye.

Until I came along, Johnny Vander Meer had been known as the fastest pitcher the Piedmont League ever had. Soon they were saying I was faster than Vander Meer and maybe even wilder. A player on the Lynchburg team quit baseball rather than go to bat against me. He had a wife and family, he said, and he was afraid if I hit him with a pitch I'd kill him.

I played my first game for the Montreal club at Syracuse, where they had a canvas backstop. My first pitch zoomed out of the catcher's reach and exploded against the taut canvas, sounding like a cannon. For the next three innings, I noticed that the hitters stood as far from the plate as they could get. Fresco Thompson was the Montreal manager. "Kid, you've set a record," he said. "It's the only time in the history of baseball that one pitch got nine men out."

My debut with the Dodgers was tame by comparison, but a coincidence made it rather striking, if you'll pardon a pun: Eddie Stanky got struck in the back twice. Hal Gregg, also breaking in that day, started the first game of a double-header against the Cubs. His first pitch hit Stanky. So did my first pitch in the second game.

I was then an eighteen-year-old fireballer who was supposed to be the next Bob Feller. I wasn't ready for big-league baseball, but the Dodgers wanted to have a look at me before I went into service. By promoting me at that time they knew they'd probably be unable to farm me out when I returned, owing to baseball's GI rule, but I guess they never dreamed it would be so difficult for me to find home plate.

His Fast Ball Amazed Rickey

For five years, after I got out of the Army in early 1946, some of the sharpest minds in baseball worked constantly on my case. Branch Rickey must have stayed awake nights thinking up schemes that might improve my control. He seemed actually awed by my fast ball. Many a time he stood behind the catcher while I was warming up. "Judas priest," he'd say, shaking his head, "I've never seen anything like it."

Hour after hour, day after day, month after month, Mr. Rickey and his assistants rehearsed fundamentals with me. I got so good at the fine points that Mr. Rickey began to use me as a model for young pitchers when he wanted to show them how a ball should be delivered. But I still wasn't delivering it over the plate.

From the mechanics of pitching, we shifted to gimmicks. Experiments, Mr. Rickey called them. I had to practice throwing at a little ball that could be moved from one point to another in a wooden frame that was set up over home plate, and then I'd be told to go into a game and pretend I was trying to hit the target ball with every pitch.

Someone told Mr. Rickey I wasn't keeping both eyes on the plate. To test that theory he bought me an eye patch and for a whole morning I had to warm up wearing the patch first on one eye and then on the other. All it proved was that I could be wild with or without blinkers. Afterward, Mr. Rickey looked up at me from the cigar he was lighting. "Young man," he said, "I'm half tempted to let you pitch with both eyes shut."

I was sent to a psychiatrist. "Tell people to go to hell once in a while," he advised me. The Dodgers could have saved themselves whatever the psychiatrist cost them, because my mother has been telling me the same thing all my life: don't let people push you around.

But I never felt I was being pushed around; the way I looked at it, I had a problem and the Dodgers were doing their best to help me solve it.

George Sisler took me in hand. So did Charlie Dressen, Johnny Corriden, Clyde Sukeforth, Hugh Casey, Bobby Bragan—I guess, at one time or another, everyone who worked for the Dodgers and who knew anything about pitching had a crack at me.

There were times when we all felt my control was harnessed for good, especially when I won 13 games in the last three months of the 1948 season. Oh, what a wonderful feeling I had that summer!

Winning seemed so easy: that was what struck me most. I found that it was much less tiring, mentally and physically, to win a game than it was to lose one. Confidence lightened the mental load. Once I got rolling, I pitched without any strain. I felt supremely sure of myself. Also, with my control improved, I cut down markedly on the number of pitches I threw per game.

It didn't occur to me that I had suddenly found the secret. I regarded it as a natural development. I just assumed that after a few years of experience, plus a lot of instruction, I had acquired the know-how and the confidence that turned me into a winning pitcher. I can remember my attitude clearly. Boy, I was relaxed. Nothing bothered me. Instead of worrying about my control, I wondered when I was going to pitch a no-hitter.

That's true. Three or four times that summer, I went five, six or seven innings before the other team got a hit. I pitched a one-hitter against the Phillies. My teammates, Pee Wee Reese particularly, used to say to me, "You're getting closer. One of these days you're going to go all the way."

Warming up at the Polo Grounds the night of September 9th, I felt extra fast. My control seemed sharp, too; but in the first inning I filled the bases on two walks and my own throwing error. There was only one out. Had it been the year before, Burt Shotton would have yanked me, I'm sure. But my success had made an impression. I was allowed to fight my way out of trouble. I did, too—I got Willard Marshall to hit into a double play.

One Player Defied Superstition

Then the innings rolled along, with no one else reaching base except when Jackie Robinson made an error in the third. Along about the sixth, Eddie Miksis said to me as I came into the dugout, "Hey, you know you got a no-hitter?" The rest of the team jumped on Miksis for putting a whammy on me. I didn't mind. He hadn't told me anything I didn't know, and I was sure my fast ball could lick any jinx that night.

I did get nervous toward the end. It had been raining off and on, and I was afraid the ball might get wet and affect my control. Going into the last of the ninth we were leading by 2-0, and now I was really feeling the pressure.

Joe Lafata, a pinch-hitter for the Giants, was first up in the ninth. The count went to three and two—and I threw him a bad one. He should have walked—but he swung and missed. That helped.

The next man popped to Gil Hodges, and that brought up Whitey Lockman, who had been just about the toughest hitter in the league for me that season. He raised a high foul ball. It carried a good distance behind the plate, but my catcher happened to be Bruce Edwards, an absolute marvel at catching pop fouls. Bruce went chasing along the slippery ground and grabbed the ball for the out that gave me my no-hit, no-run game.

I leaped straight up in the air and then took off in a delirious run to the clubhouse out in center field. This is it, I told myself. Two walks in the first inning, none after that. No hits. My control problem was a thing of the past, I was winning regularly, I had pitched a masterpiece. No doubt about it, I was on my way....

I can't tell you how many times I've tried to recapture the feeling I had that night. But the instant I think of my no-hitter, my mind connects it with the decline, so sharp and so bewildering, that set in afterward.

Aftermath of an Ankle Injury

In the last game of the 1948 season I hurt my ankle sliding into second base. At the time, I didn't think the injury amounted to much. But it was the next spring before I could get around, and I wasn't in shape to pitch until midsummer. In effect, I was starting from scratch. Only now I was older, and everyone, myself included, felt that I had to be hurried along.

I was wild again. Advice and tips and theories began piling up on me. Soon I was trying everything and succeeding with nothing.

My attitude drifted from resignation in 1949, when I told myself it was just the injury that was interrupting my progress, to desperation the next two years. By that time, in spite of the expert coaching I had been given and the years of effort on my part, I was wilder, if anything, than I had been as a rookie.

I don't know whose fault it was. But this much is sure: I finally reached the point where I was stuffed too full of advice. My last year or two in the majors, I was completely confused. I was so overloaded with instructions I found myself trying to get hitters out with do's and don't's instead of fast balls and curves.

Every time I started my windup I'd try to remember all the different rules I'd been taught. Make sure you have an idea what you're doing. Make sure both eyes are on the plate. Make sure you imagine a target. Make sure you know what the sign is. Make sure you pull your arm back to the proper point (which wasn't always the same point). Make sure you follow through. Make sure you finish with both feet on the ground.

Finally, make sure there's nothing on your mind. They never failed to add that one after they'd given me a dozen things to think about.

I took on so many tips, and got so tangled up in them, that the Dodgers eventually put in a clubhouse rule against coaching me.

When Charlie Dressen took over as manager in 1951, he actually didn't recognize me. "Who's that?" he asked when he saw me on the practice mound at Vero Beach. He couldn't see my face, but Dressen had seen me pitch many times in the past, and any baseball man gets so he can spot practically any player merely by his actions. I was a stranger because, almost without realizing it, I had completely altered my way of throwing a ball in the more and more frantic effort to find some way of throwing it accurately. Dressen was horrified.

In 1951, the Dodgers sent me to the minors. Dressen had been sick most of that spring and had no chance to work with me. But the following winter he wrote and told me of an idea he had that might give me a fresh start. He wanted me to visit his home in California for a week or two. He wouldn't tell anybody who I was, and he felt sure that in a series of private lessons he could succeed in getting my control straightened out. Among other things, he planned to reconvert me to my natural delivery.

Two Sides of a Controversy

It sounded wonderful, but I had to decline. I was paying $150 a month for support of my wife and children and I couldn't afford to take time off from my job. Later, telling newspapermen about his plan, Dressen said he dropped it in disgust because I hinted that I'd have to be reimbursed for the salary I'd be losing. I'm sorry Charlie misunderstood. I thought I made it clear to him that I would go only if I could pay my own way. Since that was out of the question, I just couldn't go.

I don't think I've ever felt lower in my life than I did when I wrote Dressen my letter of regret. There, I thought, went what may have been my last chance to get back on the beam. Since then, though, I've fortified myself with the knowledge that as long as I have my fast ball it can't be too late.

I know I'm worth salvaging. Shouldn't it mean something when Joe DiMaggio says a man is the fastest pitcher he ever faced? That's what Joe said about me, and he wasn't the only one. I've lost count of the hitters who told me the same.

Milton Stock, who came over from the Cubs to the Dodgers as a coach, told me that the Chicago hitters used to make no bones about hoping I wouldn't be assigned to pitch against them at Wrigley Field. It's hard for a hitter to see the ball in that park, anyway, because of a glare in center field, and the Cubs said it was often impossible to follow my pitches.

The Batter Who Swung Too Late

I've always thought of my curve as a good one, but I'm aware that a curve is bound to be a little slower than a fast ball. I guess that's why I used to hear that many hitters, even good hitters, were always hoping that I'd give them the curve. Del Ennis was one fellow I heard that about, and I can understand it, because he happened to be at bat when I turned loose what I'm sure was the fastest pitch of my life. I poured one through there and I'll swear Ennis swung while the catcher was in the act of returning the ball to me.

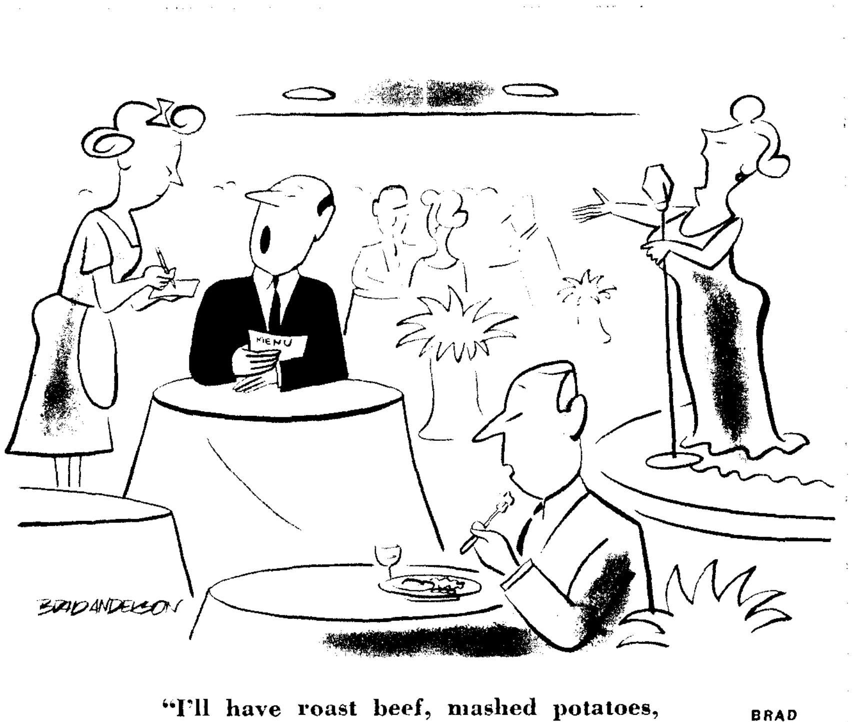
I know I haven't lost that fast ball. After one of my stalwart efforts for the team in Herman, Nebraska, I had a visit from Duce Belford. Duce is athletic director at Creighton University and a Brooklyn scout in his spare time. He was the one who recommended me to the Dodgers when I was pitching in high school. I asked him what he thought was wrong with me.

"Nothing," he said. I gave him a short laugh. I think I had walked 12 that night. "I'm not kidding," Duce went on. "I'm a scout, and I'm giving you a scout's opinion. I know that no club in baseball is interested in Rex Barney. But if I had come here tonight not knowing who you were, nor anything about you except how hard you could throw the ball, I'd have been ready to go as high as $100,000 to get you to sign a contract."

When I hear things like that, I know I have to keep trying. I think of Dazzy Vance. Like me, Vance was fast and wild, and it took him years to find himself. He didn't win his first major-league game until he was twenty-nine—my present age. Yet do you know how many games Vance eventually won for the Dodgers? Just 190. It's still a club record.

Of course, Vance did eliminate most of his wildness. I don't know whether I've eliminated mine. I have hopes. I think it may help that, in my year in solitary, I've managed to sweep my mind clear of all the theories, lessons and tips that got to be too much for me. I guarantee I'll be more than cooperative to anyone who will show a little faith in me. I'm positive I can make good. I know it's a long way from Herman, Nebraska, back to the big leagues, but I remember that it was a very fast trip when I was traveling downhill.

I wonder how long it will take me to climb back up again. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "I'll have roast beef, mashed potatoes, apple pie, coffee and one overripe tomato" BRAD ANDERSON

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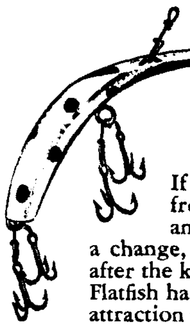

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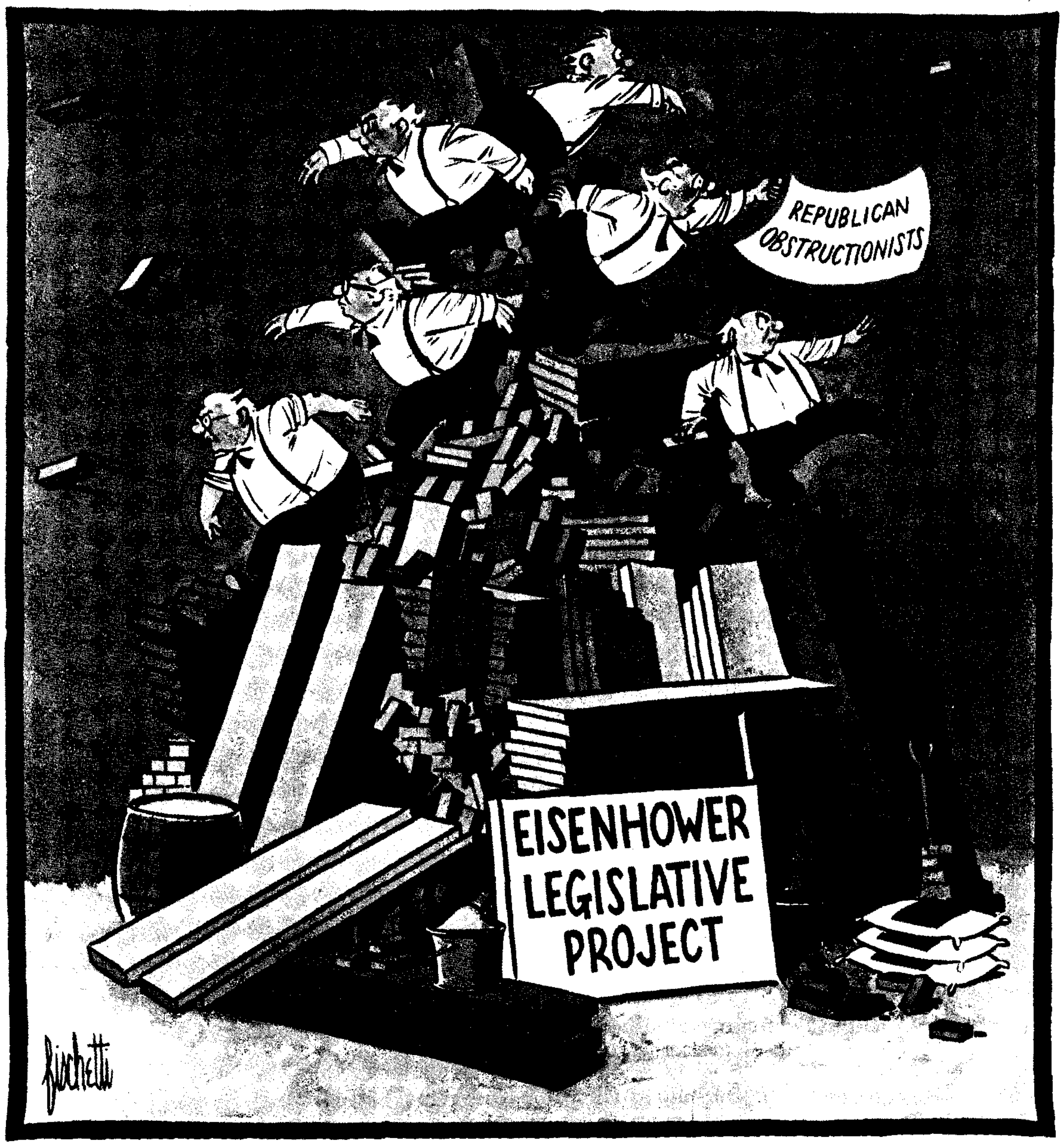


JOHN FISCHETTI

The Job Is Legislation

OPPOSITION IS PROBABLY the easiest of political activities. It is also habit-forming, apparently. For some Republican members of Congress, few in number but large in influence and strong of voice, seem to forget that their party is now in power. They not only still beat the dead horse of past administrations. They continue—perhaps just out of habit—to draw a bead from the heights of Capitol Hill and snipe at the executive branch of the government.

Thus we have seen the split between Senator Bricker and the President over the Ohioan's proposed constitutional amendment. We have seen the feud between Senator McCarthy and Army Secretary Stevens, and the unsupported and untrue charges which Senator Langer permitted to be made against Chief Justice Warren. Further, Majority Leader Knowland and others have expressed grave doubts of Mr. Dulles' wisdom and ability in his negotiations with foreign nations.

We do not mean to imply that every member of the executive branch is flawless, or that congressmen do not have the right and the duty to act as watchdogs and speak their censorious minds when they think it necessary. But it does seem that the hypercritical Republican members might do well to pause and contemplate such obvious facts as these:

General Eisenhower defeated Governor Stevenson in 1952.

Mr. Truman is no longer in office.

Mr. Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins and other objects of the gentlemen's suspicions are no longer among the living.

The Republican party, in its 1952 platform and campaign, committed itself to a legislative program.

The function of the United States Congress is to legislate as well as to investigate.

In his 1948 campaign, Mr. Truman referred to the Republican 80th Congress, repeatedly and inaccurately, as a "do-nothing Congress." We think that epithet could be applied more aptly to the Congress now in session. President Eisenhower has sent to Congress some 200 specific proposals for legislation. They are not window dressing. They are intended to implement measures which the Republican party has promised, or which the President and his Cabinet consider necessary. They deserve consideration. But virtually nothing has been done about them. Instead, the present G.O.P. leaders have largely busied themselves with raking the dead ashes of the Democratic past, or feuding with colleagues of the Republican present.

Let us emphasize that we do not underestimate the importance of Congressional investigation, toward the ends of both legislation and prosecution. Nor, of course, do we underestimate the potential menace of Communist party members who, as agents of a hostile foreign power, infiltrate sensitive areas of the United States government. But it seems that an urgent legislative program has been unduly hampered by pointless preoccupation with what has gone before, and by Republican Congressional suspicions, which have ranged from unwarranted to insulting, of some policies and appointments of a Republican President.

As we have said, it is easy to oppose. But to enact a positive program requires initiative, information, hard work and teamwork. These the Republican leaders don't seem to be providing. Yet they surely realize they must get down to serious work pretty soon, for the end of the fiscal year is approaching and the big appropriation bills must be enacted.

The barely majority Republican Congress still has a chance to offer the voters an exhibition of prudent, considered statesmanship, instead of the distressingly familiar spectacle of a breathless, last-minute rush of legislation. It can still substitute accomplishment for sensation. But the G.O.P. leaders in Congress can't hope for such a happy outcome if they insist on noisy, divisive intraparty strife. If they continue along their present lines they may well harangue their party right back into its familiar role of the minority after next fall's elections.

Hope for Hungry Millions

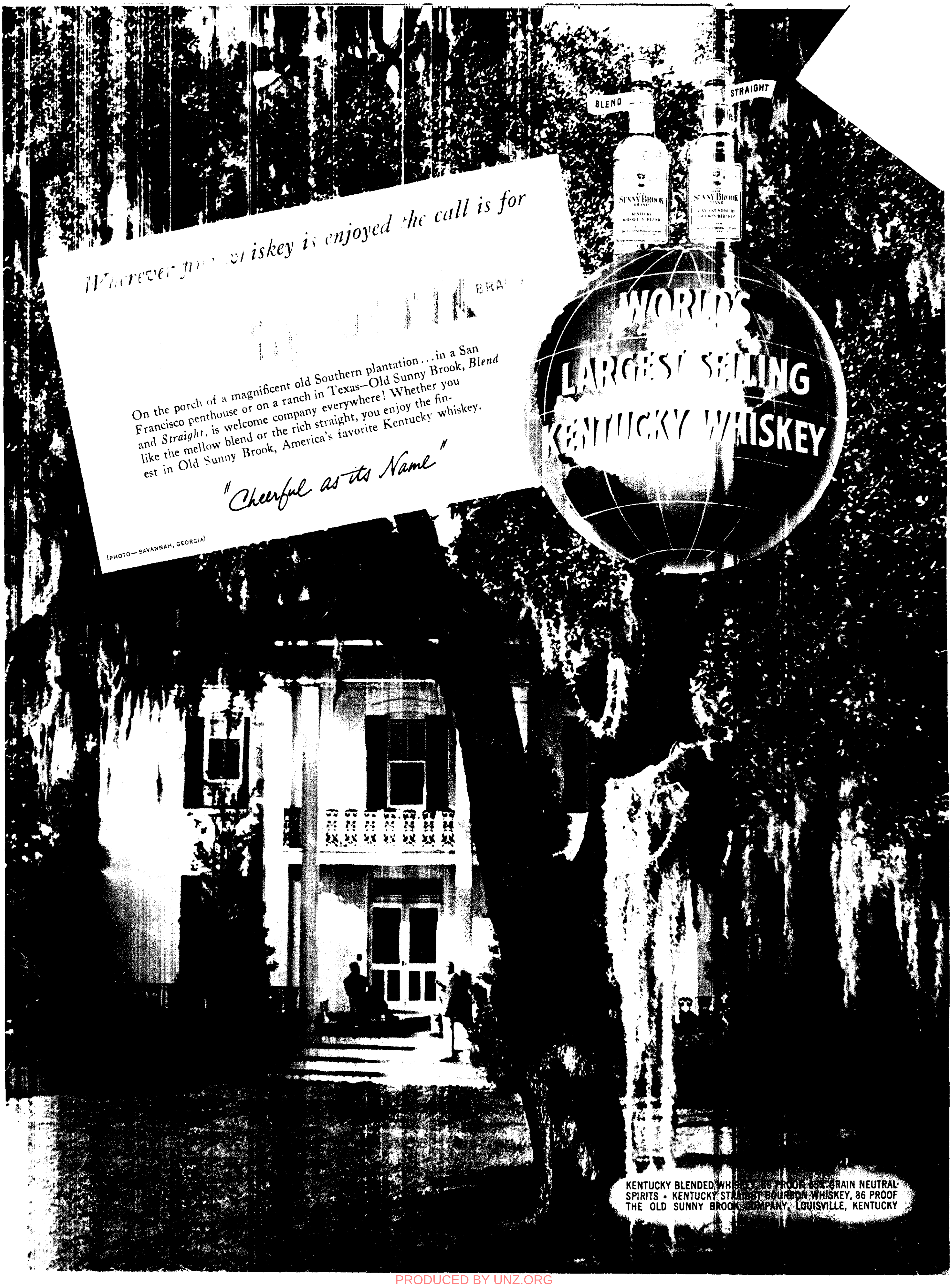
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT is faced with the problem of finding space to store surplus food. Meanwhile, in other parts of the world, millions are subsisting as usual on inadequate and unbalanced diets.

The reasons why the American surplus cannot be distributed to other countries without upsetting the world's trade and marketing balance are pretty hard for anyone but professional economists to grasp. But it doesn't take an expert to realize that hunger and famine are as old as civilized man. Nor does it require any special training to understand that the world's population is growing much faster than the means of feeding it. In fact, agricultural experts have warned that even the United States one day may find itself with a food shortage instead of a surplus—unless some new means of food production is found.

In the light of the gloomy present in other areas of the world and the pessimistic long-range forecasts for our own country, it is encouraging to read the story which Bill Davidson reports in this issue (Now—Bread from the Sea).

Scientists have struck out on a wide detour from the well-worn paths of agronomy and come up with a food source which is vastly older than civilized man. For billions of years, the alga has lived its simple, infinitesimal life, scumming the surfaces of ponds, lakes and seas, an unbeautiful and generally unnoticed phenomenon. Now, it has been found that algae are a highly nutritious, palatable and almost unbelievably abundant source of food.

We hope that all readers of Mr. Davidson's article will find comfort, as we did, in the knowledge that science, through its exploration of the subvisible and microscopic world, has not only come upon the frightful key to mankind's destruction, but also upon the hopeful source of a happier, healthier, more abundant life for a growing world.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